The Australian
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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

October 10, 1956

PRICE

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Combines today's coolest, most refreshing toothpaste flavour with "S-15"... miraculous new cleaner and decay-fighter!

Here's the most exciting toothpaste flavour of all! How does it taste? Cool. Brisk. Refreshing. Your *whole mouth* feels refreshed . . . in a new way you've never before thought possible. And, best of all, New Super White Kolynos leaves a clean after-taste that lasts and lasts . . . long after other toothpastes have lost their effect.

New Decay-Fighter "S-15". New Super White Kolynos gives you science's newest cleaner and decay fighter "S-15" . . . the miracle ingredient that takes up the fight where others leave off. "S-15" destroys germs that cause dental decay and bad breath — in a way never before known.

"Round-The-Clock" Protection. Now, just one brushing with New Super White Kolynos Toothpaste gives you "round-the-clock" protection against dental decay and bad breath. If you're one of those busy people who find it impossible to brush your teeth after meals you'll know how important *that* is!

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 17 James St., Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

OCTOBER 10, 1956. Vol. 24, No. 19

WORKING WIVES HERE TO STAY

TODAY the girl who gives up her job when she marries is the exception rather than the rule.

In 1947 there were 139,780 working wives in Australia.

By 1954 the census showed that the number had doubled — 288,549 married women were employed.

It is 20 years since wives with careers were newsworthy, and 20 years too late to ask whether this is a good or a bad thing. The working wife is here to stay.

Most of the young wives are happy enough to work to help get the home they want and all that goes with it.

But what of the new-style husband?

A generation ago a husband had to be persuaded to allow his wife to go on with her job.

The average man felt that a wage-earning wife reflected on his earning capacity.

Few of today's bridegrooms question the point at all.

They see that this sharing of financial responsibility for setting up a marriage is now in the accepted social pattern.

Does this indicate atrophy of the male instinct to provide and protect? If so, the working wife has a job requiring special tact.

She must some day turn to her husband to provide for her fully in the role of mother as well as wife.

She must make the transition from a financial partner to a financial dependent without cause for regret on either side.

Therefore, from early in her marriage, she should foster the traditional protective role of her husband. The instincts for it are still there in men.

But they need nurturing.

Our cover:

● The Queen and Princess Margaret smile as they arrive at the Edinburgh Castle Esplanade for the Military Tattoo during the Edinburgh Festival. They had come straight from the Hamburg State Opera's performance of "The Magic Flute." For other pictures of the Royal Family at the Edinburgh Festival, see pages 16 and 17.

This week:

● Frances Gray Patton, who wrote the novel "Good Morning, Miss Dove," is a brilliant writer of short stories. "The Game" (see pages 4 and 5) has all the qualities of warm humanity that made "Miss Dove" outstanding. We feature another noted American woman writer, Faith Baldwin (see opposite page), in this issue. Both she and Frances Gray Patton have grown-up families. Our third short story this week is by an Australian housewife, Melva Marshall, of Bendigo, Victoria. She has three young children.

Next week:

● Before the Duke of Edinburgh arrives in Australia to open the Olympic Games he will make a brief tour of the Territory of Papua and New Guinea. Two pages of color pictures next week show some of the places he will visit there. Our cover is a portrait of the Duke by Baron, noted Court photographer who died last month.

● If you're over 30, there's a feature in next week's paper specially addressed to you. It tells you, in three illustrated pages, how to look younger and feel younger. Besides plenty of sound general advice, there are specific hints on dieting and exercise to help you regain some of the grace of youth.

● Mushrooms in the city mostly qualify as luxury items on the menu. So why not grow them yourself? Our gardening expert next week describes three different methods, all of them considered reasonably easy for home gardeners.

● The film section includes two pages of color stills from "Smiley," the Australian film from the novel by Moore Raymond. Colin Petersen, a Queensland youngster, plays the lead in the film and there is a particularly attractive picture of him. As well, there's a full-page pin-up of Swedish star Anita Ekberg.

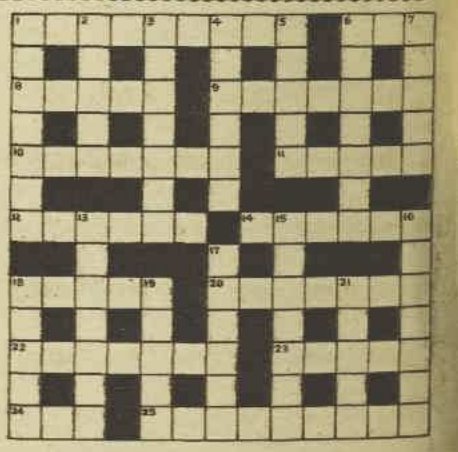
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. It's not the regulation for skaters, but it can help a mathematician (5, 4).
6. A container (3).
8. Tenet probably for the mother of a puppy (5).
9. Dante is soiled (7).
10. Get a cot for this small house (7).
11. In this scent nothing is hard (5).
12. Resort to a duty list (6).
14. Starry with a broken star in the centre (6).
18. The orang-utan and its family (5).
20. Beseech or eat rent (7).
22. In music every negro losing his head quickly (7).
23. Absurd because the pen turning in it (5).
24. For lighting, heating, and empty talk (3).
25. You must pay before passing through these (4, 5).

Solution will be published next week.

Solution of last week's crossword.



DOWN

1. A kind of cocktail for motor-cycle (4-3).
2. Cast metal to gin (5).
3. Mean tea (Anagr., 7).
4. This overcoat must be Irish (6).
5. One of the nine ladies (5).
6. Sincerity appears to be able and obstinate (7).
7. Lowest point you can find in a drain (5).
13. Patterns are plenty in a steamer (7).
15. Sting it when posing for a portrait (7).
16. Stole it with a rhetorical figure (7).
17. Shrink back about the bustle (6).
18. Third-class language found in second-class language (5).
19. A sub-species of above may go to rag (5).
21. Leave of absence (5).

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lavished upon what she had relinquished for its sake.

As Lillian removed the volume of poems from the shelf and seized the squat bottle it had concealed, she wished she might disclose to Marie the true romance of her life. Heaven knew she had already been open to the point of rashness with Maria. She had told her what had happened (with none of the humiliating details glossed over, either), between herself and Bill Ferebee, the man to whom she'd been engaged before she left home for Baltimore. She had told her how, later, she'd caught Harold Duncan, and what she thought of his mother's intellect, and how, a good deal of the time, he bored her to the limit of her endurance.

She had even told her about the mess young Sally had got into at school. And yet she hadn't been able to look straight at her friend, dropping all reserve, and say, quite simply: "Maria, I'm rich." That fact, as honorable as it was exquisite, she could attempt to convey only by indirection.

Lillian's attempt had been valiant. She had begun it by referring to her pretty town house—two centuries old and famous for its balanced proportions—as a "little old pied-a-terre" where she and Harold "camped" when business or society compelled them to desert their farm in Green Spring Valley. She had added, in a pious, wifely tone, that she thought every man ought to live on a farm—it kept his blood pressure down — didn't Maria agree?

Maria, evidently imagining a resemblance between the Duncans' gentleman's estate and the run-down, cotton-bled farm a few miles inland from Tryon's Neck, North Carolina, that her own mother, Mrs. Ballou, had inherited and kept out of respect for a piece of ancestral land and regard for the Negro tenants who managed to scratch a living from its impoverished soil—Maria then had said she reckoned so, if a man's tastes ran to the rustic, but that the country could get abysmally dull, and it was nice to have a retreat in town.

Next, Lillian had pinned her hopes upon the effect of Brooks, her butler. Surely Maria, seeing him—a lean, grey-haired mulatto with the chiselled features and aloof presence of a Roman senator—couldn't fail to be somewhat awed. Awe, however, was not in Maria's nature. Letting Brooks take her damp coat, she had made to him the sort of pleasant remark about the weather that manners down in Tryon's Neck would have required one to make to the Ballous' old "Uncle" Admire or any other elderly servant.

Lillian had made one more try. Before tea was ready she had led Maria into the dining-room to show her Sally's portrait. "An Augustus John," she had murmured. But Maria either hadn't caught the name or hadn't cared. She had stood in silence before the likeness of the yellow-haired girl in the pink hunting-coat, observing the arrogant lines of the young body, the stubborn, imperious mouth, and the eyes whose carefully opaque expression could not quite disguise the look of the startled fawn.

Then she had said, "Who was the poet who wrote about 'beauty like a tightened bow'?" And Lillian, grateful for the flattering question, because it released in her a rush of sympathy for her daughter, had found herself relating the unhappy tale of Sally's disgrace.

The child had been whisked off to Coventry, socially speaking, she informed Maria, and was now up in Pennsylvania at one of those wholesome co-educational Quaker academies. For two years previously she had been a pupil at Green Valley Country Day (really the most desirable girls' school in Maryland; people fought and bled to get their daughters on its waiting list!), but she had been requested to withdraw, on account of a letter she wrote to one of its few male instructors.

The letter had been incredible. In it, Sally had declared her hopeless passion for the teacher, and had announced her plan to seek peace in a nunnery.

"And it wasn't as if he'd been the riding master!" Lillian cried. "The little man taught her English literature."

"At fifteeen, anything enchants," Maria said. "Poetry as well as horseflesh."

"It was infinitely disagreeable. We had to take her to a psychiatrist, and I hate to imagine the questions he must have asked her," Lillian said. She added crossly, "And what Sally may have told him about me!"

"What did he say about her?"

Lillian laughed. Somehow, now that she'd spoken of the sad fiasco, and it hadn't shocked Maria, she saw its humorous aspect.

"He said she was quite normal. She wasn't even over-sexed," Lilian replied. "He said she'd just fallen in love!"

"Well, at least now you know she can. They say some people can't," Maria said. She touched Lillian's arm. "It's easy, though, for me to be objective. In your place I'd have been frantic."

At that point, comforted, Lillian had almost let good taste go hang and told Maria in unequivocal words what she yearned to make certain she knew. No, not in my place, Maria, she'd been tempted to explain. In my place there is something to keep calamity at a certain remove. You see, I have plenty of money.

"I keep a bottle of rum in the bookshelf," Lillian said, wanting to impress Maria. "I do it for old times' sake."

Of course, she hadn't actually said it. She had ushered Maria into the sitting-room and given her tea from the Sheffield tray that had been brought in presently by the lofty Brooks: ("Isn't that silver waiter too heavy for the old boy?" Maria had said after the butler left them.)

In this particular room, Lillian was persuaded, with its elegant simplicity that came so much dearer than ornateness, the delightful truth would seep into Maria's consciousness.

But more than an hour passed and Lillian had observed no sign of seepage. There Maria sat, as easy and oblivious as if she were down in Tryon's Neck in the shabby, artless, anomalous room that the Ballous had always gathered in and had called "the library."

She dug her stockinged heels into the sofa. She glanced at the Corot as coolly and politely as she might have glanced at a landscape executed by somebody's untalented grandmother. She doubtless believed (if she considered the matter at all) that Lillian's teapot was made of domestic

To page 40

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pink pink Blue Blue

To read the future complexion of women in the skies takes a pure colourist. an Elizabeth Arden! Out of an ardent tropic sea-scape (all melting pinks and pure disarming blues). Elizabeth Arden has conjured the most enchanting new Make-up . . . Pink Pink! Blue Blue! Outrageously pretty, unaffectedly feminine, Pink Pink! Blue Blue! is supercharged with flattery. Try it.

Pink Pink, Blue Blue Make-up!

Pink Pink Lipstick
Invisible Veil Powder in No. 3 or No. 5 worn under Evening Pink
Basic Sheen Foundation in Rose Rachel
Pink Pink Cream Rouge
Blue Blue for Eyes:
Sea Blue, Striking Blue, Military Blue Eye Shado
Light and Dark Blue Eyelash Cosmetique

Elizabeth Arden

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HER RIVAL

A short short story

BY M. MARSHALL

I go all cold and haughty when Pete cheerfully says he wishes he'd brought Judy for the drive, too.

TO say I was nervous would be a vast understatement. After all, when you are 18, and in love, and about to meet the rival for your boy-friend's affection, I guess one has a perfectly good reason to be nervous, especially when the aforesaid rival's description sounds like something a Hollywood Press agent would dream up about the latest glamor queen over there.

And here's poor me, in spite of the fact that I've ruined forever my bank account on a new hairdo, new dress, new shoes, and all the frills, still looking my same ordinary self.

I'm not too bad to look at really. My hair is naturally straight, and after a few attempts to get it to curl, I've given up and decided to take what nature intended me to have, but I keep it well brushed, and it looks pretty good cut short. My face wouldn't launch a thousand ships, but it's not too bad—small nose, grey eyes, and a generous mouth.

All in all, I was rather contented with myself until I heard Pete describe Judy's liquid brown eyes and golden red hair. To hear him talk about them you would think that's all a girl needs to have a boy crazy about her.

Perhaps I had better tell you all about Pete and myself first, so you can understand why I'm in such a dither.

My name is Susan Davies, and I first met Pete at a country dance. The gang of us often go out to Woodville to the dances they have out there at the school, and we like it lots. Everybody is friendly, and the supper they put on after the dance is dreamy.

Well, as I was saying, we went to the dance this night, and I am having a wonderful time when one of the boys takes me over and introduces me to Pete.

He mentions casually that he and Pete went to school together in town, and now Pete is back home on the farm helping his father run the place. Well, I don't mind telling you I fell good and hard, and when he asked me to dance I was in Heaven.

I didn't see much of the gang after that. Somehow I seemed to be dancing every dance with Pete, and when it was time to go home it appears the others have all departed, and I'm left with Pete, who very gallantly offers to drive me home.

That was the start of it. We made a date for the next night, and now we've even got to the stage where Pete comes in for Sunday night's tea.

Well, everything was going with a swing, not a cloud in the sky. I'm simply bubbling over with good nature, even drying the dishes for Mum at night without being asked, and getting up in the morning without having to be called more than about twice.

In fact, the change in me is so pronounced that Mum wants me to go and see our doctor. She thinks I must be sickening for some obscure complaint. But, as I was saying, everything was fine until this glamor girl comes on the scene.

Will I ever forget the first time Pete mentions her name! We were out driving in Pete's car. It's only a '38 model, but when Pete's sitting there beside me it seems like a modern luxury car.

Anyway, this fatal day, we were driving along enjoying the scenery when Pete says he wishes he had brought Judy along with us, as she loves cars, and—it seems—Pete's car in particular.

I GO all cold and haughty, and say what a shame he hadn't called me up and broken our date so he could have spent the day with Judy.

Pete doesn't say anything, but he gives me an awfully funny look, and all the way home it seems as if something is amusing him.

A couple of times after that I catch him with a grin on his face. So when he drops me at my gate I very sweetly suggest that he bring Judy over next weekend, and we can all go swimming together.

He says certainly he'll bring her over, but how about just going for a drive, as Judy doesn't like swimming much?

Well, I don't mind admitting that by this time I'm very worked up about this Judy. I realise that I'm not the only girl in Pete's life, and I'm jealous. The worst of it is that I don't know much about my rival, so I don't know what sort of weapons to use in the battle for Pete.

I don't intend to let anyone else get him without putting up a fight, so very subtly I set to work on Pete and get all the information I want about her.

Very soon, I learn that she has gorgeous big brown eyes and wonderful red gold hair, sort of wavy (mine's straight, remember), and it seems she isn't one for going dancing or to shows. She prefers country life, and going hunting or fishing with Pete seems to be the acme of happiness for her. Also she is rather discriminating and doesn't make friends with everybody she meets.

It was easy enough to get the information from Pete—he always seemed to be bringing her name into the conversation during our dates that week.

Little remarks kept slipping out: "Judy went fishing with me yesterday," or "Judy came out and helped me round up the cows last night. She isn't used to that sort of thing. I don't think she likes it much. I think she just came out to be with me." He seemed to be trying to make me jealous.

It wasn't just the fact that she had beautiful red hair and those wonderful brown eyes. It was the way Pete spoke about them. He positively glowed when he mentioned her name, and her evident devotion to him seemed to me to be just too much, but Pete seemed to enjoy it.

Well, there comes Friday, and during the week the old green-eyed monster has been working on me, and I haven't been sleeping well. I'm beginning to look such a wreck I decide I had better do something about it before I meet the glamor-girl on Saturday, so I leave the office a few hours early, and go on a shopping spree.

I pick out a snappy red dress that does things for my figure, and which I hope will clash horribly with Judy's red hair, choose a pair of shoes, and dash madly around to the hairdresser's for a wet set. What if my bank balance is zero? I'll go down with flying colors.

So here I stand, a nervous wreck. It's Saturday, and my red dress looks, well, just a little too red, and my hair has started to give up the battle already, and I feel awful. So when Pete finally arrives I have to force myself out to the front door.

Keep calm, I tell myself, and you'll soon know the worst. But when I open the door Pete's standing there alone, so I ask him why no Judy.

He says she's out in the car, and will I please hurry up and come out as she can hardly wait for us to meet each other. Then he grabs my arm and leads me over to the car, but I still can't see any girl.

There's only a dog sitting up in the front seat, and while I'm gazing into the big brown eyes of a golden cocker spaniel, Pete, with a grin a mile wide, is saying: "Susan, this is Judy. I hope you two are going to get along well because I've got a notion you're going to see a great deal of each other in the future."

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Second long instalment of our exciting new serial

THE THIRD ANGEL

By Jerome Weidman

THE Thursday morning after Hallow-e'en dawns much the same as usual for the inhabitants of Swindon, a quiet Connecticut town, except for MARGARET GENDRON, mother of SUSAN and DAVID, who faces the day with unusual optimism. She has an appointment with a New Yorker, MARCUS MOODY, who is coming to look at houses.

Margaret has been in the real estate business since the death of her husband, ROGER, in the Minitayo assault in the Pacific, in 1944, an attack directed by the late ADMIRAL FULTON HEADLAND, whose widow and daughter, KATE, also live in Swindon in an imposing house, Kirkbean.

Margaret is worried by the unhappy relationship between her and Susan, who has to work in a local children's shop owned by BELIA OLDHILL. Resentful of her mother, Susan is also haunted by a curious fear which is only eased when she is with BEN INCH, loutish but handsome nephew of CECIL INCH, the town's richest man. But Ben has his problems, too, obsessed with the memory of an unsavory incident with a girl, MAY CULLINAN, a local waitress.

Margaret needs money desperately to send Susan to college and so break off her association with Ben. After an exasperating morning in which she meets ANNIE VROOM, also in real estate, she gets to the station just in time to meet Mr. Moody. NOW READ ON·

ONE thing Margaret had learned from Annie Vroom: how to handle a client. "Don't strain," Annie had said on that first day in 1945, when Margaret had come to work for her. "Only one thing can stop a man from buying: too much salesmanship. Overselling scares shy people away. So relax, Margaret, my girl, and let the sucker do the work."

It had proved to be sound enough advice. If only because telling some people to relax was bound to be sound advice a good part of the time. There were, however, other times. Just as there were other people. For example, Mr. Marcus Moody.

"How did I happen to get in touch with you?" he said.

Mr. Moody had repeated, before answering, every question Margaret had asked him since he had climbed into the car at the station. She had recognised the gambit. It was a trick of the excessively cautious man, the man who wants an extra moment in which to fashion a reply. It was possible, of course, for excessively cautious men to be suckers. In the case of Mr. Marcus Moody, however, the possibility seemed remote.

"Why, how I happened to get in touch with you is simple enough, Mrs. Gendron," he said. "My wife has subscribed to 'The Swindon Star' for years. It comes to our apartment in New York every week, just as regularly as 'Time' and 'The New Yorker' and all the rest, and when we decided that we wanted to get ourselves a place out in the country, why, I just opened the current issue of 'The Swindon Star,' took a look at the ads, and I saw yours about the Finster place, so I thought I'd give you a ring and make a date."

"You mean you're interested in the Finster place?" Margaret said. She hoped she didn't sound too eager. Mr. Moody had given her no hint, on the phone yesterday, about anything specific. "The description in my ad fitted in with what you and Mrs. Moody had in mind?"

"Am I interested in the Finster place?" Mr. Moody said. "Does the description fit in with what Mrs. Moody and I had in mind?" Mr. Moody turned slightly on the front seat so that his smile fell more directly on his chauffeur. "No, Mrs. Gendron," he said. "Except in a general way, I mean."

Margaret nodded thoughtfully, as though she understood what he meant. She didn't.

"In that case," she said, as she swung from First Street into the Post Road, "I wonder if I might ask what it was about my ad that attracted your attention?"

"What it was about your ad that attracted my attention?" Mr. Moody said. "Very simple," he said. "Just the way it was put together, you might say. Very businesslike. None of this usual real estate brokers' hoopla. Just the facts. Simple. Straightforward. No nonsense. I liked that, Mrs. Gendron."

"I see," Margaret said, although she didn't. "That's very flattering."

It wasn't that, either. Except perhaps to a sucker, Mr. Moody's explanation was neither flattering nor believable. Margaret's ad was not precisely the smallest ad in the current issue of "The Swindon Star." But it was no different from almost a hundred others. In fact, so far as descriptive wording went, Margaret's ad was almost identical with a dozen others she could at this very moment recall clearly.

Only a desperate fool would accept Mr. Moody's explanation that he had chosen one of that dozen because he had been impressed with the manner of its composition. Margaret Gendron may have been desperate, in the financial sense. She was not a fool, in any sense. Or so she had always believed.

"Well, then," Margaret said carefully. "I wonder if we should bother going up to the Finster place?"

What she really wondered about was the nature of Mr. Moody's game. Yet the feeling persisted that he was not a "just looker." The bridge of Margaret's nose had not started to twitch as it always did when that type turned up.

"You wonder if we should bother going up to see the Finster place?" Mr. Moody said. "Why?"

"Well, if you weren't particularly impressed with the details of the description?" Margaret said. "I mean, if all you were impressed with, Mr. Moody, is the way I wrote the description?"

She paused and she looked at him inquiringly, but Mr. Moody gave her no help. Examining him as closely as she could without losing control of the car, it occurred to Margaret that Mr. Marcus Moody probably gave very few people any help. It was not that he looked cruel, or even hard. On the contrary. He looked sweet and soft.

His smile was undeniably pleasant. But it was an unshared pleasantness. Margaret had the feeling that Mr. Moody was smiling, not because he wanted to make her feel good or indicate his pleasure with her or the world, but because he had schooled himself to be aware during every moment of his day that smiling involved less wear and tear on the human machine than scowling.

He was in his sixties at least. Perhaps older. It seemed obvious to Margaret not only that Mr. Moody was determined to live to be a hundred, but also that he would stop at nothing to achieve his goal.

"What I'm trying to say, Mr. Moody," she said, "is that there's no point in our wasting time driving out to see the Finster place if we know in advance that you wouldn't be interested. Lots of houses have certain drawbacks that make them impractical for certain people, no matter what other advantages they may have. Don't you agree?"

"Don't I agree?" Mr. Moody said. "But, my dear Mrs. Gendron, how could I possibly not agree to anything so sensible?"

Margaret gave him a sharp glance. Mr. Moody's pleasant smile had not changed.

"Well," she said. "How about running through some of the factors that might automatically rule out a place like the Finster property for you? Does that seem sensible?"

"Does it seem sensible?" Mr. Moody said. "By all means!"

Margaret found herself wishing that the bridge of her nose would begin to twitch. Mr. Moody would have made much more sense to her if she had been able to catalogue him as a "just looker."

"Well, then," she said briskly. "The Finster property has three acres, a two-car garage, fourteen rooms, and six baths in the main house, a completely equipped guest-cottage, and a greenhouse. If you should happen to need more than a two-car garage, Mr. Moody, or if you're a man who hates greenhouses, why, that eliminates the Finster place at once, and we can go on to something else. Am I right?"

"Completely, Mrs. Gendron."

In another minute, Margaret thought, I am going to scream.

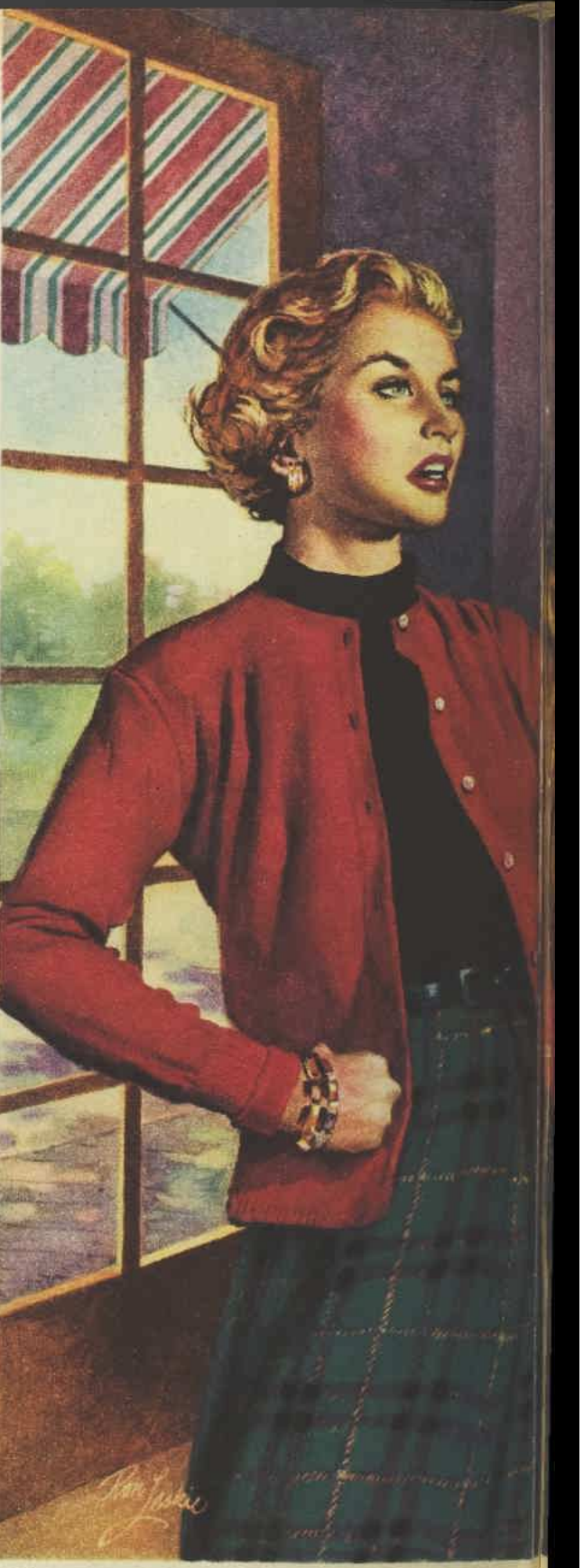
"Well, then," she said patiently, "how do you feel about a two-car garage and a greenhouse and the rest of the Finster place description?"

"How do I feel about it?" Mr. Moody said. "Why, the description sounds grand, Mrs. Gendron. But I guess I could live without a greenhouse."

Margaret drew a deep breath; and she waited for the bridge of her nose to begin to itch, but it didn't. Nevertheless, she couldn't stop the words from coming to her lips.

"Mr. Moody," she said. "Are you really interested in finding a house? Or are you merely interested in killing a couple of hours pleasantly in the fresh air and crisp autumn sunlight?"

"Stop the car a moment, please."



Margaret stopped the car. Mr. Moody put his hand inside his coat. He pulled out a pigskin case, flipped it open, and handed her an engraved card. Mr. Moody's name appeared in the lower left-hand corner. In the centre of the card, in larger letters, there were two lines:

Digby, Tuttle, Yavner, and Moody,
Attorneys at Law.

Margaret looked up. Mr. Moody's smile had not changed.

"According to the last computation made by our auditors, Mrs. Gendron, my time is worth about fifty dollars an hour. Counting normal working days, that is, and figuring eight hours to the day. This is Thursday, a normal working day, and it is now a few minutes short of ten-thirty.

"Even if I had nothing to do in my office in New York, which I assure you is far from the case, you can take my word for it my partners, Messrs. Digby, Tuttle, and Yavner, would not be very happy about letting me waste my time touring the Connecticut countryside."

Margaret tapped the card.

"Attorney at law," she said. "You wouldn't happen to be the Marcus Moody who used to own a house in Swindon, a house up on Matlock Hill?"

"Own it, no," said Mr. Moody. "But Mrs. Moody and I have been summering in and around Swindon for years, and I believe we did rent a place one summer on Matlock Hill."

"White shingle? With green shutters?"

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Facing Margaret were Susan and Ben Inch, but before she could utter a word Mr. Moody said, "Let's go, I don't want to miss that train."

"That's it, yes," Mr. Moody said. "How did you know?"

"A friend of mine now owns it. A magazine writer named Selwyn Hite Steer."

"Yes, but I mean how did you know that I once lived in it?"

"I have a cleaning man named Clark Tegher who works for a lot of people in this area and seems to know just about everything there is to know about everybody. I happened to mention that I was going to meet a man named Moody at the train, and Clark said a man named Moody, who was a lawyer, used to live in the Steer house up on Matlock Hill."

"Would you like to check with this Clark Tegher if I am serious about wanting to buy a place, or whether I'm just killing time by looking?"

"I'd rather ask you, Mr. Moody."

"The answer is let's get going, Mrs. Gendron."

"Where to?" Margaret said. "What kind of place do you and Mrs. Moody have in mind?"

"What kind of place do I have in mind?" he said. "Why, I don't know as there's any special kind of place, Mrs. Gendron. My instructions were . . ."

Mr. Moody paused. The smile neither changed nor faltered, but Margaret knew that Mr. Moody was annoyed with himself. He had made a slip. He had used the wrong word. Like most men of affairs, he probably did not like to refer to the orders he received from his wife as instructions.

"Why don't we stop checking each other's credentials?" Mr. Moody said. "And go look at whatever you have to show me that you think might be suitable?"

"All right," Margaret said. "Why don't we?"

She showed him the Dierkes house, the Herristere place, the Gravesend place, the Methspaugh house, and the Kannervogel estate.

Mr. Moody had nice things to say about all of them, and none of the prices seemed to bother him, but it was obvious that none of these houses came even close to whatever he had in mind.

"Well," Margaret said as they were coming out of the Kannervogel driveway, "I'm afraid that takes care of the really big places, Mr. Moody. Unless you can give me some hint that will help me get a clearer picture of what you and Mrs. Moody——"

"Unless I can give you some hint?" Mr. Moody said. "Why, yes, I think so, Mrs. Gendron," he said. "What we really want, what we're really looking for, is something on the shore."

For a long moment, as she guided the car back to the Post Road, Margaret was glad she had something to do with her hands. Otherwise she might have succumbed to the sudden temptation to poke Mr. Marcus Moody in the nose.

"Something on the shore," Margaret said.

She found her own restraint quite impressive. It was almost like one of those skits on the television variety show in which a timid customer enters a lumber yard, and, after the high-pressure salesman has spent what seems an interminable length of time trying to sell him enough thousands of cubic feet of pine and oak and cedar to build a small city, the customer finally manages to blurt out desperately that all he wants is a piece of wood large enough to replace the broken bridge of his violin.

"I wish you had told me right at the start that you were interested in shore property," Margaret said. "We could have saved a lot of time."

"Time doesn't matter," Mr. Moody said. "As long as I get what I want."

The reply seemed to Margaret a trifle irrelevant. Especially since Mr. Moody had continued, all during the three-hour period, to steal impatient glances at his wrist-watch.

"All I meant," Margaret said, "I meant only that if I'd known you were interested in shore property, I wouldn't have spent the morning dragging you up and down every hill from the Post Road practically up to the Massachusetts border. Well——" She paused, gave him a short glance, and

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You see her everywhere . . . on sun-swept beaches, in the office, on dance floors. And everywhere she goes people take a second look at her sparkling eyes, shiny hair, and glowing complexion. Pretty nineteen year-old Avril Rogers, of Potts Point, Sydney, protects the youthful loveliness of her skin with gentle Rexona Soap.

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Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

FOR anyone who is sad, or old, or lonely, and finds time hanging heavily, here is a suggestion for a cheap and absorbing hobby. Invest in a box of pastels and a pastel drawing-book, as used by schools and obtainable at chain stores for about 1/- each. Then proceed to paint pictures, even if you can't draw a straight line. With perseverance you will improve, make no mistake. I've proved it. Soon you will find you are noticing scenes with keener appreciation, and life will become richer. In a few months you will find yourself borrowing art books from the public library and visiting the art gallery. Chances are you will never win any art awards, but you will wonder why you didn't start this hobby sooner.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Jean Bowkett, Perth, via Launceston, Tas.

ON their marriage nearly all men take out a life-insurance policy, but we seldom hear of brides doing the same thing. The consequence is that the widow with or without children is usually left in a better financial position than the widower. She receives the widow's pension and the capital sum from the insurance company. But the widower may be left with small children and little money to carry on. Ought we not urge the bride also to take out a policy, and ought not the Government grant a widower's pension on the same basis as the widow's pension?

10/6 to Mrs. Dorothy Sampson, 21 George St., Pennant Hills, N.S.W.

CAN anyone explain why women who live miles apart in the country or fairly scattered in an outer suburb usually visit one another regularly, enjoying many cuppers, while in many cases women living alongside one another in city suburbs can still be strangers after years of proximity?

10/6 to "Puzzled" (name supplied), Thornleigh, N.S.W.

WHEN we are served with an article not reaching a shop's usual standard it is a common practice to complain to our friends, so lowering the firm's prestige. Would not it be better to approach the manager (by letter or in person), putting the matter before him? I think any firm would be only too glad to make a replacement, thereby maintaining its good name and keeping a satisfied customer.

10/6 to "Tried It" (name supplied), Frankston, Vic.

WHEN we built our home I was thrilled to be given my own way in all matters concerning interior decoration, and when finished it looked a picture. Now, three years later, the shine has worn off somewhat with the high jinks of small boys. But I console myself that my sons are more important than the house they live in. They will eventually grow up, and then I can be house-proud to my heart's content—I hope.

10/6 to Mrs. E. M. Green, 121 Alexander Rd., Riverdale, W.A.

NEWCOMERS to our district are watched anxiously by nature lovers, who want to know if they are T.Ls. or N.T.Ls. Tree loppers or non-tree loppers. If the former, we groan as they begin ruthlessly at once and without discrimination felling native trees and shrubs which have been growing happily on their allotments, to replace them with less hardy or interesting specimens.

10/6 to Mrs. I. E. Smith, Lot 26, Berowra Waters Rd., Berowra Waters, N.S.W.

Using empty jars

"HOUSEWIFE" (The Australian Women's Weekly, 12/9/56) asks how to use empty bottles and jars. I would like to suggest that any readers who have this problem bundle up the bottles and jars and send them to any public hospital, as there is always need for such articles in their dispensaries.

10/6 to Mrs. Melva R. Vale, Ironbark Rd., Diamond Creek, Vic.

WITH reference to "Housewife's" letter, I am sure there are lots of charitable organisations in her town that would be pleased to get jars to fill with jams, etc., for fetes or street stalls. Being a member of the local C.W.A. and church guild, I find many uses for the various jars that come my way.

10/6 to Mrs. J. W. McGill, Post Office, Coolabunia, Qld.

Family affairs

• Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

WHEN I (the teenage daughter) first began having late nights, my parents found they were restless until I arrived home, and if they did happen to go to sleep they usually woke, wondering if I were home or not. Our problem was solved this way: A small clock, which did duty in the bedroom at night and in the kitchen by day, was left on the kitchen table, and when I came home I put this clock on my parents' dressing-table. So that if either Mum or Dad awoke they could tell immediately if I was home.

£1/1/- to Miss V. A. Brimble, 7 Vine St., Beulah Park, S.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

I DROPPED in recently at the City of Sydney Eisteddfod.

It was a short visit—I could only stay for 14 Highland Flings and 18 piano performances of "Two Little Birds," by Hutchens.

I enjoy eisteddfods, watching the children and the mothers fussing over them: "Come here, Cheryl! You can't go on with that singlet showing."

And the way the adjudicator always says of the runner-up: "She has a very lovely little personality."

Your reaction to these competitions depends, of course, on how often you can stand hearing the same thing over and over again.

Some people find it drives them crazy.

I took a friend once to hear 48 children recite "Little Moony Bandicoot."

This poem is about a bandicoot who used to play to other animals on a gum-leaf flute.

After hearing it a mere 15 times, my friend said something rude and rushed out of the hall.

There is a story, too, about a piano.

Sixty competitors (12 and under) played "Rustle of Spring" on it.

THERE GOES THAT SONG AGAIN

Suddenly the piano went mad. It began to play "Rustle of Spring" by itself, and nobody could stop it.

However, that is probably not true.

It is often interesting, I think,

to notice the different interpretations of the same piece.

One year I went to hear 47 children recite "Picnics."

The theme of this poem is that you should not leave litter on picnic sites because it is discouraging to fairies.

Conversely, the poem argues, if you are tidy the fairies will play with you.

The winner was a boy who delivered the concluding lines like this:

So if you go a-picnicking and you are ELFIN-wise,
You'll maybe hear with FAIRY ears and see with GOBLIN eyes.

But the most charming competitor, to my mind, was a little girl in pink. She declaimed:

Tho if you go a-picknicking and you are elfin-withe,
You'll maybe hear with fairy EARTH, and thee with goblin EYETH.

I must admit I had to leave after the 31st run-through of "Picnics." I, too, was beginning to see with goblin eyes.

There is only one doubt I feel about eisteddfods.

Will these thousands of eager young ballet dancers, pianists, reciters, etc., have any artistic future?

They will be two a penny in Australia before long.

But perhaps that will not really matter if they still have lovely little personalities.

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WONDERFUL AUSTRALIA

POOL BESIDE THE SEA. *The breakers roll in at Palm Beach, N.S.W., beyond the swimming-baths (foreground). Pools of this type occur beside many Australian beaches. Often hewn out of rock, they are filled by the rise of the tide. Most children prefer them at high tide with showering spray and "waves" as the sea breaks on the rocks and swells into the pool. Palm Beach, 25 miles from the city, is the northernmost of the beaches fringing Sydney. A generation ago it was exclusively a resort, but the spread of the city has made it almost a suburb. It lies on a narrow neck of land separating the ocean beach from Broken Bay, at the mouth of the Hawkesbury River. This picture was taken by staff photographer Clive Thompson.*

● See page 40 for order coupon for Wonderful Australia Book.

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FULL LIST OF PRIZEWINNERS

• Here is a complete list of the prizewinners in our £6000 Cookery Contest, which closed on September 3.

RECIPES which won major prizes will be published in a free, lift-out cook book in the October 31 issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

The book will be illustrated in color.

Recipes which won £5 prizes in each section of the contest will be published in the cookery pages of the paper.

The names of the prize-winners in all sections are listed here with recipe titles in brackets.

Combination

FIRST PRIZE, £600: MRS. E. KING, 9 York Rd., Bondi Junction, N.S.W. (snapper supreme).

SECOND PRIZE, £100: Enid H. Way, 24 Tyrrell Street, Newcastle, N.S.W. (peppers adelphi).

TEN £5 PRIZES: Mrs. B. L. Smith, 15 Averal Road, Kooyong S.E.4, Vic. (country captain); Mrs. Freda Burke, 115 Roslyn Street, Middle Brighton, Vic. (banana pie); Mrs. S. L. Barnes, Portsea Road, Sorrento, Vic. (savory banana roll with cheese salad); Mrs. W. Barnett, 15 Tuhan Street, Oakleigh, Vic. (raisin orange pie with fluffy sauce); Mrs. A. Hayden, Eton North, via Mackay, N. Qld. (savory luncheon mould); Mrs. E. Ewings, Shore Street, Cleveland Point, via Brisbane (savory surprise); Mrs. E. Ward, 16 Cominos Place, Cairns, Qld. (Versailles savory); Mrs. L. Suverain, Miriam Vale, Qld. (Portuguese hamburgers with tomato sauce); Miss Rosemarie Becker, 641 Malvern Road, Toorak, Vic. (red and green rice); Mrs. H. O. Payten, "Valdon," Lord Howe Island (Chinese savory omelet).

Bananas

FIRST PRIZE, £400: MRS. DORIS HUELIN, 211 Camberwell Rd., Camberwell E.6, Vic. (banana beauty).

SECOND PRIZE, £200: Mrs. L. Britten, Appin, Campbelltown, N.S.W. (banana liqueur cake).

THIRD PRIZE, £100: Mrs. E. Robarts, 96 Bourke Road, Camberwell, Vic. (banana gossamer cake).

FOURTH PRIZE, £50: Mrs. K. W. A. Summers, Box 449, P.O., Darwin, N.T. (fruit sherbet cream).

FIFTH PRIZE, £25: Mrs. B. G. Harrison, Box 36, Waroona, W.A. (banana dumplings in savory sauce).

FIVE £10 PRIZES: Mrs. C. M. Wright, 22 Deepdene Road, Balwin, Vic. (goulash with bananas); Mrs. W. A. Claudius, 60 Essilia Street, Collaroy Plateau, N.S.W. (Oriental fritters); Narelle Nunn, 97 Georgetown Road, Waratah, N.S.W. (golden banana crumble); Mrs. Ronnie Truscott, 5 Richmond Street, Cronulla, N.S.W. (banana marshmallow delight); Mrs. M. Cornell, 152 Ross Street, Belmont, N.S.W. (cobana pie).

FIVE £5 PRIZES: Mrs. B. Fitzpatrick, 531 Cowper Street, Albury, N.S.W. (savory banana tartlets); Mrs. Joan Button, Parndana East, Kangaroo Island, S.A. (banana and date twist); W. Barlow, 54 Gostwyck Street, Toowoomba, Qld. (banana mocca dessert); Mrs. C. Staer, 32 Milroy Avenue, Kensington, N.S.W. (banana ham patties); Mrs. H. A. Rankin, 26 Anita Street, Beaumaris S.10, Vic. (banana almond torte).

SPECIAL BUTTER PRIZE

FIRST PRIZE, £100: Mrs. E. M. Wellington, 2 View Street, Miranda, N.S.W. (frosted cobana bars).

SECOND PRIZE, £30: Mrs. B. Walker, No. 7 Seabrook Street, Mt. Hawthorn, W.A. (sweetbreads au gratin).

THIRD PRIZE, £20: Mrs. M. J. Paul, 14 Olive Avenue, Westbourne Park, Adelaide (banana date and lemon sweet).

Cheese

FIRST PRIZE, £400: MRS. M. BOURKE, 47 Park St., Port Kembla, N.S.W. (savory chops with cheese and cashews).

SECOND PRIZE, £200: Mrs. J. Spencer, "Karingal," R.M.B. 32, Keith, S.A. (tuna bake with cheese swirls).

THIRD PRIZE, £100: Mrs. M. Fletcher, 12 The Esplanade, Speers Point, N.S.W. (spiced lima bean salad).

FOURTH PRIZE, £50: Mrs. M. Oxnam, 198 Nudgee Road, Northgate, Qld. (cheese and fish roe cutlets).

FIFTH PRIZE, £25: Mrs. Brian Colliver, 29 Service Road, Moe, Vic. (Lyons velvet).

FIVE £10 PRIZES: Mrs. G. M. Jochinke, Box 179, Waikerie, S.A. (savory tartlets); Dorothy Hood, 14 Crown Street, Epping, N.S.W. (cream cheese dessert cake); Mrs. Percy Obst, Rowland Flat, S.A. (fish New Orleans); Marion L. Milligan, 4 Grattan Street, Hawthorn, Vic. (veal pillows); Mrs. J. C. Duncan, Ridge Road, Kallista, Vic. (prawn and cheese bake with savory scone topping).

FIVE £5 PRIZES: Mrs. A. Kennedy, 138 Ash Street, Barcaldine, Qld. (olive orientales); H. M. Baker, Gawler, S.A. (scalloped cheese and devilled ham); Mrs. V. M. Hart, 89 Chalmers Road, Strathfield, N.S.W. (cheese crisps); Mrs. D. A. Ripphausen, Louisa Street, Mittagong, N.S.W. (almond cheese roll); Mrs. M. Ferris, "Marble Hill," Dumaresq, N.S.W. (rabbit almond cheese casserole).

SPECIAL BUTTER PRIZE

FIRST PRIZE, £100: Mrs. A. F. Abbott, Box 18, Melrose, S.A. (cheese dreams).

SECOND PRIZE, £30: Mrs. W. A. Strow, P.O. Box 108, Yeppoon, Qld. (Continental cheese savory).

THIRD PRIZE, £20: Mrs. A. D. Pyke, 19 Rusden St., Elsternwick, Vic. (cheese and cucumber tart).

MITCHELL WILL

• Owing to postal delays we have only just received many requests for application forms and examination papers for the 1956 Peter Mitchell Will Quest.

In order to give these entrants time to complete their papers we have extended the closing date for return of application forms and examination papers until November 30.

Dried fruits

FIRST PRIZE, £400: MRS. M. CUTTING, 9 Lillimur Rd., Carnegie S.E.9, Vic. (raisin refrigerator cake).

SECOND PRIZE, £200: Mrs. Doris Day, 27 Buckley St., Noble Park, Vic. (raisin hamettes with cheese sauce).

THIRD PRIZE, £100: Mrs. F. C. Snell, 41 Henry St., Oakleigh, Vic. (custard fruit cake).

FOURTH PRIZE, £50: Mrs. C. Boorman, 33 Hawthorn St., New Farm, Qld. (Hungarian coffee cake).

FIFTH PRIZE, £25: Mrs. L. E. Rodwell, "Wahroonga," Claremont, Tas. (fruity marshmallow cream tart).

FIVE £10 PRIZES: Miss A. Ronald, Slade Point, via Mackay, Qld. (hot raisin and cheese sandwiches); Mrs. Catherine Crook, c/o Paper Mill, Bomaderry, N.S.W. (lamb shanks with sweet and sour sauce); Mrs. L. Doyle, 67 Tennyson Rd., Deewhy West, N.S.W. (raisin cider pie); Mrs. E. Pickering, Elizabeth St., Port Macquarie, N.S.W. (raisin-stuffed pears in baked custard); Mrs. Powell, Hare St., Albany, W.A. (tomato soup cake).

FIVE £5 PRIZES: Mrs. A. Manny, 14 Dundas St., Coogee, N.S.W. (Persian stuffed quinces); Mrs. A. Leon, 182 Ross St., Port Melbourne, Vic. (raisin-apple stuffed pumpkin); Mrs. H. Plumb, 28 Hill St., Bega, N.S.W. (fruit crust lemon snow); Mrs. B. Thomas, 40 Maxwell Tce., Glengowrie, S.A. (caramel marshmallow crunch); Mrs. P. K. Davis, Na Savusavu, Fiji (dried fruit and pork loaf.

SPECIAL BUTTER PRIZE

FIRST PRIZE, £100: Miss R. Virgona, 17 Bardwell Road, Mosman, N.S.W. (raisin chiffon in chocolate shell).

SECOND PRIZE, £30: H. G. Forsaith, 24 Scottish Avenue, Edwardstown, S.A. (Christmas pudding).

THIRD PRIZE, £20: Mrs. Marcis L. Carr, 77 Enoggera Terrace, Red Hill, Brisbane (apple and raisin crusties).

Egg

FIRST PRIZE, £400: MRS. J. D. MOORS, 28 Muston St., Mosman (fruity egg surprise).

SECOND PRIZE, £200: Mrs. M. A. Hunt, 27 King George Avenue, Brighton Park, S.A. (American-style light fruit cake).

THIRD PRIZE, £100: Mrs. Jean Seath, 4 Station Street, Moreland, Vic. (pumpkin cup custards).

FOURTH PRIZE, £50: Mrs. R. H. Duncan, Farrer Street, Euroa, Vic. (dungarry rice pudding).

FIFTH PRIZE, £25: Mrs. Margaret Bruml, 21 Hampden Road, Armadale, Vic. (eggs hunter style).

FIVE £10 PRIZES: Mr. D. Vincent Munro, Tonkoro, Longreach, Qld. (eggs Tonkoro); Mrs. J. Coogan, 96 Forest Road, Launceston, Tas. (baked eggs with rice and anchovies); Mrs. J. Colman, c/o Mrs. V. Carman, Box 842, Cairns, Qld. (eggs with chicken stuffing); G. R. Brown, Burracoppin, W.A. (exotic cake); Mrs. H. Slide, Finch Hatton, via Mackay, Qld. (chicken almond shape).

FIVE £5 PRIZES: Mrs. A. J. Buckley, 25 Griffith Street, Everton Park, Qld. (almond chocolate pixies); Miss M. Edwards, 97 Adelma Road, Nedlands, W.A. (juanita cake); Mrs. D. S. Klan, M.S. 441, Monto, Qld. (fluffed luncheon eggs); Miss M. Hercka, 66 Floss Street, Hurlstone Park, N.S.W. (egg and brain entree); Mrs. W. N. Duncan, 82 Railway Parade, Mittagong, N.S.W. (oyster souffle).

SPECIAL BUTTER PRIZE

FIRST PRIZE, £100: Mrs. Clair Scholes, 13 Carr St., Coogee, N.S.W. (luxury eggs).

SECOND PRIZE, £30: Miss B. G. Semmler, Robertstown, S.A. (chocolate potato cake).

THIRD PRIZE, £20: Mrs. A. Hetherington, 18 Barber St., Mayfield, N.S.W. (devilled egg and rice casserole).

Rice

FIRST PRIZE, £400: MRS. R. P. RUNDLE, 40 Denham St., Townsville, Qld. (Lebanese rice savory).

SECOND PRIZE, £200: Miss S. Joske, 25 Huntingtower Rd., Malvern S.E.3, Vic. (unusual rice meringue).

THIRD PRIZE, £100: Mrs. J. J. Viney, 17 Bowen Ave., Launceston, Tas. (savory scallops with rice).

FOURTH PRIZE, £50: T. E. Trickett, Rossarden, Tas. (riz des poetes).

FIFTH PRIZE, £25: Mrs. S. Macdonald, "Freshfields," Marburg, Qld. (savory rice).

FIVE £10 PRIZES: Mrs. E. L. Jones, 159 William St., Sydney (chinostra savory); Miss Parton, Masonic School, Baulkham Hills, N.S.W. (minted rice with tongues); Mrs. R. L. Smith, 44 Separation St., Northcote N.16, Vic. (rice pancakes with pineapple syrup); Mrs. G. Chinner, 6 Gordon St., Sommerton Park, S.A. (banana rice and cheese croquettes); Mr. G. C. Cull, 176 Eastern Rd., Wahroonga, N.S.W. (cheese rice with prawns Newburg).

FIVE £5 PRIZES: Mrs. C. E. Lewis, Farm 1154, Leeton, N.S.W. (rice ring with salmon delmonico); Mrs. M. A. K. Crosby, 7 Milner St., Prospect, S.A. (rice a la Connaught); Mrs. A. E. Zwar, Box 152, "Wybara," Tanunda, S.A. (ham and fruit rice); Mrs. D. P. Cochrane, Ellesmere St., Yeronga, Qld. (savory rice papaw); Mrs. M. E. Hamburger, Buderim-Mountains, N.C. Line, Qld. (rice banana souffle).

SPECIAL BUTTER PRIZE

FIRST PRIZE, £100: Mrs. M. J. Lock, 94 Alma Terrace, Woodville West, S.A. (eggs in cheese rice).

SECOND PRIZE, £30: Mrs. L. M. Russell, 135 Riversdale Road, Camberwell, Vic. (prawn and oyster creole with golden rice).

THIRD PRIZE, £20: Mrs. A. H. Watkie, Hack Street, Mount Barker, S.A. (rice-filled roast chicken).

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Our £6000 Cookery Contest

● Many thousands of entries from readers throughout Australia demonstrated the tremendous interest in our £6000 Cookery Contest.

THE standard of recipes was high, making it difficult for the judging committee to select prizewinners.

The contest closed on September 3 and all entries received up to and on that day were considered for prizes.

Major prizewinners were interviewed soon after final selections had been made.

Mrs. E. King, of 9 York Rd., Bondi Junction, N.S.W., whose recipe for Snapper Supreme won her the £600 First Prize for a recipe combining listed ingredients, thought a friend was playing a joke when she learned of her win.

She was finally convinced, and told us that her prizewinning recipe had been a family favorite for years.

"It is really economical, though it sounds expensive," she said. "I find it cheaper than a roast."

Mrs. King's husband (a clerk), daughter (20), and son (18) are what she describes as "good eaters."

She believes in hearty meals, and doesn't like to see people "pick" at their food.

The Second Prize of £100 for a combination recipe went to Dr. Enid Way, consulting psychologist, grandmother, and one of Newcastle's busiest women.

But she has always found—or made—time for her hobby of cooking. "I have to," she told us, "with a hungry husband to feed."

Her husband is Dr. Allan Way, a dental surgeon, and foundation president of the Wine and Food Society of N.S.W.

Rice Section

MRS. R. P. RUNDLE, of 40 Denham St., Townsville, Qld., was quite excited when we told her that the £400 First Prize in the Rice Section of the contest was hers.

Her entry, for Lebanese Rice Savory, was given to her doctor husband during a conversation on food with a Lebanese friend.

"This dish is a great favorite with guests," Mrs. Rundle said. "They enjoy helping to prepare it."

Miss Sybil Joske, of 25 Huntingtower Rd., Malvern, Vic., and her sister Elaine tried four times before they were satisfied with their recipe for Unusual Rice Meringue.

"We just made it up," said Sybil.

The Joskes won the Second Prize of £100 in the Rice Section.

The Rice Section recipe which made the best use of butter was submitted by Mrs. M. J. Lock, of Woodville West, Adelaide.

She discovered it during a month's visit to America last year, returning from a trip to Gallipoli with her World War I veteran husband.

Mrs. Lock won £100 with the recipe, Eggs in Cheese Rice, and says it is delicious. Earlier she won one of the £5 progress prizes.

Dried Fruits

MRS. M. CUTTING, of 9 Lillimur Rd., Carnegie, Vic., has been making Raisin Refrigerator Cake for many years.

The recipe won First Prize in the Dried Fruits Section.

"It's a good, simple recipe that came out of my head many years ago," said Mrs. Cutting.

A Continental recipe for Raisin Hamettes with Cheese Sauce won Mrs. Frank (Doris) Day her second sectional prize in a cooking contest run by The Australian Women's Weekly.

Two years ago Mrs. Day won a sectional prize for recipes using honey.

"I love trying out fancy recipes," she said, "but my husband likes plain cooking 'like mother's'."

Miss Roma Virgona, 17 Bardwell Rd., Mosman, N.S.W., who won the butter prize in this section, once studied cookery at a technical college.

"I enjoy cooking," she said, "especially cakes, pies, and ice-cream."

Egg Section

MRS. J. D. MOORS, mother of three, had never tried cooking until after her marriage to a solicitor.

Her recipe for Fruity Egg Surprise won First Prize in this section.

Mrs. Moors, who lives at 26 Muston St., Mosman, N.S.W., says she tries a new dish from a recipe book every Sunday night.

Trial and error taught Mrs. M. A. Hunt all she knows about cooking.

Mrs. Hunt, of Brighton Park, S.A., wrote out her recipe for American Style Light Fruit Cake (Second Prize) one night when she was worried over a daughter's illness, and could not sleep.

Mrs. Claire Scholes, of 13 Carr St., Coogee, N.S.W., winner of the special butter prize in this section, claims that she has never spoilt anything she has tried to cook.

She likes to experiment, and describes her cooking as "inspirational."

Mrs. E. King, £600 Combination Recipe prizewinner.

Mrs. M. Bourke, £400 Cheese Section prizewinner.

Cheese Section

MRS. M. BOURKE, of 47 Parkes St., Port Kembla, N.S.W., won First Prize in this section for her Savory Chops, Cheese, and Cashews recipe.

Mrs. Bourke has had many recipes published, though this is her first competition effort.

She says her husband is her severest critic.

Mrs. Joan Spencer, of Keith, S.A., first tried cooking at the age of seven, and has liked it ever since.

Her recipe for Tuna Bake with Cheese Swirls (Second Prize) originally came from an American cook book and Mrs. Spencer often tries it with small variations.

Farmer's wife Mrs. A. F. Abbott, of Melrose, S.A., serves Cheese Dreams to her grown-up family of three "every now and again."

The recipe won First Prize for the best use of butter in this section.

Banana Section

THE recipe for Banana Beauty, which won First Prize of £400 for Mrs. Doris Huelin, of 211 Camberwell Rd., Camberwell, Vic., was concocted specially for our £6000 Cookery Contest.

Mrs. Huelin tried the recipe twice on her husband and parents before submitting it.

Mrs. L. Britten, of Appin, near Campbelltown, N.S.W., says she is a "perfectionist cook." "I experiment until a thing is just right," she told us.

Mrs. Britten's recipe for Banana Liqueur Cake won Second Prize in this section. She has taken prizes in several cooking contests.

Mrs. E. M. Wellington, winner of the special butter First Prize in the Banana Section, submitted six recipes to the competition.

"My husband is the best cook in the family," she told us.

Mrs. Wellington, of 2 View St., Miranda, N.S.W., collects recipes as a hobby and tries them before pasting them in a book.

Mrs. R. P. Rundle, £400 Rice Section prizewinner.

Mrs. M. Cutting, £400 Dried Fruits Section prizewinner.

ABOVE: Mrs. Doris Huelin, £400 Banana Section prizewinner.

LEFT: Mrs. J. D. Moors, £400 Egg Section prizewinner.

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Romance goes to the head

Paris sponsors new hair line

THREE pretty young models demonstrate the Romance line in hairstyles. In this new fashion the brow may be bare or covered; the sweep of hair over the ears is the important feature.

• Several variations of a new hairstyle just released in Australia by the Haute Coiffure Francaise are pictured here. The new line is called Romance. It is short and shaped at the back and sweeps becomingly over the ears.

ABOVE. Profile sketch gives an overall impression of a head set in the Romance line. The back hair is quite short.

ABOVE. Sketch variation of the new fashion features a centre part, has hair-ends combed on to the temples and loops over the ears.

LEFT. The fashion is changeable, as shown in this creation in which the sweep of hair over the ears is brushed outwards instead of under.

RIGHT. Formal treatment of the Romance line looks sleek and sophisticated. The hair is cut in varying lengths from three inches over the ears to one inch at the nape of the neck.

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FACIAL HAIRS

Do not despair of ridding yourself of ugly facial hairs. "DESTROX" now available in Australia can solve this embarrassing problem for you — its three-fold action conquers even stubborn growths. No matter how disappointed you may have been in the past you should certainly obtain full details of The "DESTROX" Home Treatment by sending stamped-addressed envelope to:

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387 Little Flinders Street,
Melbourne, Vic.

Make Baby's Hair GROW CURLY
4 Weeks' Treatment
4/- EVERYWHERE
Curlypet

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ROYAL PAGEANTRY AT EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

THE Queen this year visited the Edinburgh Festival for the first time, although she has been patron since its inception nine years ago. The Duke of Edinburgh, who accompanied her, took part in the opening ceremonies in 1952.

Also with the Queen were the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, who attended the first Festival in 1947 and have returned, privately, on several occasions.

Cold winds and steady rain were ignored by this year's crowds, who lined the flag-decorated streets whenever the Royal car appeared.

Banks of sweet-scented flowers made a colorful background to evening gowns, white ties, and decorations at theatres and halls visited by members of the Royal Family.

The Festival draws music-lovers from all over the world. Among them were French, German, Italian, and Spanish music critics. Conversation in a dozen languages could be heard in the historic old city.

Colorful saris billowed past pleated kilts, and smartly suited Londoners, recognisable by their umbrellas, shopped side by side with Americans in nylon raincoats.

Australians, Canadians, and South Africans met for Scotland's famed afternoon-teas in the spacious rooms of the Festival Club.

PRINCESS MARGARET (above) arrives at the Castle Esplanade for the Military Tattoo. The Duke of Edinburgh is in the background.

•

THE QUEEN (left) arrives at the Command Performance of Gene Kelly's "Invitation to the Dance." The Queen had especially asked to see the film and Gene Kelly had flown from France to be presented to her at the theatre.

•

THE OFFICIAL opening of the Edinburgh Festival is the Service of Praise held in St. Giles' Cathedral. This year the Queen attended for the first time. At right she is seen arriving at the Cathedral.

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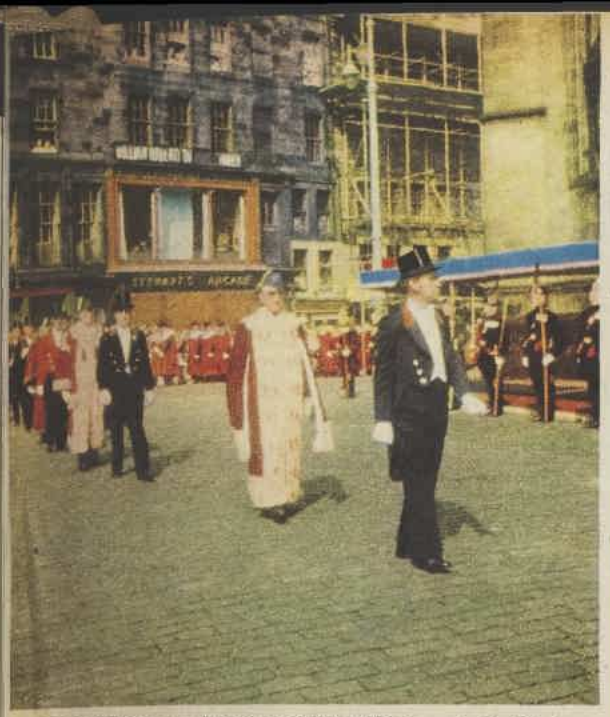
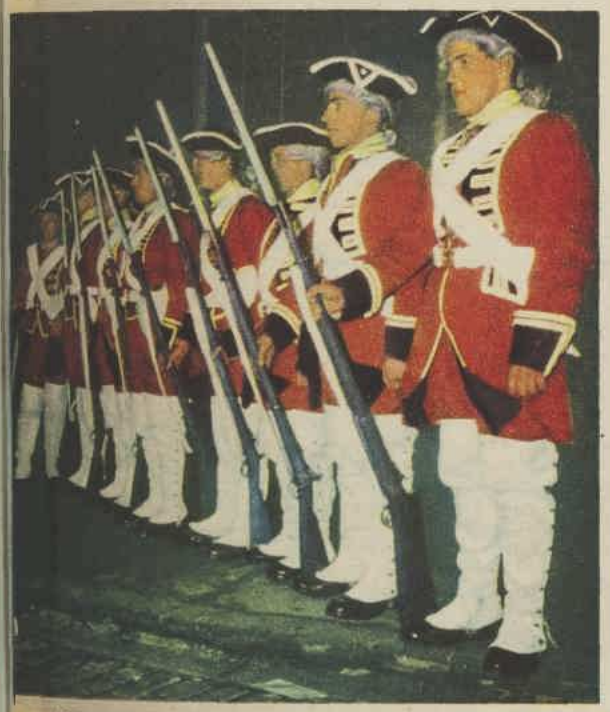


PROCESSION OF CIVIC DIGNITARIES towards St. Giles' Cathedral for the official opening is led by Sir John Banks, Lord Provost of Edinburgh and Chairman of the Festival Society, in his ermine and maroon robes of office.



A LINK WITH HISTORY in the Military Tattoo provided by 18th century tunics, muskets, and bayonets. It was a re-enactment of an episode at Edinburgh Castle in the Jacobite uprising of 1745 on the site of the tattoo.

THE INAUGURAL PROCESSION (left) of magistrates and councillors of the Edinburgh City Corporation in their red robes, under which some wore kilts, moves through the cobbled streets of the old City of Edinburgh across historic High Street to the west door of St. Giles' Cathedral.

OPENING PERFORMANCE of the Festival was attended by the Queen (above), the Duke of Edinburgh, and Princess Margaret. Sir Thomas Beecham conducted Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and well-known Australian singer Sylvia Fisher was one of the soloists.

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Stylish *Jaunties*

to salute the summer!

Cool comfort with these fashion-right sandals specifically designed for the smart modern miss.

P204 — In Crimson, Turf Tan, Winter White and Crimson, Turf Tan and Fawn, White Buck. Sizes 11-7.

Always say *Paddle* FOR PREFERENCE

P211 — In Turf Tan, Crimson, Winter White, White Buck, Pig Skin. Sizes 11-7.

P196 — In Sherry Grape, Crimson, Turf Tan, Winter White, White Buck, Pig Skin. Sizes 11-7.

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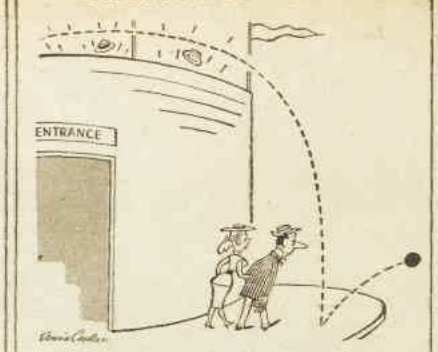

"Let's go; only a boundary could save us now . . . and this joker coming up couldn't hit one if his life depended on it."

MOTHER

"Why are you always telling us to save our money, Mum? Why don't YOU save YOURS?"

It seems to me

By Dorothy Drain

SYDNEY'S "Waratah Festival," now in progress, is part of a general movement in Australian cities to incite inhabitants to go gay at certain specified periods.

When it was announced some months ago, an organiser explained that its purpose was "to generate a carnival spirit in Sydney people."

Another speaker recently said that citizens should be encouraged to "let their hair down."

This is a very laudable idea, though a carnival mood is one seldom seen in people of Anglo-Saxon extraction, representing as it does a fine point somewhere between normal gloom and being drunk and disorderly.

(In New York recently an Englishman got into hot water because he wrote of "sad-faced Americans." New Yorkers were infuriated. Very probably the Englishman was describing the people he saw in public transport. Most civilised faces, when the owners think they are unobserved, look sad.)

However, street decorations and bright lighting at night do help towards cheerfulness.

This was noticeable during the Royal tour, when the illuminated streets and parks at night were thronged with families taking the air.

★ ★ ★

THE mystery of the missing top off the toothpaste-tube has been solved by a young man — American, of course —who is president of a tube-making corporation.

He states boldly that it is men, not women, who leave the tops off toothpaste. He doesn't mention the other point of dispute—the method of squeezing the tube.

I've always thought a great deal too much domestic fuss is made about these trifles. (Sloppy as it may be, I don't think it matters much if the top IS left off.)

The family solution is simple. Buy two tubes, one each for husband and wife, and keep them on separate shelves of the bathroom. The children can use the toothpaste belonging to the parent whose habits they inherit.

★ ★ ★

WHEN you live near a couple of shop windows with TV you soon learn the technique of getting a good view.

The idea is to take up a place at a corner of the knot of people towards the end of a session.

With luck as a session ends someone moves out. A bit of sharp footwork will give you a front stalls stand.

The other night I had a fair view just behind a mother and two grown-up daughters.

Then another enterprising mother urged a small boy forward. Since he was only four feet high the ladies in front made room.

After five minutes he started to wriggle out. "What's the matter, Jimmie?" asked his mother. "You can stay there."

"No I can't," replied the ungrateful child, "I'm squashed."

MANUFACTURERS, according to report, are streamlining pianos to suit the smaller rooms of modern homes.

Some of them are made in blond wood. I haven't seen any of these contemporary pianos, although I know plenty about the old-fashioned kind.

When I was a child people setting up house bought a piano on t.p. the way modern couples buy a refrigerator. Not to have a piano was a sign that you were really battling.

That was in the days when adults, in order to amuse themselves, listened to each other singing instead of to Elvis Presley.

Elvis Presley has one considerable advantage. You can turn him off if you don't like him.

But those old-time amateur singers often made very funny faces when they were singing, too. This, besides the supper, was one of the attractions for a child in "staying up."

And here the old-fashioned piano was well-designed. If you were at the stage when, unlike the piano, you were supposed to be neither heard or seen after 8 p.m., you could usually squeeze behind it. (Most people had a passion for arranging their furniture across the corners of a room.)

You could then be lulled into a doze by the ladies' ballads, wakened at intervals by outbursts of "Thora" from the gentlemen, and latch on to a ration of cake at supper.

I don't know whether anyone has thought of combining a contemporary piano with a cocktail cabinet, but they probably will.

Owners of the old ones often placed a jug of water inside them during hot weather.

A bottle of whisky mightn't serve the same purpose, but would be jollier.

★ ★ ★

NEUROTIC dog owners make neurotic dogs, according to the president of the American Dog Welfare Guild, Will Judy. He said that three million neurotic Americans nauseated their dogs with baby talk.

"Bow wow, indeed," thinks one neurotic Peke,
But, inarticulate, can only shriek.
He lives his life in idleness and ease,
Well-fed, hygienic, and devoid of fleas.

But though beloved, and by his mistress prized,
(She'd gladly have him psychoanalysed),
He envies many a mongrel, roaming wild,
This piteous canine twentieth-century child.

Be kind to animals and please refrain
From giving, though unwittingly, such pain
As may be caused by baby talk, for some
Feel strongly it's their owners who are dumb.

"Home Freezer Food Storage DEFEATS HIGH LIVING COSTS,"

says Ann Dexter, Home Economy Expert.

IN these days of sky high living costs, food in a home freezer is as good as money in the bank—and more and more Australian housewives are realising the fact. Until recently, of course, home freezers have always been designed as separate units, which made heavy demands on both money and kitchen space; but now, with the appearance of the S.T.C. Duplex combined Refrigerator-Home Freezer, modern food freezing is put within the scope of every homemaker.

Here are just a few of the many things the Duplex can do for you.

Saves Cooking Time, Makes Leisure Time

You'll find that the Duplex gives you an entirely new flexibility, variety and quality in your catering. Now you can prepare for **everything** ahead . . . parties, picnics, school lunches, dinners, receptions, teas, buffet suppers . . . and even the 'three meals a day' routine becomes a thing of the past because you have the great blessing of bulk cooking. This can be done on any slack day. Cook your stews, soups, casseroles, curries, fish cakes, meat loaves, rissoles, etc., in double or more quantity and you'll have varied menus for weeks ahead. Bulk cooking will be a boon to every housewife, for she can take her holidays like anyone else, when she is secure in the knowledge that the freezer is stocked with ample ready-cooked foods.

Saves shopping time Reduces spending

The S.T.C. Duplex is, of course, ideal for freezing raw meats — large cuts, small cuts or sides of lamb. Time spent in shopping is reduced to a minimum, for you always buy when market prices are low or when 'specials' or 'week-end bargains' are offering at your local butcher's. Most cuts for bulk cooking can be bought when available at cheap prices, and frozen until needed on your bulk cooking day. Nothing is ever wasted with a Duplex. Pies, cakes, stews or puddings left over from dinner can be frozen and reappear when appetites are once more keen for them. Bread stays wonderfully fresh, none need ever be thrown away. Pastry and biscuit mix may be made in bulk and thawed and cooked when needed. In fact there's no end to the service you'll get from a Duplex.

When 4 pies can be baked instead of one, 2 dozen rolls made instead of ½ dozen, three cakes frozen instead of one, it naturally means that the time and energy used in assembling ingredients and utensils, in cooking and cleaning up afterwards is considerably reduced. And when the whole of these chores can be packed into one bulk cooking day, leaving you free from food planning for a week or more, it gives you some idea of just what the Duplex can do for you. There's tremendous satisfaction in knowing that with this constant provider in the kitchen you can deal with every emergency—unexpected guests, shortages created by fires, floods and droughts, or sickness in the family—even mother can be ill in peace when there's a Duplex in the kitchen.

Ann Dexter

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it's a REFRIGERATOR.. it's a FREEZER

the Magnificent New STC DUPLEX

Automatic defrost refrigerator

The Refrigerator section of the new Duplex gives you the new automatic cycle defrosting! It has a 6 cu. ft. capacity at waist level or above and ample room for daily foods as well as those to be thawed from the Freezer. The Refrigerator keeps a constant cold of 43 degrees — the ideal temperature for thawing food from the Freezer.

Space saving family-size Freezer!

The spacious Home-Freezer has a capacity of 126 lbs. of frozen foods. A hinged pull-down basket takes 16½ lbs. of wrapped foods and space planning makes every inch usable and ensures that all food contacts freezing surfaces. Used in conjunction with the Refrigerator the Home-Freezer gives you foolproof meal planning for weeks ahead.

LOOK FOR ALL THESE FEATURES IN THE DUPLEX REFRIGERATION SECTION: (1) Fruit and vegetable crisper with 20 lb. capacity. (2) Meat tray with 6½ lb. capacity. (3) Shelf area of 10½ sq. ft. (4) Removable half shelf. (5) Deep, roll-out self-locking shelves. (6) Big door racks for packages, bottles and eggs. (7) 2 Dairy lockers to keep cheese and butter free from other food odours. (8) Removable rails on door racks. (9) Spring-loaded inner locker doors click back when main door closes. (10) Main door lock designed to seal in cold completely.

LOOK FOR ALL THESE FEATURES IN THE DUPLEX HOME-FREEZER SECTION: (1) Shelves and lining are all freezing surfaces. (2) Cabinet insulated to seal in cold. (3) Food keeps for months at correct scientific temperature. (4) Zero temperature is maintained constantly even under heat-wave conditions. (5) Space-planning makes food easily accessible. (6) Door racks provide ample space to store standard frozen food packages or tins and cartons of fruit or fruit juices. Door rack rails are removable, to facilitate frozen food storage.

The Duplex is a Food Bank that is open every day — and it ALWAYS pays dividends! You can stock up in quantity when quality and price are right — you can cook ahead, bake ahead, buy ahead, and make every social occasion carefree because you prepare for it days before. The interior of the Duplex features the new high fashion colour, Festival Pink, and the handsomely styled exterior has a functional elegance that will grace any home. Ask to see the Duplex NOW at your retailers. **PRICE.....£240**

(Slightly higher in some areas)

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PAN AMERICAN

Courtship is testing time of true love

● A man who asks his bride-to-be to have a pre-marital affair as a physical experiment has an unsound attitude to the institution of marriage.

DR. DAVID MACE, world-famous marriage counsellor and Professor of Human Relations at Drew University, U.S.A., says this in answer to a letter from a young girl who is worried by the demands of the man she is planning to marry.

During his tour of the Commonwealth under the joint sponsorship of The Australian Women's Weekly and the National Marriage Guidance Council of Australia, Dr. Mace is dealing with readers' problems of love and marriage.

Send your problem to Dr. Mace, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Pen-names may be used for publication, but real names and addresses must be supplied as a guarantee of good faith.

MISS G.S. writes: "Do you believe that those with marriage in mind should have sex relationships beforehand? I have been brought up to believe, and personally feel, that this is wrong. But I come across many men, and some women, who see no harm in it, and, in fact, consider it desirable. They emphasise the precautions that can be taken.

"I am faced with this very problem myself. The man I am going with would be willing to marry me if only I would prove my love by giving myself to him first. I would be very willing to marry him, but I feel that this condition he is making is unreasonable. In fact, if he were not so demanding in this way I would appreciate him more. I feel I am always on the defensive against his advances.

"My parents, who have learned to like him, would be quite shocked if they knew what he wanted from me. If you can suggest any way round our problem, I would be grateful."

Dr. Mace says:

I agree with Miss G.S. that this man is not being fair to her. It is perfectly true that a good many young people today have sex relations before marriage. And it is true also that as a result some of them get into serious trouble. The so-called "precautions" are by no means as reliable as they are often claimed to be.

Where things go wrong, it is nearly always the girl whose life is blighted. Of course, everything is usually hushed up as far as possible. Only those of us who have to deal at first hand with these tragedies know the misery they create.

It seems to me that no young man who really loves a girl will want to endanger her happiness by asking her to run this kind of risk. And if by doing so he is also asking her to do violence to her accepted code of conduct, I would very much doubt whether he has the consideration and understanding for her that a wife expects to receive from her husband.

When two people who love each other are ready for the full meaning of sexual union, as an expression of their total relationship and of their total commitment of themselves to each other and to the task of founding a family, they are ready for marriage. To make marriage conditional upon some physical experiment is to say in effect, "I don't love you enough as a person to take you for what you are. I view you as a means of providing me with certain gratification, and if you can't do that I don't want you!"

That whole attitude to marriage seems to me to be unsound. It is not love. It is the desire to exploit another person to serve your own ends. And it carries the implication that if at any point the person concerned doesn't suit your requirements, you are entitled to discard her for another. In the last analysis, this is to treat a person not as a person but as a thing.

I believe Miss G.S. is right. And I believe that if more people were of the same conviction we would have happier and more stable marriages. I think, therefore, that she should look again at the man with whom she is keeping company, and ask herself very seriously whether he has the attitude and the qualities necessary to be able to offer her lifelong happiness in marriage.

MRS. B.L. writes: "We have been married twelve years and have three children. My husband doesn't drink or gamble, and he gives me all his wages. But he has some funny ways, and keeps to himself too much.

"I know I have pulled him up in front of the children on a number of occasions. The result is that he will take no part now in correcting the children, and if anything goes wrong he blames me.

"He takes offence over little things. In a quarrel he blamed me for never asking his relatives to our home, although he never suggested that I should. Also, because my mother, years ago, rebuked him for being fussy over his food, he has refused ever since to tell me what he likes and dislikes, so I have no idea what pleases him.

"He told me recently that I have been a failure as a wife, because I always want my own way. I'm not prepared to admit that I'm a failure unless someone who sees our marriage from a neutral viewpoint tells me so. What do you think?"

Dr. Mace says:

The attempt these two unhappy people are making to find out who is at fault is the wrong approach altogether. The real question they should be asking is, "Why isn't our marriage making us happy?"

My guess is that we have here a clash of personality patterns. The husband seems to be a hyper-sensitive man who is unable to assert himself. When he meets an obstacle he withdraws into himself, as a snail retires into its shell until the danger is past. This is very irritating to Mrs. B.L., who seems to be more forthright, and who doesn't know how to handle her husband when he goes into one of his sulking moods.

When her husband says that Mrs. B.L. has been a failure, what he probably means is that she has failed to meet his expectations. An insecure man wants from his wife constant encouragement and support. To humiliate him in front of the children is, for example, the very opposite of what he needs. Yet Mrs. B.L. admits she has done this—and not just once. Consequently, he feels that his authority as a parent has been undermined.

No doubt the husband is difficult to live with, but it seems to me that Mrs. B.L. could make him a lot happier, and everyone else a lot happier, too, by trying to understand the situation better. I suspect that she has allowed herself to slip into a dominant role in the household. For instance, letting her husband hand over his total wages to his wife isn't the way to build up his self-esteem. If he paid some of the bills and handled some of the family money he might feel more like the master of his own household.

With great tact and understanding, I think Mrs. B.L. might encourage her husband to bring out some of his grievances. Then they could discuss them and work out a policy that would restore to this unhappy man some of his lost self-respect. If this could be done, I believe that Mrs. B.L. would find that everyone concerned could be happier.

VICTORIAN TOUR

Dr. and Mrs. Mace are at present in Victoria, where last week they attended the annual meeting of the National Marriage Guidance Council.

The first part of their Victorian country tour starts this week.

Here is their programme:

October 10: GEELONG, 3 p.m., Mrs. Mace, Y.W.C.A. Hall, Ryrie Street. 8 p.m., Dr. Mace, Congregational Church, "Whom God Hath Joined."

October 11: WARRNAMBOOL, 2.30 p.m., Mrs. Mace. Address at Methodist Hall. 8 p.m., Dr. Mace. Address at Methodist Hall.

October 12: BALLARAT, 2.30 p.m., Mrs. Mace. Address at Lower Civic Hall. 8 p.m., Public meeting at Lower Civic Hall, when it is expected that both Dr. and Mrs. Mace will give addresses.

Further details may be obtained from the Victorian Marriage Guidance Council, K.5 High Street, Prahran, Victoria. Telephone, LA5427.

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Wild welcome to the Princess

Mobbed by thousands, she still kept her smile

● Princess Margaret proved on her arrival at Mauritius that she can smile in a sea of trouble. Mobbed by thousands of wildly enthusiastic people, she never lost her look of cheerfulness.

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff, who is covering Princess Margaret's East African tour

"WE'VE never been through anything like this before," said Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, the Princess' lady-in-waiting, during a halt in the procession. She was flushed, dishevelled, and deeply concerned at the wildness of the welcome.

After the procession, Princess Margaret left her car looking cool, with her gay smile hiding her fear of the milling crowds that knew no control.

The whole experience was a terrifying one. If the Princess showed no evidence of the ordeal she had been through, her large black car certainly did.

The running-boards were covered with dirt, the shiny body smeared with handmarks. For more than a mile in one congested area crowds had leapt on the car, hung on to the body, cameras had been thrust in the Princess' face, angry shouts had been hurled at her, "Why aren't you in an open jeep. We can't see you."

Fortunately for the Princess she was travelling in a closed car. It was a wise choice.

Princess Margaret had travelled 1400 miles from Mombasa in the Royal yacht Britannia, and on arrival at Port Louis, on the island of Mauritius, she left the Britannia and journeyed to the wharf in the Royal barge.

The black saloon was waiting to take her on her processional drive. Beside it was an open blue car. Both were flying the Royal Standard.

If there is one person in Mauritius who can congratulate himself on insisting that the Princess drive in a closed car it is the Governor, Sir Robert Scott, who would not be persuaded to change his mind in the open versus closed car controversy that always takes place when Royalty moves through crowds of loyal subjects.

Mauritius, an island of charm, beauty, and contrast, has, like many other places, the problem of a multi-racial community.

There is only a tiny police force—800 for a population of 500,000 — and it proved utterly ineffectual and unable to restrain the wild enthusiasm of the crowd.

At times the scenes were really ugly.

There were baton charges, but no baton charge was as effective as the smile of Princess Margaret. From the moment she stepped ashore, dusky faces reflected nothing but the greatest happiness.

Fifty thousand jostling Indians, Creoles, and Chinese broke down steel barriers, crashed roofs, and fought the handful of police. But they were quelled with one smile from the Princess.

Princess Margaret wore for her arrival a frock of royal-blue taffeta patterned in tiny white spots. A small bolero lined with white covered the frock's draped white corsage and tiny white sleeves. Her shoes were in several shades of blue, and she wore a cloche hat of fine white straw trimmed with stiff veiling. Her gloves and handbag were also white.

After landing, the Princess received an address of welcome in a pavilion beside the wharf. Then she went on the seven-mile tumultuous drive from Port Louis to Le Reduit, the official Government House residence, where she stayed during her visit.

During the drive the Princess was closer to the public than she had ever been in her life. Women wearing saris fluttered like butterflies round her car; daring Indians leapt round it; gaily dressed Creoles slid between the cars in the Royal procession; and a man on a bicycle rode between the cars.

But the smiling Princess showed no fear. Only the mounting flush in her cheeks and the strained look in her eyes as she smiled revealed that the welcome was an ordeal.

Presented cup

LATER in the day, at the race meeting at Champs de Mars racecourse, the enthusiastic crowds broke all the fences and barriers as they swarmed on to the track.

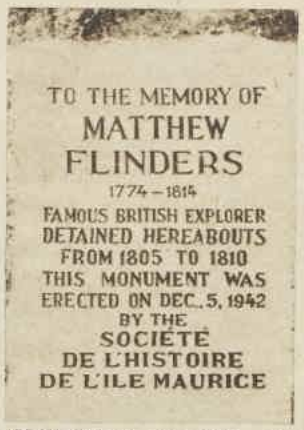
Princess Margaret, who presented the gold cup to the winner of the Princess Margaret Stakes, wore the same blue dress in which she had arrived. Its color was perfect against the blue of the sky and the brilliant sunshine.

Although Mauritians had mobbed Royalty by day they curtsied gracefully at night, when the State banquet was held in a scene of great splendor and elegance. It took place at the Government House in Port Louis, where the Legislative Council holds its meetings.

There were European women guests in Paris models, some of them with enormous crinoline skirts, Indians in saris of beaten gold and rainbow colors, and Chinese in their beautiful national dress.

When she arrived the Princess outshone them all in her gown of palest daffodil-yellow silk organza with a taffeta bodice draped to fall into a bustle bow at the back. She wore all her Orders and a diamond tiara and necklace.

Because the banquet and the reception that preceded it were formal, no short frocks were worn.



MAURITIUS memorial to Matthew Flinders, who was imprisoned by Napoleon's appointee as Governor, Capitaine General Decaen.

PRINCESS MARGARET is greeted by the Bishop of Mauritius soon after landing at the island's capital, Port Louis. The Princess wore a frock of royal-blue taffeta patterned in tiny white spots.

A HAPPY PICTURE of Princess Margaret and the Governor of Kenya, Sir Evelyn Baring, at Mombasa airport. The Princess had less than 24 hours in Mombasa before she sailed for Mauritius.

CURTSY to the Princess. Mrs. O'Hagan, wife of the Provincial Commissioner, Coast Province, is presented to the Princess. Mr. O'Hagan is standing.

On the menu were two of the island's delicacies—camaron (outsize freshwater prawns caught in the streams of Mauritius) and palmiste, a gourmet's delicacy called millionaire's salad that is the heart of the palm tree, each tree being sacrificed for one portion, because it dies after the heart is taken.

At the banquet the Chief of the Mauritius Criminal Investigation Department, Mr. Jacques Ribet, revealed that Princess Margaret had said "I was rather nervous" after the mobs had swarmed round her car and that Sir Robert Scott had been frightened for the Princess' safety.

However, Mr. Ribet denied that the Princess would have been mauled by the crowds had she travelled in an open car.

Politically, Mauritius had many troubles until the Royal Princess arrived. But complicated racial problems and disunity were forgotten while the people sang and danced to show their joy that Princess Margaret was with them.

CROWDS of cheering children wave wildly to the Princess as she drives in an open car through the streets of Mombasa. More than 1200 women, many of them in purdah, gave a reception for the Princess. Not a man was present at this function.

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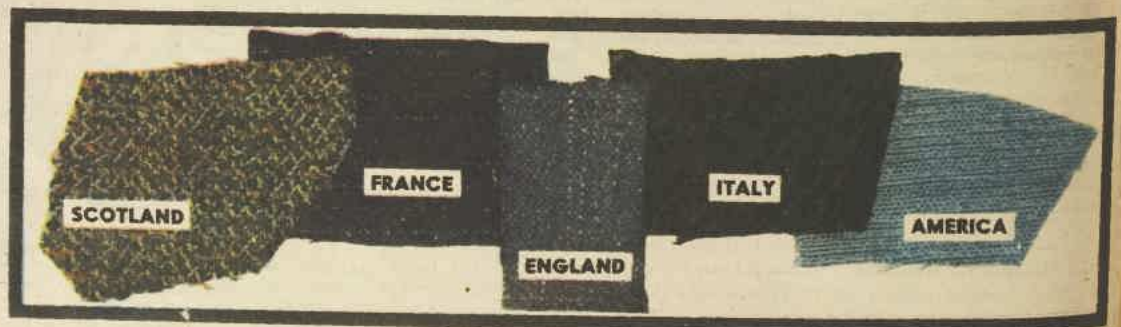

MARCO SPORTS CLOTHES FOR MEN AT MOST LEADING STORES

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SEARCH FOR SNOWMAN

HIMALAYAN VISTA. In the distance cloud mixed with snow blows off the jagged spires of Kanchenjunga, the world's third-highest mountain. This picture was taken from 12,000 feet on the rhododendron-covered slopes above Yoksam, in Sikkim, India.

Early next year a small expedition will make its way to the Himalayas in India. The expedition has a definite aim — to try to identify the creature known as the Yeti or Abominable Snowman. Peter Byrne, who wrote this story, is a young Irishman who has lived in Sydney for the past two years. He will be a member of the expedition.

YETI TRACKS in the snow at 19,000 feet were 12in. long and 5in. wide, about 12 times the size of the prints in this picture. Their depth in the snow indicates a creature weighing about 18 stone. Sherpas say they have often heard the Yeti's high, yelping call.

Story and pictures by
PETER BYRNE

I SPENT May and June this year in the Himalayas, mainly on reconnaissance work.

I began in Sikkim by climbing to 17,000 feet and establishing a camp. From this camp, which I used as a base, I made daily sorties in different directions, eventually reaching 21,000 feet.

On two occasions I found signs of what I believed to be Snowmen, tracks of creatures that could not have been anything else.

One set of tracks was quite fresh. I followed them for more than two miles over a glacier and across some very difficult country. Early afternoon snow forced me to turn back or face the danger of being lost.

Of all the theories that have been advanced concerning the identity of the Snowman, the most probable is the one that suggests it is a form of apeman.

This is my own theory, based on a five years' study of the Yeti, the Snowman stories, actual tracks in the mountains, and first-hand accounts from two Sherpas—people of the mountains—who had the frightening experience of meeting Snowmen face to face.

Over the years, many Sherpas have both seen and heard the Snowmen in different parts of the mountains, but to date no more than six Europeans have actually met the creature.

Five of these men were together. They were escapees from a Russian prison camp, and had dragged wearily across 2000 miles of the frozen wastes above Tibet, going southwards to India.

On a high pass, somewhere in the north of Sikkim, they suddenly came across two Yeti.

They described them as being "at least seven feet tall, and standing upright, with long, swinging arms and wrists that reached down to their knees."

The only other European to see a Yeti was a botanist, a man named Tombazi.

One evening, high in the lonely Rathong Valley, he was sitting in his tent when the Sherpas came running.

"Quick," they said, "there is a Yeti down below in the rhododendrons."

The botanist ran from his tent and was just in time to see a huge hairy figure with long, swinging arms moving into the rhododendrons.

There was not enough light to photograph the creature and it was gone as suddenly as it had appeared.

People ask why the Yeti is so seldom seen and has never been photographed or captured.

The answer to this lies firstly in the vastness and inaccessibility of the area in which Yeti live, and secondly the difficulty of coming to close quarters with what is obviously a very shy creature.

The mystery of the Snowman first came to the people of the Western world in 1887, when Colonel W. A. Waddel returned from a hunting and mountaineering tour of India.

He reported that in the upper mountain regions he found tracks of a large, unidentified animal. They resembled human feet.

Early next year it is hoped to launch a Snowman expedition into the Himalayas.

The expedition, of five people, is to be backed by an American scientific institute. The area of search will be the Himalayas east and north of Katmandu.

The object of the expedition will be not to capture the Snowman but to identify the creature. It is our aim to do this by photography alone.

Then the Snowman will no longer be a mystery.

YOUNG TIBETAN was photographed at Kalimpong, a tiny hill town in north India. The fur-lined hat is traditional Tibetan wear, and the scarf is made from yak's wool.

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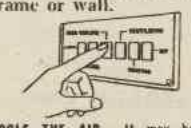

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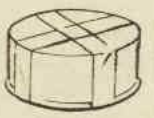

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H.12

HANSEN'S

JUNKET TABLETS

FRUIT FLAVOURED or PLAIN

Worth Reporting

THE menu planned for a recent vintners' banquet in Melbourne was a gourmet's dream.

Every dish featured wine in its preparation, and the wines accompanying each course were the champions of the Royal Melbourne Show.

The meal, for which 100 connoisseurs donated £21 each to Legacy, comprised:

Hors d'oeuvres, with sherry.

Oysters Chesselas — served with a sauce of white wine, tomato puree, and cream.

Consomme Verdelho—soup made with sherry.

Whiting Sauce Palomino—steamed whiting, its sauce made with a sauterne base.

Lambs' Tongues Semillon—made in a half-Chablis aspic, and served with spiced grapes.

Coq au vin Cabernet—poultry braised in butter, with a claret sauce.

Bombe Surprise Pedro — ice-cream covered with spun sugar, with brandy in the centre.

The recipe for spiced grapes served with the Lambs' Tongues Semillon has been handed down from family in the Barossa Valley district, South Australia. Housewives from Tanunda, in co-operation with the Country Women's Association, sent large jars of the grapes to Melbourne for the banquet.

Oysters in a new guise

CRUMBED frozen oysters are the latest delicacy available to Australian housewives, thanks to former chemical engineer Robert M. Roberts, of Melbourne, who is now managing director of an Australian-American marine food company.

The oysters are caught off the Tasmanian coast and processed and packed in St. Helen's, Tasmania.

These are reported to be the first frozen crumbed oysters to be put on the Australian market. Mr. Roberts believes it will not be long before someone else gets the idea of freezing and crumbing Queensland's prawns.

An American who has made his headquarters here since the war, Mr. Roberts began his career as a chemical engineer. He did petroleum research for 10 years.

He then went into the production of vitamins for a large American food and canning company, and from there over to Tasmania to build up his own food processing and packing business.

Green lipstick, pink hair

THERE was a buzz of excitement at an Adelaide salon recently when the Haute Coiffure Francaise (Australian Section) presented its second change of hairstyles since it invaded Australia earlier this year.

For the morning opening, guests were given a French breakfast of coffee and croissants.

M. Rene Henri, billed also on the brochure as a "crocodile hunter," introduced us to a dozen or so lovely girls dressed in black off-the-shoulder evening gowns.

Each showed a variation of the new "Romance" hairstyles, which are featured on page 15 this week.

It appears that hairstyles of the Haute Coiffure are now standardised.

"If you go to the salon of one of our members in New York, Sydney, or Adelaide, and say to them, 'I want Romance . . . Nina Rosa,' or 'Romance . . . Blondine,' or 'Romance . . . Nostalgie,' you will get it," said M. Henri.

The second names convey the subtle differences in styling and color, for color is important this season.

"Blue and mauve . . . they are dead, dead," said M. Henri.

"Now most of the rinses have red in them. If you want blue, then you just have the tips blued. Or the tips, say, for dark hair, may be blond, or red, and there may be ever so slight red streaks."

One girl had three colors in her coiffure—copper, light mahogany, and blond. The effect was delightful.

We picked up the following news tips:

Rinses come in many shades, are easily washed out, and color altered almost with change of costume.

"Fantasie in pink" was "quite acceptable teamed with green lipstick."

"Yes, we are also changing colors of lipstick to match fashion colors," M. Henri said, "but it is slow."

Hat for a handbag

WOULD you like a hat you can fold and carry in your pocket or handbag?

We had an entertaining few minutes the other day trying on a novelty sports hat—a glorified head-scarf made of a pliable, oval platter of straw braid attached to a triangle of fabric.

Worn straight on the head, the hat gives its owner an opportunity to display her ingenuity by tying the scarf in half a dozen different ways.

Melbourne businessman Max Kohane saw the style on the beaches at Miami when he visited America earlier this year, and brought the design home to Australia.

We recommend spectacles

WE'VE just had a letter from a vague friend of ours who is holidaying in Melbourne.

"It's a wonder that you're getting this letter," she wrote.

"When I arrived here I noticed a lot of yellow boxes round the streets with, I thought, 'Letter Please' written on them.

"Well, I said to myself, I've always heard Melbourne was a polite city. And fancy having yellow letter-boxes.

"So I posted a couple of letters one day, took a shocked look at the inside of the box —and another look at the writing outside.

"'Litter,' it said, not 'letter.'"

Book News

By AINSLIE BAKER

THE ANGRY HILLS, by Leon Uris (Shakespeare Head). War story with a difference, by the author of "Battle Cry." Caught in Greece in 1941, Mike Morrison, U.S. writer, becomes involved with the British Secret Service and the oncoming Germans.

THE ROSEMARY TREE, by Elizabeth Goudge (Hodder and Stoughton). Sweet and gentle tale of a number of nice people living in Devonshire, unfolded in the unhurried style that is Miss Goudge's speciality.

CAPTAIN MELVILLE, by Frank Clune (Angus and Robertson). Lively re-creation of the violent career of Scots-born bushranger "Captain Melville," who terrorised the Victorian goldfields.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — *BY RUD*

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Old Masters — cheaper by the dozen

THE WOMEN OF TAHITI, by Paul Gauguin, 1848-1903 (French post-Impressionist painter). The original is in the Louvre, Paris.

ON THE TERRACE, by Auguste Renoir, 1841-1919 (French Impressionist). Original in Art Institute, Chicago.

New-technique prints for exhibition here

● The establishment in Sydney of a national gallery of prints of Old Masters and contemporary pictures is the aim of Henry Chalmers, an Austrian who has lived some years in Australia.

HIS plan is directed principally at students and art-lovers who cannot afford the trip overseas to see originals.

Already Mr. Chalmers has opened his own gallery of Old Master prints, some of which will be exhibited in the Starlight Room of the Australia Hotel, Sydney, on October 8, 9, and 10.

These prints are the work of Czech-born Londoner Mrs. Erna Fiehl, who has perfected a revolutionary method of art reproduction.

On this page are some of the Fiehl reproductions which Mr. Chalmers brought to Australia for his Louvre Galleries, named after Mrs. Fiehl's galleries in London.

Mrs. Fiehl spent three years and several thousand pounds trying to retain the color and texture of the originals in her prints.

Now her reproductions are so good that art experts are amazed at their fidelity.

Mrs. Fiehl recalls that, when taking one of her first prints to Paris, a Customs official stopped her at London Airport. He explained that original works of art were not allowed out of England without special permission.

In vain Mrs. Fiehl told him the picture was not an original. Not until another Customs officer intervened was she allowed to continue. This officer had visited Paris only a week earlier, and could guarantee that the original was still in the Louvre.

The process by which Mrs. Fiehl makes her pictures is secret.

As an art student in Czechoslovakia she had thought often about the possibility of mass-producing Old Masters.

"I was determined to find a way to bring Old Masters within the range of any young couple starting their first home," she told our reporter in London.

"After all, beautiful imitation jewellery, cultured pearls, and furs had been discovered in my life. I thought, so why not good paintings?"

What Mrs. Fiehl considers her first perfect reproduction is a Toulouse-Lautrec which now hangs in her London flat.

She employs 30 artists, all graduates of recognised art schools, and each a specialist in the style of a particular famous painter.

CHOOSING A FRAME. Mrs. Erna Fiehl (above) with packer Ernest Zoeller at Mrs. Fiehl's Louvre Galleries, London.

PORTRAIT OF A CHILD (left), by Peter Paul Rubens, 1577-1640 (Flemish school). Original in the Lichtenstein Gallery, Vienna.

CARAVAN (right), by Vincent Van Gogh, 1853-1890 (Dutch painter, post-Impressionist). Original in the Louvre, Paris.

WOMAN AT VIRGINAL, by Jan Vermeer, 1632-1675 (Dutch school). Original in the National Gallery, London.

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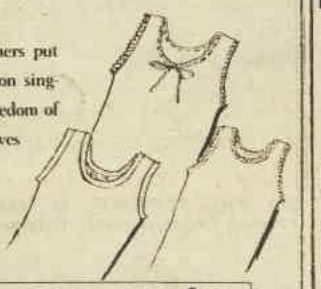
a family tradition

From babyhood up, wise mothers put their children into Bond's cotton singlets. Stretchy rib knit gives freedom of action—super-carded cotton gives long tough wear. And all through, Bond's singlets keep their clear white colour, and their smooth neat fit.



BOND'S

They are available in a number of styles from all good stores.

Career Housewife

WORKING WIFE, Mrs. D. Brennan, Victoria Street, Potts Point, Sydney, has a job many housewives would envy. Glamorously gowned, with beautiful make-up and hair-do, she stands on a pedestal in the foyer of the Prince Edward Theatre, Sydney, the centre of all eyes as she greets patrons and directs them to their location in the theatre.

WITH A WAVE OF HER WELL-GROOMED HAND

With hands always in the spotlight, Mrs. Brennan must keep them attractive and well-groomed. It isn't always easy when you do your own washing, but Mrs. Brennan has the answer. She says: "On washday I always use Persil because it's so wonderfully kind and gentle. Persil keeps my hands soft and smooth."

P.141.WW62g

AT THE NAUGHTY NINETIES. *Derek Cassidy snaps his mother, Mrs. Jack Cassidy (centre), and Mrs. W. J. Smith at the Derby Night Dinner Dance at A.C.I. Ballroom given by the Naughty Nineties Committee (of which Mrs. Smith is president) in aid of the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital Rehabilitation Appeal. Mrs. Smith received the 370 guests.*

ABOVE: *Mr. and Mrs. Tony Buckingham leaving All Saints', Woollahra, after their wedding. The bride was formerly Margaret Burt, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Burt, of "Lockerbie," Wallendbeen. Tony is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Buckingham.*

DERBY NIGHT DINNER DANCE. *Mrs. Sim Bennett and Mr. Bennett, of "Kambah," Canberra, came on from the races to the Naughty Nineties Derby Night Dinner Dance for 370 guests at the A.C.I. Ballroom, William St., Sydney.*

RIGHT: *Mrs. Peter Playfair and Mrs. John Darling at the Cote d'Azur fashion parade at the Trocadero which was organised by the entertainment group of the Torchbearers for Legacy. Germain Rocher showed her spring and midsummer collection to an audience of 800 people.*

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ARRIVING at Randwick for the Derby Day races are (from left) Mrs. Geoff Moses, Mrs. Ted Body, of "Boonoon," Trangie, and Mr. Moses. Mrs. Moses wore a "bulky" straw hat swathed in turquoise tulle, and Mrs. Body chose a jaunty side-tipped beret in white pique.

BOW-TIED SUIT of palest pink-and-white silk was worn by Queensland visitor Jean Osborne, of "Woodburn," St. George, on Metropolitan Day. Jean added a small white flowered curvette.

YELLOW BOWS trimmed Mrs. Harold Bishop's back-tilted "basin" hat of white straw. Mrs. Bishop, who is from "Bando," Gunnedah, chose a navy sheath and a tiny empire-style jacket.

TOFFEE-COLORED straw curvette was chosen by Sandra Bragg, of "Rossgole," Aberdeen, for the Metropolitan Day races at Randwick. Sandra wore it with a finely striped suit.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

BRIGHT sunshine for the opening day of the A.J.C. Spring Racing Carnival at Randwick Racecourse persuaded feminine racegoers — from both city and country — that it was the day for them to wear their new spring dresses . . . and new spring hats.

Lots of tall men found themselves looking down on a sea of flowers and spent their time bending down to find out just who was hiding under that enormous brim.

Some women took a gardener's pride in the number of different flowers they had on their hats. (I counted six different varieties on one!) While others — Mrs. Gordon Wharton for one—preferred a single red, red rose. Mrs. Wharton's wide-brimmed hat was swathed in rose-pink tulle and had one rose across the front.

• • •

NAVY and white outfits were chosen by many smart women . . . Mrs. Strath Playfair's was a slim navy linen sheath with a bloused, back-buttoned caraco jacket and a starkly simple white panama "basin" hat . . . Philomena Loneragon (just back from England) wore a navy accordion-pleated skirt with a matching navy-and-white-striped jacket . . . Mrs. Philip Berry-Smith added a double brim white toque to her semi-fitted navy linen suit and white accessories.

CONGRATULATIONS were delayed for Mr. and Mrs. Ken Austin, of Kaipoi, New Zealand, when their colt Monte Carlo won the A.J.C. Derby. The Austins flew over from New Zealand for the Spring Racing Carnival, but their plane didn't touch down at Mascot until after the running of the Derby. The Austins (she was formerly Joyce Allen) are staying with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Denis Allen, for the Spring Festivities.

• • •

THERE was a marked contrast in the outfits chosen by Mrs. Alexis Albert and Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere for Derby Day . . . Mrs. Dekyvere chose a summery white corded silk dress and matching cape-sleeved jacket and added a white hat and accessories. Mrs. Albert wore a grey tweed wool suit and tucked a white chiffon scarf at the neckline . . . when I admired her cap of black and white feathers banded with a perky red ribbon, she told me that it was one of her "buys" during a recent trip overseas. It was designed by Paulette of Paris.

RACING ENTHUSIASTS Mr. and Mrs. John Coghlan at Randwick on Derby Day. Mrs. Coghlan chose a fitted beige suit, and added one of the prettiest hats of the day —white straw covered with full-blown lemon roses.

VELVET coats were the choice of Mrs. Arthur Cobcroft, of "Herbert Park," Armidale, and her daughter Pam for the first day at Randwick. Mrs. Cobcroft's was straight and wide-collared in bright turquoise and Pam's was princess-style in moss-green. Caranna, owned by Arthur Cobcroft and his brother Gavin, of "Parraweena," Willow Tree, ran third in the Colin Stephen Stakes.

Anne

AT DERBY DAY RACES. Mr. and Mrs. Roy McCaughey, of "Coonong," Narrandera, arrived early at Randwick on Derby Day. Mrs. McCaughey carried an eye-catching handbag printed with flowers and fruits with her olive-green suit.

IN THE MEMBERS' STAND are (from left) Mrs. Hector Livingston, Mrs. Sam Hordern, and Lady McMaster, of "Dalkeith," Cassilis. Mrs. Livingston chose a white osprey-feather hat, Mrs. Hordern a small "bow" hat, and Lady McMaster a straight-set platter.

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Film Fan-Fare

- "War and Peace" premiere—p. 30/31.
- Picture story — p. 32.
- Grace Kelly's wedded bliss — p. 33.

Conducted by M. J. McMAHON

La belle Loren

● Glamorous Sophia Loren, a top box-office personality in her native Italy, stars for Hollywood in the new historical epic "The Pride and the Passion," which was filmed in Spain. Sophia's role is that of a fiery Spanish dancer who turns patriot during the 18th-century War of Independence. These pictures show Sophia in two moods.

ABOVE. Glittering toreador costume worn in a film dance sequence emphasises Sophia's voluptuous figure. Loren is eager to turn in a good acting performance this time. The film is based on C. S. Forester's novel "The Gun."

LEFT. Sultry Sophia Loren, 21-year-old idol of the Italian cinema, has a role that calls for some serious acting in Stanley Kramer's "The Pride and the Passion." Her co-stars in the film are Cary Grant and singer-actor Frank Sinatra.

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Screen version of famous novel:

WAR AND PEACE

STAR Audrey Hepburn (centre) gazes around excitedly at her first ball in this scene of "War and Peace." Critics who attended the film's premiere in New York are already naming Audrey the year's best actress.

●

RIGHT, Napoleon (Herbert Lom) rides among his men directing strategy as the tide of war surges back and forth during the Battle of Austerlitz.

Film Fan-Fare

● The film of Tolstoy's "War and Peace" is one of the longest ever made. Here Larry Foley, of our New York staff, describes its lavish launching.

WHEN an epic book is made into an epic film, there's only one way to handle it—that is, on an epic scale.

And that is how Paramount went about launching its version of Tolstoy's "War and Peace," widely regarded as the world's greatest novel.

In the advance build-up the foreign Press corps in New York came in for unusually lavish attention. Normally, the stars of a film which is premiered on Broadway are made available for a mass interview by the foreign Press. In this case, no less a personage than King Vidor, director of "War and Peace," was wheeled up for us.

Glittering premiere

Not one, but two special screenings of the film were laid on for the world's Press on the two afternoons before the world premiere.

The premiere was a big do—one of the biggest. Paramount had celebrities in from all over: United Nations diplomats and secretariat bigshots, the Washington diplomatic corps, and Government officials, society leaders, tycoons, stars . . .

But the guest of honor was 72-year-old Miss Alexandra Tolstoy, daughter of the author, Count Leo Tolstoy.

Miss Tolstoy had been her father's secretary in his later years. She renounced her title and became an American citizen some years ago. Today she runs the Tolstoy Foundation in New York, established in 1939 to aid refugees from the Soviet Union and to keep alive the traditions of Russian culture.

She lives at Valley Cottage, a 70-acre retreat for Russian refugees in Rockland County, New York.

Miss Tolstoy, a buxom, busy, bright-eyed happy woman, was the 12th child, and is the last survivor of Tolstoy's family of 13 (Tolstoy died in 1910 at the age of 82).

She was "immensely excited" about the film of her father's famous novel.

Referring to the leading characters, Miss Tolstoy said:

"These people, after all, were my relatives. Natasha (played by Audrey Hepburn) especially. Father used bits and pieces of various members of the family for Andrey and Pierre, but Natasha is my Aunt Tania—mother's sister—through and through."

"War and Peace" was written between 1863 and 1869, before Miss Tolstoy was born.

"My father got the idea for the novel after falling off a horse," she said. "The fall stunned him. When he came to, he heard himself saying: 'I shall write a great book about war and peace, and it will describe Napoleon's disastrous invasion of Russia.' He was then 35."

Miss Tolstoy told how her mother, who was Tolstoy's bride at 16 (she was 14 years younger than he), became his secretary, and copied page after page of corrected manuscript in longhand.

The work included copying the manuscript of "War and

BATTLE OF BORODINO. Napoleon Bonaparte (Lom), centre, gazes ahead moodily and rests his booted foot while his generals spy out the land before this historic battle.

BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ. Fighting across grim and barren terrain, the Russian and French armies clash heavily near the little Czech village in this movie re-enactment of the fighting at Austerlitz. An uneasy armistice follows this gory battle.

RETREAT FROM MOSCOW. The bright glow of victory fades from France as Napoleon's army, now an undisciplined rabble, flounders across the snowy steppes on the long, bitter retreat from Moscow.

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ABOVE. News that the city lies undefended before the French causes the Rostov family to take their treasures and leave. Their empty house shelters the wounded.

RIGHT. Natasha (Hepburn) and Mel Ferrer as Prince Andrey Bolkonsky, a dashing aristocrat who dreams of glory in battle. Later he falls under Natasha's spell.

Peace"—all 700,000 words, or 1400 pages of it—seven times.

"The first drafts of the things father wrote were always just awful," said Miss Tolstoy. "High-school stuff. Then he polished and polished. He had a habit of snipping out lines with scissors to transfer them from one page to another, and when he gave me a manuscript each day to type there was always a handful of these long strips. 'Sasha,' he would say, 'don't lose my noodles.'

"Our house was always quiet in the morning when my father was writing. After lunch he'd go riding or walking for hours, and I usually went with him.

"I can still see him on his mount, tearing away, jumping fences on the estate, and he'd come back and call, 'Are you there, Alexandra?'

"I rode side-saddle, and I remember the first day he insisted I take my foot off the stirrup, loosen the reins, and go tearing after him.

"Did I have spills? Of course I did. So did he."

Was Tolstoy satisfied with "War and Peace"?

"Once father finished a book he never talked about it again," replied Miss Tolstoy. "But I remember one time shortly before he died he came into the parlor at Vasnaya Polyana while a woman relative was reading a passage aloud from 'War and Peace.' Father listened for a few minutes, nodding his head. Finally he muttered: 'That's not bad. Pretty well written. Who wrote it?'"

Would Tolstoy have been satisfied with the film version? Who knows?

But this much at least may be said: Tolstoy would have less to complain about regarding the handling of his story than many an author whose work has been given the Hollywood treatment.

To attempt to put such a mighty novel on the screen was a brave thing for any film company to do.

For many years it had tempted many a producer. All were deterred by the huge task of reducing to manageable proportions a story which has 23 main characters, 47 minor ones, and nearly 500 others, covers 10 historic battles, re-creates a world in which Russian aristocrats gave great balls and drinking parties, had love affairs, sent their laundry 1350 miles to Holland to be starched and ironed, discussed metaphysics, spoke French rather than Russian—and beat Napoleon.

Since 1925 124 producers had announced they would film the Tolstoy masterpiece. More than 10,000,000 dollars was spent in various abortive attempts. No one even succeeded in getting it before the cameras.

When Paramount got its project under way, after several years' planning, two other producers—David O. Selznick and Michael Todd—had also announced separate "War and Peace" films. Selznick and Todd dropped out of the race when it became clear that Paramount would succeed.

The film was a joint Italian-American effort, made on 300 location sites in Europe (mostly Italy) and three studios in Rome.

The acting is done by Audrey Hepburn (Natasha), Henry Fonda (the brooding, sensitive Pierre), Mel Ferrer (Prince Andrey), Vittorio Gassman, Anita Ekberg, Herbert Lom (Napoleon), John Mills, Oscar Homolka, Helmut Dantine, and 6000-odd Italian soldiers kindly detailed for the production by the Italian Government.

Shooting took 26 weeks — which must be close to a record for such a big picture. The final version runs for 3 hours 28 minutes, not including time out for an interval.

All told, the film took two years to make and cost 6,000,000 dollars. It is in VistaVision and technicolor.

Nine European and American writers were engaged to reduce the 1400-page novel to a 400-page shooting script. In the end, it was Tolstoy's own narrative plan which prevailed. As King Vidor said:

"Tolstoy wrote a wonderful screen play when he wrote the book. Every attempt to change the character and motivation of the basic elements of the novel met with disaster and sent us scurrying back to the way Tolstoy had done it . . . Tolstoy supplied the dramatic form we sought right in the book.

"Like Tolstoy, we followed the three main story lines—Pierre's story, Andrey's story, and Nicholas' story — until they converged and intermingled.

"Towards the end of part one of the book and the film the three stories merge into one grand movement, and Tolstoy, like the master musician, brings all his three themes to a thrilling climax.

"We have tried to do the same thing in the film."

There will be many a lover of literature around the world who will be glad to hear that.

COUNT and Countess Rostov (Barry Jones and Lea Seidl) with their enchanting young daughter Natasha (Hepburn).

PRINCE ANDREY (Mel Ferrer) with his pretty wife Lise (Milly Vitale), left, who bores him with her abject devotion, and his sister, the gentle Maria (Anna Maria Ferrero). Later on Lise dies in childbirth.

LEAVING to join his regiment, Nicholas (Jeremy Brett), the elder Rostov son, says goodbye to Natasha (Audrey Hepburn), left, and to his pretty but penniless cousin Sonya (May Britt), in whom he is romantically interested. It's a solemn moment for all.

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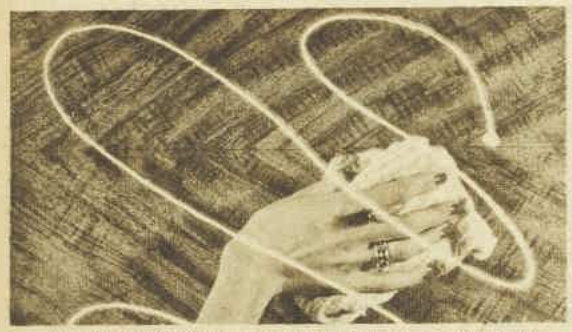

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MORLEY

1 MURDER of a woman in a street near Ogden High School causes Detective Harry Graham (George Nader), left, to place the school under surveillance. At first everything seems quiet and normal.

2 TEACHER Lois Conway (Esther Williams) starts to get a bad time in class from Leonard Bennett (John Saxon), left. Leonard, a cocky campus hero and star of the school football team, is the pride and joy of a doting father. This father-and-son relationship is a strange one.

SUSPENSE DRAMA

★ Universal's "Unguarded Moment" links an absorbing story with mounting suspense in telling how a spoiled college student, misled by his misogynist father's influence, becomes a murder suspect. He also involves an attractive teacher (Esther Williams) in a bewildering scandal that almost wrecks her career.

Set against color backgrounds in a small American township, "Unguarded Moment" gives swim-star Esther Williams a straight, dramatic role.

George Nader is the detective who follows a winding trail of incidents with dogged determination to solve the case and win the girl.

3 LOIS receives numerous mash notes. After one of these she is attacked, but escapes with police aid. Because her purse is lost, irate Det. Graham gives Lois an escort home. She is startled to find her purse there, and also to see the figure of Leonard outside.

4 ABOVE: Concerned over Leonard's father (Edward Andrews) and unable to prove anything, Lois cannot have Leonard expelled.

5 ABOVE RIGHT. Search of Lois' desk shows that the mash notes have gone. But Graham finds some of Leonard's fingerprints there.

6 PICKED-UP on charges of burglary, assault, and possible homicide, Leonard is released at request of Lois when the murder is solved otherwise. Now her dismissal from school seems certain. Finally Leonard admits to Graham that he wrote the notes, attacked Lois, and burgled her desk.

7 HIDDEN in the flat where he's been typing phony letters from Lois to his son, Mr. Bennett waits for Det. Graham to leave, then attacks her. She is rescued just in time.

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Princess Grace goes home

LEFT. PRINCESS GRACE holds on to her hat as she and Prince Rainier arrive at the Princess' New York flat.

ABOVE. PRINCE RAINIER gives his first public address in America, at an Overseas Press Club luncheon given in honor of him and his wife.

Social whirl of U.S. welcome for "Mr. and Mrs. Grimaldi"

Arriving in New York for a visit to her homeland, Princess Grace of Monaco stirred up almost as much fuss as she did when she left six months ago for her storybook wedding.

By ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York office

WITH her husband, Prince Rainier, Her Serene Highness, wearing low heels and looking softly maternal, made no attempt to keep out of the public view in regal modesty.

Instead, the democratic Princess promptly swung into a whirlwind of social engagements and shopping excursions.

Hours after her arrival on the liner United States, several newspapers had full-length, side-on portraits of her on their front pages.

Nobody minded, least of all the Grimaldis. That's Rainier's family name, of course, and that's the way the more irreverent section of the New York Press refers to the couple—"Mr. and Mrs. Grimaldi, of Monaco—a sunny spot for shady people."

But it's all in good fun, and there have been no unpleasant incidents between the visitors and the Press. In fact, just to dispel the notion that he disliked the Press, Prince Rainier and his shining bride attended a luncheon of the Overseas Press Club at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

I can report that, although Rainier may have conquered his distaste for publicity, he has overcome none of his shyness, nor has he improved his speaking style.

With Princess Grace sitting at his side and vainly attempting to slow him down by tugging at his coat-tails, he raced grimly through a 10-minute prepared speech, never once looking up from his manuscript. The speech was all about social improvements in his 360-acre domain.

Later, in a short question-and-answer session, reporters managed to crack the glacial exterior. A Frenchman asked the same question that had been posed on that fateful day 10 months ago when the Prince arrived in New York, alone, seeking a bride.

"What is your opinion of American women?" asked the correspondent.

Last December the youthful bachelor had managed to go on about the American girl's glamor, smartness, and excellent wifely qualities.

This time he grinned and replied: "I could tell you some things now, but I think we'd better get together later."

Then, after the uproar, someone asked Princess Grace what she thought of European men.

She stood up, smiled prettily, and said, "Well, I think it's obvious!"

What had she missed most in Europe during her absence?

"My friends, certainly," she laughed, "and, also, some American things to eat, but whether this is because they are American or because I'm expecting a baby and crave things, I wouldn't know."

The couple spent three days in New York on arrival, seeing old friends and shopping, mostly for maternity clothes.

In the spacious apartment which Grace has maintained on Fifth Avenue, overlooking Central Park, they entertained 20 close friends at an elegant buffet dinner.

A feature was a gigantic cake, 3ft. 6in. high, and in the shape of three crowns—as a columnist put it, "A Papa crown, a Mama crown, and a teeny-weeny Baby crown."

Grace and the Prince motored to Ocean City, New Jersey, where they stayed at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Kelly. Mr. Kelly is a Philadelphia construction tycoon.

His son, Grace's brother, John B. Kelly, jun., will compete for the U.S. in sculling events at the Melbourne Olympics in November.

SHOPPING EXCURSIONS, mainly for maternity clothes for the Princess — who is expecting her first baby — take up much of the Royal couple's time in New York.

AT THE RACES at Atlantic City Race Track, New Jersey, the Prince and Princess study the day's entries with the former Hollywood screen star's father, John B. Kelly.

Mr. Kelly also happens to own the huge Atlantic City racetrack. Grace and the Prince went there to the opening day.

The featured event was the United Nations Handicap, and Swaps, the 1955 Kentucky Derby winner, was an entry. Actually, the horse-racing ran a poor second to Her Serene Highness in local interest.

The featured players showed up late, throwing the betting system into momentary confusion as everyone raced to back Grace's choice in the opening race (word had leaked out through spies). The Prince doesn't gamble.

When the favorite failed to run in the money, most of the spectators lost interest in punting and concentrated on looking at the Royal box.

Not so the Princess, who despatched her bets to the tote windows.

She wore a raspberry-colored turban, a blue-and-grey tweed suit, white gloves, and a printed silk scarf.

Spies reported that Mrs. Grimaldi plunged heavily, but went home without a winner.

Even Swaps was scratched in the final when he began acting up with a bad foot. My theory is that the colt decided he couldn't compete with the star attraction.

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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

A wedding in the family seems to affect every single member. They all want to join in the fuss, making the bridal arrangements, expressing their own definite ideas, and demanding that they be carried out.

A YOUNG bride-to-be who wants to please her mother about her wedding but feels unhappy about her wishes has written this week.

Here is her letter:

"**WOULD you help me with my problem? It is a simple thing, but one on which I would like the opinion of another person outside my family. I have planned to get married in the first week of May next year, but my mother has told me, 'Marry in May, rue the day.' What I would like you to tell me is whether this is just plain superstition. I believe it is so, and feel that, as I am May-born myself, May would be an ideal marrying month, and it suits all plans made. If at all possible, could you tell me how this whole thing originated? If not, I would appreciate your opinion on the whole matter. My fiance is quite firm about the date, as he feels it is us who matter in our future life together. We are both far from superstitious about the whole thing.**"

A.Z., Adelaide.

Three cheers for you and your fiance for going ahead with your wedding plans for May in the face of your mother's superstition. Superstitions make many people very unhappy, indeed limit their enjoyment of life. I have searched for the origin of this one and cannot trace it, but I have no doubt that, like hundreds of others, it originated in the pagan days as an appeasement to the forces of evil that ruled the world. In this Christian age, the Oxford Dictionary sums superstition up very neatly when it says, among other things, "misdirected reverence." That is exactly what it is.

You go ahead with your wedding plans for May — the day or time you marry makes no difference to the happiness that is in your hearts. And, talking of superstitions, what did you favor as a footpath-hopping child: "Tread on a crack and you'll marry a black" or "Tread in the square and you'll see a bear"?

"**I AM only 16 and in seven months am having a baby. The father of the baby is 21 and wants me to marry him, but I don't feel as though I love him enough to live with him for the rest of my life. Do you think I owe it to the baby to marry this boy? I know he will be a good father, because he loves children. We have not told my parents yet, as we do not know how to approach them. Please tell us what to do.**"

M., Sydney.

I can't make the decision for you. But you should tell your parents immediately. Tell them alone and tell them that your boy wants to marry you, how you feel about that, and that he wants to come and see them when it is convenient for them. But get the telling over and done with and you'll feel much better and much clearer in your mind about what you should do. It is natural enough for a young girl to feel the way you do about the father of her child at this early stage, but you must realise and accept the fact that you are equally involved with him in the responsibility of parenthood.

Do I think you owe it to the baby to marry its father? Well, I don't know. If you marry him the baby will be born in wedlock, but if it is going to be brought up in a home in which its mother doesn't like its father, it doesn't stand much chance of growing up to be happy itself. If you don't marry your baby's father you exact from him the heavy penalty of never knowing his own child, and an equal penalty from the child.

You, too, would have to decide whether you could face life as an unmarried mother with a child to support which might involve you in many deceits, or whether you would have the baby adopted. If you decided to have the baby adopted, he would be taken away from you immediately he was born, never to be seen by you again. If the baby is adopted he would go to foster parents who have longed and waited for a child, and probably would have a stable, happy home. Whether he would get this from you and his father only you can say.

A word from Debbie . . .

● Got a boy with a bomb who is inclined to be a bit of a mad driver sometimes?

Many girls have this situation to face. You have to decide whether to take your life in your hands and go or stay at home and miss the fun.

It seems to me to be fairly plain that you bow out gracefully if your escort doesn't drive safely when you are with him. You owe this to yourself and your family.

If he's normally a good, quiet driver but shows off by speeding and cutting in when the crowd is with you, you'll have to take him aside privately and say it's trams for you when the stunts start.

If he doesn't believe you and tries it out again when the crowd's along, just ask him to stop, leave the car, and be the girl who prefers walking.

DISC DIGEST

FROM a Melbourne studio comes the first 45 r.p.m. Extended Play disc I've seen that carries six songs instead of the usual four. Title is "Sing It Again, Barry" (PZ. 007), the vocalist in question being Barry O'Dowd, 22, who hails from Albert Park. Barry admits to having been influenced by many of the greats, but the various vocal "flavors" one can detect only add interest to his fine style and naturally robust voice.

His programme is made up of "Barefoot Days," "And They Called It Dixieland," "Wedding Bells," "Shanty In Old Shanty Town," and "Chesapeake Bay." He concludes with "Barrer Boy," done in a surprisingly good Cockney accent. Well, perhaps not so surprising, because Barry is well known for his impressions in nightspots, especially along Queensland's famous "Gold Coast."

Also from Melbourne comes a 10-inch LP (PL.007) called "Songs Of World War II," and the producers merit a handclap for their originality in presenting a medley of tunes which represent the spirit of our servicemen of that period.

There are 30 numbers (playing time: 31½ minutes) by Bruce Clark and His Music, including "Kiss Me Goodnight, Sergeant-Major," "Roll Out The Barrel," "Deep In The Heart Of Texas," "Bless 'Em All," "Nursie," "A Wing And A Prayer," "Praise The Lord And Pass The Ammunition," "Lily Marlene," "There's A Boy Coming Home On Leave," and "Rum And Coca Cola." They are arranged variously in foxtrot, quickstep, and barn-dance tempos. For my part, I would have preferred the music more "off mike" so that the singers could come forward. Vocals, by the way, are handled by Rochelle Turner, Jack Bowkett, and The Commandos.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

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During this, the 150th Anniversary Year of Colgate-Palmolive, we feel particularly fortunate in joining with you—the Australian public—in doing our bit to help support the Australian team competing in the 1956 Olympic Games. The Australian Olympic Federation must put our best teams in the field to do their best. All items of direct expense must be covered, including training, housing, feeding, transportation and accommodation of athletes. All these and a thousand and one other necessary expenses must be paid for by sports-loving Australians.

The eyes of the world are on us as Host Nation for the 1956 Olympic Games and every generous-hearted Australian who desires to see the Olympic Games tradition perpetuated will want to help. That is why, with the endorsement of the Australian Olympic Federation, we invite you to participate in this unique and personally rewarding fund-raising effort.

J. Langley

J. LANGLEY
Managing Director—Colgate-Palmolive Pty. Ltd.

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Yes! The first 1,200,000 cartons and sets of wrappers from your purchases of the Colgate-Palmolive products illustrated below—turned in between now and the 16th November—are worth money to the Australian Olympic Team. And for this reason! The Colgate-Palmolive Company will pay the Australian Olympic Federation 2d. in cash for each carton or set of wrappers which you turn in before 16th November.

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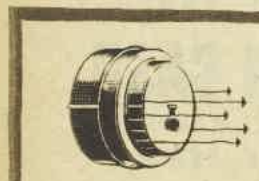
AS I READ THE STARS

By Eve Hilliard

For week beginning October 8

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, rose. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in co-operation.	★ Enlarge your thinking, explore possibilities for combined effort. Happy social life may depend more than you suppose on working in concert and meeting for a purpose.	★ Members of the household take their tone from you. A cheerful and humorous attitude on your part could change gloom into sunshine. Keep your sense of proportion.	★ His heart may be moved. He could appear to take you for granted simply because others will be paying him lavish attention. Avoid quarrelling over trifles.	★ Those around you are apt to pick up your independence, learning how to live their own lives to better advantage. Refuse to be a leaning-post.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in good health.	★ Financial questions may produce a few headaches. Wisdom and self-control are going to supply the right answers. Don't expect to profit from dubious speculations.	★ Cope with housework and go out, but don't brood over your sad fate. Other homemakers may be in worse case. This applies if you are feeling below par and depressed.	★ If the beloved appears absent-minded, it may be over money matters. He will appreciate any attempt on your part which cuts down on expensive dates.	★ You will be doing things on your own from blueprint to finished product—so absorbed in your own plans and work that you are uninterested in others' efforts.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, all pastels. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in quick action.	★ Money-making ideas threaten to become impractical. Your ideas may be clever, but until you have put in a lot of hard work they are not going to show profit.	★ Recreational programmes for the children or a new pastime which keeps the family in top gear are a blessing to the housewife if she can keep quiet control.	★ Restless and active, you could bore your best-beloved with long conversations about vague schemes which will never materialise. Better get down to brass tacks.	★ You will be doing a lot of talking. The right word at the psychological moment deals with awkward situations that spring up. You earn gratitude.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in avoiding an accident.	★ Few chances of reaching agreement as long as you maintain an uncompromising position. Perhaps a concession involving details could bring about a better understanding.	★ That new gadget can shorten your working day, but don't ask it to do the impossible. Major investments should be treated with respect and directions followed.	★ Some crisis may occur towards the end of the week. The one you love is going to be doubtful about your reactions, hesitating to confide in you immediately.	★ If others stir up strife, fighting for petty advantages, seeking social prominence in childish ways, you will remain detached. Your own private affairs matter more.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, navy. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in the printed word.	★ Many revealing facts may put you straight in connection with work and associates. If you publicise what you have learned, you will not meet a warm reception.	★ Press for businesslike arrangements. Legalise them for safeguards. Don't accept verbal promises. Don't spend without the advice of the marriage partner.	★ Don't try to reach definite conclusions with the chief actor in your life at present, particularly if you are young. Let time move on before committing yourself.	★ Diplomacy is a weapon when managing one person or a whole group. By this means you can wring hard work out of the indolent worker or set ablaze enthusiasm.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in a shop window.	★ Business acumen is sharpened as ambition mounts. With plans clear in your own mind, you may be obliged to wait for others to act before results can be expected.	★ Apply the brakes if that model budget is getting out of hand. Are you cutting down on needed essentials and going haywire on luxuries the household can do without?	★ The one you love best may be shy and need encouragement. Love could be lost through sheer diffidence. You can learn through reading novels how to handle this.	★ Since you have made up your mind you will not tolerate imposition, you are likely to decline requests for favor which you know should not be granted.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in being optimistic.	★ What appears to be a purely social invitation could turn into an opportunity of serving others or of earning money. Friendly contacts favor finance and prestige.	★ The secret of Libra efficiency is never wasting a minute, filling in the odd corners with short tasks, thus kept up to date. Variety of work also adds interest.	★ Sudden decisions, a hasty wedding might eventuate if both of you are sure. Otherwise, a new development, such as geographical separation or interference.	★ The round-table discussion is your favorite method. If the air is tense when the meeting starts, it will not be long before you have won over the majority to you.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in an iron will.	★ Personal magnetism plus convincing arguments may overcome resistance to your hopes. Let no one impose on your generosity or put you off with a half-promise.	★ Obstacles only make you grit your teeth and challenge circumstances. You are going to turn a disability into an advantage this week, and crow over your victory.	★ The scales are tipped in your favor. Do not force issues or push the beloved's patience too far. In about a month his, or her, mood will be more harmonious.	★ If you're filled with righteous anger, you are going to make a bad matter worse. You may be one hundred per cent. right yet lose friends by being domineering.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, silver. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in competitions.	★ Doubts are likely to be based on imaginary fears. A matter-of-fact approach and the ability to keep personal affairs to yourself should enable you to move rapidly.	★ You may ask a question and get a straight-from-the-shoulder answer, which is better than being left in the dark. If you cannot approve, don't be a wet blanket.	★ He, or she, may be a handful just now, with rising popularity. Possessiveness will be the signal for a bolt. Calling the beloved to account could be nearly fatal.	★ Living on a hunch generally carries you to victory. This week be more matter-of-fact. Don't expect a miracle from people who cannot deliver the goods.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in favor of elders.	★ Collect rewards if you have hit the jackpot. Enjoy whatever good fortune comes your way, but put something aside for future schemes. There is danger of losing profits.	★ Gather in strays, ask the lonely friend to dinner. You will enjoy yourself and may hear something of interest to the whole household on such an occasion.	★ This could be a crucial time for his partnership affairs, whether with you, his family, or career. You may be able to steer him out of what could mar his future.	★ That carefully constructed plan into which hours of study have gone will not be scrapped for a few setbacks. Your tenacity may be put to the test. You'll carry on.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, brown. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck comes across distance.	★ If unsure of yourself in any business affair, fall back on the presence and advice of other people to encourage you. If you work hard, sunshine approaches.	★ Creative abilities change unpleasant tasks into fascinating experiments. All will not be successful, but from one or two you reap an attractive harvest.	★ If distant pastures lure the beloved, avoid jealousy. Continue to show admiration linked with independence. You can even tease him a little if you do it lovingly.	★ You value freedom more than most, so several friends may feel hurt at your refusal to tie yourself down. You prefer not to accept activities which bore you.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, mauve. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in systematic effort.	★ Don't transfer investments or swap possessions hoping to gain from the deal. You are more likely to lose present benefits. Leave things as they are.	★ If the family dashes off, leaving you alone, have a leisurely day, read with your meals, pursue a hobby, refurbish your wardrobe, or visit some friends.	★ If you've been wondering how to bring this delightful but elusive romance to a climax, arrange to be alone, selecting a spot with soft lights and music.	★ Keep on the move. You are not obliged to spend all your leisure in the same old round. Try something new. Some meet a new acquaintance and find new activities.



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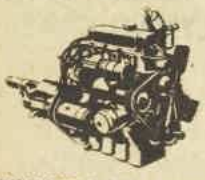

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clay, and had been purchased at a department store.

Lillian and Maria and Maria's husband had been children together in Tryon's Neck, an old town on an arm of one of the sounds that stretch all along the coast of North Carolina. Tryon's Neck was a town that the world had moved away from, and where families, it would seem, continued to dwell from habit alone. There was no stir of change, or desire for change, in its quiet air, and its business section was only a cluster of dingy shops, a movie theatre, and a cafe called the Busy Bee.

But the town had its charms. Its few large houses had widow's walks on their roofs, and, over their doorways, great fanlights, which were chinked in places and stopped up with paper to prevent the ingress of bats, but were very graceful in design all the same.

It had an eighteenth-century church with a cock, commemorative of poor Saint Peter's moment of moral panic, on the steeple; its main street, called Captain's Lane, was paved with cobblestones and its trees were everywhere, softening with perpetual shade even the dreadful papier-mache lobster in the window of the Busy Bee. The trees, live oaks and sweet bays, all listed to leeward; their leafy crowns were shaved flat by the wind off the water, and morning and evening the oblique beams of the low sun laid a trim of gold lacquer on them, so that they looked like trees in the middle distance of an Italian painting.

The two girls and the Hopwood boy had grown up in houses on the same block. Maria had lived in the middle house, which had the finest widow's walk in town. Woody had lived in a house that was haunted and neglected and decayed, and would obviously be condemned before it was much older. Lillian, orphaned in infancy, had lived with her great-aunt, Miss Imogene Archer, in the house with the most elaborate fanlight.

Miss Imogene had been kind, but harassed by a fear of germs —she had refused, for instance, to touch money or to permit her niece to touch it unless it was in coin and had been boiled in a kettle for twenty minutes—and Woody's stepmother had been a peevish woman, so Lillian and Woody had escaped, whenever they could, into the bosom of the Ballou family.

They and Maria Ballou had been inseparable. The three had shared their innermost thoughts and had woven an esoteric pattern of make-believe, which they called "the game." When they were alone together, they liked to pretend to be grown up and to be meeting again after long separation, in some exotic spot like an oasis in the Sahara Desert or a hostel in the Alps, and they entertained one another for hours with recitals of the adventures incident to their imaginary pasts.

The game did not quite end with the end of childhood. After the players were in their teens—even after they'd been off to boarding-school—they were likely to drop back, without warning, into fantasy.

"This," Woody might say, drawing Judge Ballou's ivory paper-knife from its tooled-leather sheaf, "is the dagger my Spanish dancing girl wore in her garter." The girls would take their cue from him and speak of their personal triumphs in the Russian ballet, their careers as spies for the diplomatic corps, or the visions they'd seen in the opium dens of Peking.

They laughed at themselves, but the game gave their lives a sort of continuity that kept them from being afraid of the future. And then—quite suddenly, it seemed—reality had reared its invulnerable head.

Continuing . . . . The Game

from page 5

Mrs. Ballou had fallen victim to a lingering illness which absorbed her daughter's attention. Woody, having decided to become a gentleman of the cloth, had departed for a seminary in Tennessee. Lillian, emotionally entangled with Bill Ferebee, who had treated her badly, had wished to die.

Lillian hadn't died, of course, but her aunt had, leaving her the house and a thousand dollars in a savings account. The house had been heavily mortgaged; Lillian had let it go without a whimper. She had withdrawn the money from the bank, and with the bills, unboiled, in her pocketbook, she had set out for Baltimore, where she had some prosperous cousins who would be obliged by common decency to offer a show of protection to a young and lonely kinswoman.

"I am burning my bridges!" she had said to Maria, suiting action to the boast by flinging a snapshot of Bill Ferebee into the fire. "I am going to seek my fortune!" And shortly thereafter, at the table of one of the Baltimore cousins, she had taken the fancy of Harold Duncan, and her fortune had been found.

At first, Lillian and Maria had maintained a desultory correspondence, but it had soon languished. Maria, distressed by her mother's discomfort and eventual death, had not been inspired to compose entertaining letters, and later, when she married Woody and had babies, she had been too busy.

To Lillian, moving in a new and buoyant element, the life she had left seemed as remote as the beach and the timid baskers on it seem to a bather floating on the swells beyond the breakers. Then, this afternoon, she had found Maria Hopwood, and the whole scene of her youth, complete with its sounds and sights and the texture of its prevailing mood, had emerged from the recesses of her mind.

Nothing was changed. The light lay on the trees, the gulls mewed in the harbor, and her old feeling for her friend was exactly the same.

Lillian had recognised Maria instantly. She'd had no reason to think that Maria was anywhere near Baltimore, she hadn't seen her for seventeen years, and Maria's appearance was sadly altered—the delicate, mobile brilliance suggestive of prisms depending from a lamp was gone from her face—and yet Lillian had known her!

It was her heart that had recognised Maria, Lillian felt. That thought had warmed her, for of late, in bleak, pinched moments, she had wondered if her comprehensions were more than surface deep.

Lillian had been shopping, for no good reason, drifting from store to store as a method of passing idle time on a mild, bright day in May, when the weather changed without warning. A cold rain, spearheaded by a thunderstorm, had blown into town on a gusty east wind, and she had ducked into Hutzler's to wait out the violence.

Once inside, Lillian, who was not above the practice of petty economics, had been attracted to a counter where nylon stockings were "on special" at eighty-seven cents a pair, and before the woman standing beside her spoke or turned her head, Lillian had known who she was.

"Maria," Lillian had said.

"Lil," Maria had responded.

Neither had exclaimed. It had seemed very natural to be standing there together.

Maria, Lillian learned, had been in town for a week and was leaving at ten that evening. Her eldest child, a boy of thirteen, had undergone an operation at the Hopkins. It had been an anxious business, Maria had said, a bone tumor on the kneecap, but the tumor had been benign and removable, and Judge ("He's named John, but everybody calls him Judge because he's the image of Papa") would not even limp.

"Why didn't you call me?" Lillian had asked reproachfully.

"I forgot," Maria had replied with disarming frankness. "I was so scared about Judge that I forgot you existed."

She had gone on to say that she'd found a room with a semi-private bath in a tourist home near the hospital. She'd scarcely stirred from it except to visit her son and consult with surgeons, but that day one of the interns ("a boy from North Carolina") had had a half day off and had driven Judge, whose leg was in a walking cast, to Washington to visit the Smithsonian.

"So I have time off, too," she finished. "My, you look smart, Lil! Just the same, only sveiter—more urbane."

Suddenly, Lillian had regretted being caught hovering over bargain stockings.

"My car's parked in the garage here; let's get it and go home for some tea," she'd suggested. "Harold and I live in the country most of the time, but we do keep this little old pied-a-terre in town."

The car was a British import, finished in black. Maria, settling herself against its tan leather cushions, inquired innocently, "What make of automobile is this, Lil? An old Hudson?"

"It's a little Jaguar," Lillian said.

"Oh," Maria murmured. "I never heard of that kind."

"And it doesn't look in the least like a Hudson, old or new," Lilian said, torn between exasperation and amusement. "You can't tell one car from another and never could. It's like being tone-deaf."

"I know. It infuriates Judge," Maria said affably.

A few minutes later, as they drove up Charles Street through the still-dripping and grumbling elements, she clapped her hands.

"Lil, this is uncanny," she said. "This is like the game. You know, the farewell ritual we went through when we had to stop for supper. We'd join hands and chant, 'When shall we three meet again, in thunder, lighting, or in rain?'"

"Why, yes," Lillian said. "Yes, it is."

"Remember the last time we were together in a real storm?" Maria asked. "We were trolling for rock—you and Woody and me — and Uncle Admire was along because Papa wouldn't let us take the boat beyond the Point without him. Remember?"

"Vaguely," Lillian said.

"That was the summer Woody was an atheist," Maria reminded her. "We were out in the open sound when the squall sprang out of nowhere. Lightning came straight down like a twisted rope of fire and—"

"How could I ever forget!" Lillian cried. "Woody stood up in the boat and shook his fist at the sky and said, 'O God—if there is a God—strike this boat!'"

"And the way old Admire knelt down in the bow and commenced praying!" Maria put in. "'O sweet Jesus, don't listen to him! He ain't nothin' but a po' fool! Don't listen to him, Lord! Listen to me!'"

"I was terrified," Lillian

To page 41

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Continuing . . . The Game

from page 40

said, "but I never laughed so hard in my life."

"And afterward Admire apologised to Woody for having called him a bad name," Maria said, "and you told him he'd used admirable restraint."

"He had, too," Lillian said. "How is Admire now?"

"Dead," said Maria. "He died last winter, in his little house in the yard—gently, from plain old age. I nursed him by day and Woody by night, and just before the end he thought he saw Mamma playing on a golden harp."

"Perhaps he did," Lillian said. "Who knows?"

"Perhaps, but even in Heaven I don't believe Mamma could pick out a tune," said Maria. She sighed. "There's been a lot of passing away since you left. Mamma and Papa, of course, and old Mr. Merriman, and Bill Ferebee. Your auntie's house is a funeral parlor now and there's a huge electric clock where the fanlight was. Woody sets his watch by it and calls it Old Mortality."

"Tell me, does the town look the same in general?" Lillian asked. "Is the rooster still on the steeple?"

"Oh, yes," Maria said. "And the State Society for Preservation of Antiquities has restored the church. Scraped the paint off the floor and laid red carpet in the aisle and taken out those awful memorial windows. Remember the one with the lamb that looked like a tomcat?"

Lillian giggled. "And the boot?"

Maria looked puzzled. "What boot?"

"You know the boot!" Lillian insisted. "The rubber wading boot that hung right over Captain's Lane to weight the telephone wire so it wouldn't flap in the wind."

"It's gone," Maria told her. "It's been gone so long I'd forgotten it. The Lane is paved with asphalt now and the trees for two blocks each way from the centre of the business section have been cut down."

"The trees!" Lillian cried.

"Bill Ferebee had them cut when he was mayor," Maria said. "He claimed a town couldn't have progress without a white way and couldn't have a white way with trees. He was always an ass, rest his soul."

"What did I see in him, dead or alive?" Lillian asked rhetorically as she drew to the kerb in front of her house. Young Bill Ferebee's reckless, handsome face, with the indefinably bruised look that had both repelled and drawn her, passed across her mind's eye. She waited to feel a fleeting pain leap in the arteries at her wrists, but the pain didn't come.

"He was a good dancer when he was sober," Maria said absently. "Is this your little brick house, Lil? It's cute."

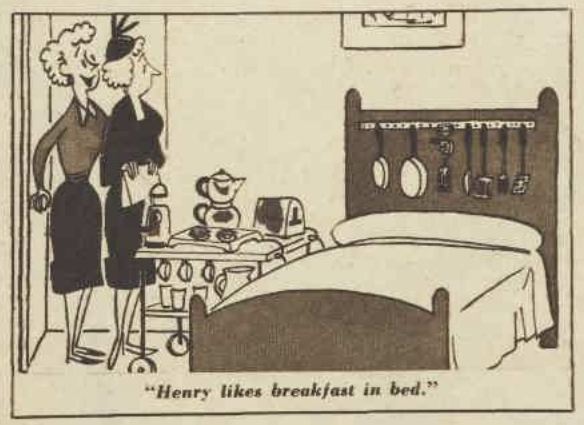
So they had gone in. Over their tea they had rattled on — reminiscing, philosophising, gossiping of weddings and deaths and scandals in North Carolina. The curtains were drawn, a log burned in the fireplace with the tawny marble facing, and the snug room seemed immune to harshness and chill. But Lillian knew it was the quality of Maria's society, more than material comfort, that held the world at bay.

Maria's perceptions were acute, her irony was delicate, and she had a sense of comedy so irrepressible that even when her tales were pathetic it flitted through them the way a stray sunbird coming through the crack of a closed blind dances upon a wall in a house of mourning.

"It's difficult to imagine being grown up in Tryon's Neck," Lillian said. "What do you do there?"

"We talk," Maria said. She looked reflectively down into her cup. "We've remained at the Neck somewhat longer than we intended," she continued. She had an air of detachment, as if she were discussing the affairs of chance acquaintances.

"Mr. Merriman was gathered to his fathers shortly after Woody was ordained, and Woody succeeded him in order to oblige the bishop — nobody else would. Besides, I had the house and it seemed rather touching for Woody to begin his priesthood in the church where he'd been christened. But we didn't consider it permanent."



"Henry likes breakfast in bed."

Lillian nodded. She tried and failed to imagine the Hopwoods in another town.

"Three years ago Woody missed a plum," Maria said. "A flourishing parish in a suburb of Richmond made overtures to him. But just then Woody preached a sermon about sin."

"Why not? That's an ancient and honorable custom of ministers," Lillian said. "Don't they know about the devil in Virginia?"

"Well, Woody approached the subject from an original angle," Maria said. "You see, it was this way. The fishing community at Larkin's Pass, over on the banks, is really a part of our parish. Those people can't attend our services regularly — Woody goes to them at intervals and baptises babies and sees that such courting couples as ought to get married have the matter called to their attention — but now and then they all get in boats and come to Tryon's Neck."

"I remember the bankers," Lillian said. "They said 'hoy toide' and had ruddy faces and blue eyes and a wonderful dash in their bearing. Especially the men. The women shrivelled early. But I never saw them in church."

"Mr. Merriman made them feel gauche," Maria said. "He was such a ladylike man." She went on then to describe with sympathy and many anecdotal embellishments—which weren't true digressions, because they deepened the meaning of her story — the nature of life on the outer banks.

She explained how the fortunes of the fisher-folk were mortgaged to fuel oil companies and at the mercy of winds and tides; how when the fish didn't run the children at Larkin's Pass went hungry, and how when they ran too well the market was glutted and the whole catch ("mountains of mackerel and blues and big red snappers") had to be dumped back into the sea, and how, on rare occasions ("As in life and love," she said), everything ran smooth — the nets were heavy, the market was right, and the men returned to their homes with money in their pockets.

"Ah!" Lillian sighed.

"But success goes fast to a fisherman's head," Maria said. "The men strut across the sand like lords of creation and they say the things that go on in the dunes after a big catch — the roistering and drinking and carrying on with pretty girls — are very improper indeed! And, of course, when the liquor's all drunk up at last and the girls get coy again and the wives are outraged, the men's tempers turn sour and they begin to fight among themselves. As soon as enough heads are broken, remorse sets in. The following Sunday the flotilla comes to Tryon's Neck."

"They must love Woody," Lillian said.

"Woody loves them," said Maria. "And you know his temperament — he can't stand to see anyone discouraged. So that morning, when he watched them trooping up the aisle — the women all tight-lipped and sort of shooing the children away from their fathers, and the men in their stiff, dark Sunday suits with their arms in slings or with court plaster on their faces, and looking so hangdog and woebegone — his impulse was to revive their pride. He told them to quit moping and to magnify the Lord like the 'whales that move in the waters.' (We always sing that canticle when the fishermen come.) He said that Christians must bear their sense of sin with grace and fortitude, and that remorse was worse than sin, anyhow, because it mortified the spirit."

She paused. "Naturally, he phrased it better than that. It was a charming sermon."

"Did the sinners understand it?"

"Perfectly. They're very shrewd and sensitive," Maria said. "But there was a journalist in our midst. He'd come to do a story on the restoration of the church, and instead he did one on Woody. His feature article appeared in several of the leading State papers. It was headed, 'Man Bites Dog in Tryon's Neck as Parson Comes Out for Sin.'" She shrugged. "We heard no more from Richmond."

"Oh, dear," said Lillian.

"We'd have missed blue water and the rooster," Maria said. She held out her cup. "Is there a drop left in the pot?" Her composure was so unruffled that Lillian couldn't decide whether her story was meant to be sad or funny.

"Plenty," Lillian said. Then, since she hadn't wished to change the current of conversation so abruptly as to suggest either pity or indifference, she had introduced her fragmentary observation upon the possession of religious faith and

To page 43

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had let that trail off, to be lost, she hoped, in chatter about bottled spirits. Now she returned to her chair. She poured the tea, lacing it stoutly with rum.

Maria tasted hers. "This is better than our bathroom brew," she said. "You spoke of religion?"

"I did," Lillian admitted, sorry she had. "I was going to say—" She hesitated. What was she going to say, now or ever, upon that abstruse subject?

"I mean if we really had it," she began lamely, "the way Admire did when he saw dear Mrs. Ballou with her harp. The way the penitent fisherman did when they rowed across the sound to Woody—"

"They came in motor launches," said Maria.

"But they came," Lillian said, starting to enjoy herself. "If we had that faith, how simple life would be! I think I had it once, back in my youth, but I laid it down and forgot where. Careless of me."

"It was easy to mislay," Maria said. "There were all those bright boys who wrote for the 'Carolina Magazine' and told us how sophisticated disillusionment was. Even Woody that summer—"

"It wasn't an intellectual revolt with me," Lillian said. "I just lost it." She waved her hand. "As lightly as I lost my—"

"If you intend to say what I think, don't," Maria warned her. "It would be a lie. You were far from light about that. You're beginning to play the game."

"Why shouldn't I?"

"The rules are too intricate for us," Maria said. "As we grow older, we grow less astute at distinguishing between fact and fiction."

"We've been playing at something, off and on, all afternoon," said Lillian.

"Attitudes. Harmless even to adults," Maria said. "But to return to our enthralling topic — Woody's in a turmoil. He's not convinced he's consecrated. He says he may switch to banking."

"He'd be a dandy in a bank," Lillian said. "He'd never refuse a loan."

Maria laughed, but on a note of constraint, and Lillian was sorry she had spoken flippantly of Woody. After all, Maria could hardly be expected to view him with objectivity; as his wife she must find it offensive to hear him treated, however affectionately, as a figure of fun.

Lillian lifted the bottle of Newburyport. "Guess why I chose Byron's works to hide this behind?" she said, picking her way back to safe ground. "Because of two lines in "Don Juan" —

'There's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
As rum and true religion . . . '"

"The shipwreck canto," Maria said promptly. "Woody read some of 'Don Juan' aloud to us and Mamma was mad. Remember?"

"She objected to one of the passages," Lillian said. "She told us that if we understood the reference—which she was sure we didn't—we'd see that it wasn't a polite thing for a boy to read to girls."

"And now that I have daughters I quite agree with Mamma," said Maria.

"With Sally in mind, I'm against all poetry in mixed company," Lillian said.

"And we are shipwrecked. I suppose, like all humanity," Maria said gaily. "But under such happy auspices! Getting slightly oiled and bewailing our want of true religion!"

"At least there's plenty of rum," Lillian said. "Let me—"

"No more, thanks."

Maria stretched, untucked her legs, and stuck her feet into her shoes. She rose. "I must go. Judge will be back and my packing's yet to do."

"Stay a little longer," Lillian begged her. "There's so much we haven't settled." And she thought that she could not allow Maria to leave without telling her everything. There was no taint of snobbery in her desire, she insisted to herself. It was not that she wished rumors of her opulence to be bruited about Tryon's Neck. It was only that between her and Maria — the alter ego of her youth — nothing would do but candor.

"It's been wonderful, Lil. It's been as if we'd never been separated — like picking up a conversation just where we'd left it off," Maria said. "But time and tide, you know!"

"I have an early engagement — a silly cocktail party before a dinner — or I'd run you down myself," Lillian said. "Brooks will call a cab."

Maria parted the brocade window curtains and peered out. "No. The rain's stopped," she said. "I'll walk a ways and then take a bus." She hushed Lillian's protests. "I find it refreshing to walk in a city. And don't bother Brooks. I saw where he put my coat."

"I'll get it," Lillian said, stepping into the hall.

She brought the wrap, a full blue corduroy garment with a schoolgirlish hood attached, and held it for Maria.

"This coat belongs to my Ellen," Maria said. "She won't be twelve till June and she's as tall as I am."

"Children grow. Time passes," Lillian said vaguely, for the sake of saying something.

"We mustn't let so much time pass before we resume this conversation," Maria said. "Come down home soon and I'll show you all the changes and all the things that never will change, Lord help them!" She spread out her hands, palms up, in an inclusive gesture. "Ah, Lil! Your perfectly charming room!"

"You do like it?" said Lillian.

"It reminds me of our old library," Maria said. "That's a room of the past now, you know. We rent the west wing out to teachers. Of course, this is more elegant than ours ever pretended to be, but it's so unfixy, and then you use your good things, like Mamma did hers. I have a silver tablespoon — an heirloom — that's lopsided from her stirring custard with it."

"I knew that spoon," Lillian said.

"But even Mamma wouldn't have made a casual cup of tea

Continuing . . . . The Game

from page 41

in a Staffordshire salt-glazed pot!" Maria continued, gazing down at the teaset. Almost reverently she touched the lid of the pot with her finger. "You ought to keep this under glass, Lil. It's a museum piece."

Happiness burned behind Lillian's breastbone. Its warmth rose into her throat and cheeks, increasing until she thought it must surely burst her skin. "Maria, dear Maria!" she cried. "How can I bear to lose you again? Listen. I'll renege on both my parties. I'll —"

Maria said no. She was taking the nice intern out to dinner and afterwards he was driving her and her son to the train. It was arranged.

"Are you positive you don't want a cab?" Lillian asked. "Is there nothing I can do for you?"

"Well —" said Maria. She looked with a speculative air about the room. Her glance rested upon the Degas sketch, upon the ormolu clock, and upon a small compote of Waterford glass, and then it returned to the teapot. She lifted her head and smiled at Lillian. Her smile was engaging, unembarrassed, and slightly amused.

"Can you let me have a hundred dollars?" said Maria.

Lillian caught her breath. She could feel her features stiffening into a mask to cover her astonishment. "Why — why, yes!" she cried. She spun on her heels and fairly hurled herself across the room to the desk.

Maria laughed. "I'm not in that big a hurry," she cried. "Take your time."

But time was precisely what Lillian dared not take. Only haste and heat would serve her now. She pressed a panel of the desk. The concealed drawer slid open. In it lay the neat stacks of green money that she had saved and stroked so lovingly. Often, on wakeful nights, she had counted those bills in her mind as some insomniacs count sheep.

Often she had anticipated the torments of parting with them, almost hating the object (perhaps a Sheraton caddy-and-blender or a portrait of herself before she faded) that would some day tear them from her.

"How will you have it, Maria?" Lillian asked. "Twenties? Tens?"

"It doesn't signify," said Maria.

Lillian selected three twenties, three tens, and two fives. "Wouldn't you like a bit more?" she said, marvelling at the control in her own voice. "A hundred and fifty? Two hundred?"

"No, thank you," Maria said, as calmly as if she were declining a second slice of cake. "A hundred is what I need."

Lillian closed the drawer. She returned to Maria. "Here you are, then," she said.

Maria took the money and thrust it, bunched, into her purse. "Now I can breathe again," she said. "By the way, I have no notion when I can pay it back."

"You must never try to," Lillian said. "And don't insult me with gratitude, either."

"I won't," Maria promised. "I may not even write you. You know how stupid my letters are."

The two women walked together to the front door. They embraced briefly, letting their cheeks touch. Then Maria was gone.

Lillian came back into the sitting-room. The atmosphere of the room had a curiously hollow feeling, as if it still held, barely below the threshold of audibility, the echo of voices and laughter. Naturally, I'm glad I gave it to her, Lillian told herself fiercely.

She imagined Maria as she must look now, walking down a city street in the opalescent twilight with that loose, unsuitable coat blowing in the wind. ("I can breathe again," Maria had said.) She thought of the boy with his leg in a cast and of Woody, pure in heart and absurd and marked for unsuccess. Of course I'm glad!

But a hundred dollars, honesty compelled her to add. A hundred dollars and nothing to show for it. Not even a tax-deduction slip. She gasped. Was she a monster? Nothing to show for it! And was an old friendship nothing? Lillian shook her head. That wasn't for show and she hadn't bought it. She'd had that already, free.

She moved to the table and poured a small amount of rum into her empty cup. "To true religion," she murmured tentatively, hoping to recapture the heady mood she had so lately enjoyed. But the words sounded inane and pretentious and even impious. She dashed the contents of the cup into the fire. The log hissed and spurted blue flames like a Christmas pudding.

Lillian sat down on the sofa where Maria had sat with her feet up. She trembled because she felt dissociated, in an ignoble way, from life because her private, self-contained worlds had collided like planets run amok and had not merged but had done each other injury, and because she had nothing perfectly pure and beautiful left to love.

From now on, whenever she saw children playing games of the imagination and was reminded of Maria, she would wince for the money that was gone. And whenever she held money in her hand, sighing over its bloom, she would think how even the past was not inviolate, how the air and light of Tryon's Neck were contaminated — and had always been contaminated — by the mundane troubles of ordinary human existence. Then she remembered that the trees in the heart of the town had been destroyed and she began to weep.

After a while Brooks entered the room. If he had been Admire he would have said, "Oh, Missy! Tell me where yo' mis'ry's at!" But Brooks knew his place and hers. Noiselessly he put the cups with the other tea things on the tray and took the tray in his hands.

"Be careful of the teapot, Brooks," Lillian said. "It's irreplaceable."

"Yes, madam," Brooks said in a tone so correct and uninflected that it verged upon contempt. "I know." He went out, leaving her alone.

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SPRING FASHIONS *for* TEENAGERS

These young and pretty dresses in day-length are perfect designs for any young lady of fashion who is headed for a gala round of spring dates. Polka dots have come to stay and checked gingham will again be worn. N.B.—Wear a hat for any important hour and be sure to have gloves. This season it is smart to have a planned-together look. Note the sleeveless cotton with the daisy-circled boater hat (right)—wonderful for a luncheon date and a smart example of "planning."

Yours for good fashion,

—Candy Hardy

THE NEWEST WAY to wear gingham (above), high to the neckline and sleeveless — in pastel checks. Tiny pearl buttons make a glamorous and unusual bodice trim. The skirt is gathered and bouffant. A wonderful all-day-round-town dress.

DAFFODIL-YELLOW, one of the new flower colors, is chosen for the chic little runabout dress (right). The design has lots of effortless fashion dash. The long, moulded bodice is softened with self-material bows. Fullness begins at the hips.

ROSE-RED SKIRT and camisole-top (above) are good fashion for the dance-floor or for any event after five o'clock. The skirt is prettied with a self frill at the hemline. The top has eye appeal. Twisted colored beads are matched to the skirt.

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PRETTY-HATTED GIRL (above) wears a perfect dress for spring and summer sunshine—and for any formal daytime hour. The dress has a sleeveless bodice and wide V neck. It shows a fresh blending of pastel stripes.

BARE, BOWED, and day-length, the one-piece dress (left) is made in inky-grey-and-white printed cotton. The closely moulded waistline is beltless and from the hips it spreads into soft gathers. Note the shock value of the pure white dicky front.

POLKA DOTS, among the events of spring, are shown (above) in a sleeveless one-piece. The moulded bodice has a deep V (back and front) neckline. The skirt swings wide over petticoats. The color, white on glowing orange, is news; the silhouette crisp and chic.

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DRESS SENSE

By Betty Keep

The sleeveless, beltless sheath dress with a high-cut neckline is chic summer fashion and one that can be varied by accessories.

THIS fashion item answers a reader's request.

Here is her letter and my reply:

"WILL you please cut me a pattern for an easy-to-make sheath frock in size 34in. bust? I want the style to be suitable as a basic frock to wear with different accessories. Will you please give me some ideas and suggest colors?"

Illustrated here is the design I have chosen in answer to your letter—a slim sheath dress made in white pique. If you prefer it the dress would look equally smart in a dark color. In the illustration the dress is worn with shoes and handbag in a bright print. An alternative would be a cummerbund in vivid blue-and-white polka-dot cotton, bag to match, and shoes and gloves white. Or you might consider wearing the dress with a large detachable cape collar, short gloves in the same material (rose-printed cotton), and the other accessories white. A paper pattern is obtainable for the design. Further details and how to order are under the picture.

"WOULD you please suggest some new idea for a bridesmaid's frock? The bridal gown is formal with a floor-length skirt and long train."

Intermission-length gowns for bridesmaids are one of the newest fashions in New York. This means a dress with an uneven hemline, short in front, clearing the ankle by several inches, and touching the heels at the back. A dress in this category would be best made in silk taffeta, the bodice moulded and the skirt spreading into fullness from hip level. N.B.: All-white weddings are very new, including the bride and bridesmaids' bouquets.

"WHAT is the correct length for a coat to wear with a formal frock? I would also like to know if the coat should be in the same fabric as the frock."

You did not say if your formal dress was floor-length or short-skirted. However, if the dress is floor-length it will look particularly new worn with a floor-length coat in the same material. If the dress is short-skirted, the same thing applies—the coat should be the same length and in matching material.

"COULD you give me an idea for something new for an over-blouse to wear with a separate skirt in the daytime? The long, unbelted style so often advertised does not suit me."

I suggest a drawstring over-blouse (ending at the natural waistline), finished with a swallow-wing collar, three-quarter-length cuffed sleeves, and a pleated back.

"PLEASE tell me if you think beige lace would be correct for a late-afternoon frock that could also be worn for dinner?"

I think beige lace would be most suitable and attractive for late-day and the dinner hour. Have the lace made over matching silk taffeta. A scoop-neck sheath dress and matching jacket would be an appropriate design.

DS209.—Sheath dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3¼yds. 36in. material. Price 3/11. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Beauty in brief: USE BATH AIDS SENSIBLY

By CAROLYN EARLE

● A grand beginning to a day is five minutes' setting-up exercises on arising — before you have time to argue yourself out of it — followed by a cool shower or a warm bath and a brisk rub-down.

THE ritual of the bath can be simple or elaborate. It depends a good deal on the preparations you use.

There is, for instance, clearly not much point in trying to use bath-salts or bubble-bath under a shower.

On the other hand, there is no reason at all for a shower enthusiast to forgo the pleasure of using bath oil, which is equally good for bath or shower.

Just pour a little oil into the palms of the hands and smooth it all over the wet skin after soaping and scrubbing.

Then shower again. Its warmth coaxes the oil into the pores.

For the after-bath rub-down you might prefer to use a generous splash of toilet water after drying off with a soft bath-towel.

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CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★★ "The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit," color CinemaScope drama, starring Gregory Peck, Jennifer Jones, Fredric March. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★ "Summer Madness," technicolor romantic drama, starring Katharine Hepburn, Rossano Brazzi. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★ "High Society," technicolor VistaVision comedy with music, starring Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, Frank Sinatra. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★★ "Above Us The Waves," wartime sea drama, starring John Mills, John Gregson, Donald Sinden. Plus "One Jump Ahead," thriller, starring Jill Adams, Paul Carpenter.

LYRIC.—★★ "Road to Rio," comedy, starring Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour. Plus ★ "That's My Boy," comedy, starring Jerry Lewis, Dean Martin. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★★ "23 Paces to Baker Street," color CinemaScope mystery drama, starring Van Johnson, Vera Miles. Plus ★ "Mr. Belvedere," family comedy, starring Reginald Gardiner, Eddie Bracken, Zasu Pitts.

PARIS.—★★ "The Game of Love," French-language juvenile drama, starring Edwige Feuillere, Nicole Berger. Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—★ "Vera Cruz," technicolor SuperScope Western, starring Gary Cooper, Burt Lancaster. Plus ★ "Side Show," suspense drama, starring Don McGuire, Eddie Quillan.

REGENT.—★★ "Bus Stop," color CinemaScope comedy-drama, starring Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell. Plus ★ "In Times Like These," comedy-drama, starring MacDonald Carey, Fay Wray.

SAVOY.—★★ "Rififi," French-language suspense drama with English sub-titles, starring Jean Servais, Carl Mohner, Robert Manuel. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★ "A Town Like Alice," wartime drama, starring Peter Finch, Virginia McKenna. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—"Rock Around the Clock," musical, starring Bill Haley and his Comets. Plus ★★ "Five Against the House," drama, starring Guy Madison, Kim Novak, Brian Keith.

Not yet reviewed

CAPITOL. — "Hot Blood," technicolor CinemaScope comedy-drama, starring Jane Russell, Cornel Wilde. Plus "Overexposed," mystery drama, starring Cleo Moore, Richard Crena.

ESQUIRE. — "King's Rhapsody," color CinemaScope musical drama, starring Errol Flynn, Anna Neagle. Plus "Christopher Bean," comedy, starring Thelma Ritter, Jean Lockhart.

PALACE.—"Stranger on Horseback," color Western, starring Joel McCrea, Miroslava, John Carradine. Plus "Top of the World," Air Force drama, starring Dale Robertson, Evelyn Keyes, Frank Lovejoy.

PALLADIUM. — "Timetable," suspense drama, starring Mark Stevens, Felicia Farr, King Calder. Plus "Bandit Queen," Western, starring Barbara Britton, Philip Reed. (Re-release, review unavailable.)

PRINCE EDWARD. — "The Vagabond King," widescreen technicolor musical extravaganza, starring Kathryn Grayson, Oreste. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—"The Fastest Gun Alive," Western, starring Glenn Ford, Jeanne Crain, Broderick Crawford. Plus featurettes.

Talking of Films

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

★★ *Bus Stop*

"BUS STOP" (Fox), another of William Inge's modest plays, blossoms into a flamboyant CinemaScope comedy for Broadway director Joshua Logan and star Marilyn Monroe.

The film is bright, amusing, and altogether a colorful showcase for Marilyn Monroe's porcelain-pale beauty and sparkling confidence.

On this occasion Marilyn's character is a hopeful but untalented "chantoosie" in a Phoenix beer-joint at rodeo time. What she does with the number "That Old Black Magic" is a high point of the whole movie.

The story is of Marilyn's rough-and-ready romance with an unworldly Arizona cowboy (Don Murray), who decides at first sight that she's the only girl in the world for him.

The young man's notions of courting are hardly subtle and neither is the romance which begins on a raucous note in Phoenix and continues aboard a passenger bus heading up country.

It ends happily at a bus station in snowbound mountain country.

It looks as though Hollywood might have a new "find" in Don Murray. He's a young actor from Broadway with an attractive appearance, plenty of personality, and obviously a lot of talent.

The people who surround these two are Arthur O'Connell, the cowboy's sage sidekick, Betty Field as the brassy bus-station owner, and Hope Lange, a nice, wholesome girl.

Mr. Logan's liking for close-ups and his way of stringing out his scenes unnecessarily slow the pace of "Bus Stop."

In Sydney—Regent.

A PUZZLED Trevor Howard has returned from Germany still sore from the back-slapping he received on the personal-appearance tour he made there with the war film, "Cockleshell Heroes." Said he: "I can't understand it, old boy. After all, there were our chaps up there on the screen outwitting the Nazis and there were the Germans down in the auditorium cheering like mad. It beats me."

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Tender Blush pink — delicate, delectable.

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A gay cyclamen — surprisingly subtle.

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True, true coral — infectiously gay.

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Brilliant flame of true orange — afire with flattery.

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Impetuous pinky-red . . . heady, exciting.

RED AS YOU LIKE
True red at its vibrant best — vivid, alive.

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A flamboyant jewel — rich ruby red.

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Wayward Heart

Continuing . . . .

from page 3

college, but, oddly enough, she wouldn't. She took a business course instead. She said, her mother told me, it was the key to almost every door."

Tom said, clearing his throat, "She won't need a key. The doors will just naturally open for her."

Daphne grinned. She said, "You're prejudiced, Buster."

"Aren't you?" he asked quietly.

"If you mean, in another way, well, maybe," she admitted. "I don't dislike Lucy Colsten. I just don't like her much. She was always upstage."

She turned to Aggie, a plump girl stolidly eating her way through stacks of Bavarian cream and maple layer cake.

"Lucy was class president," she said, "president of the dramatic society, a big wheel in glee club . . . oh, heck, you know; the works. And always just a mite condescending, just a little remote—as I said, upstage."

Tom pushed his chair back; it scraped on the polished floor of the big dining-room. He said, "What a dopy thing to say!"

Daphne said, "Sorry. You've dated her more than anyone else. So what? You're a big frog in this little puddle. But Lucy's looking for an ocean."

Her father said, "Let's hear no more about it, Daphne. I don't like your attitude at all. I've never found Lucy Colsten anything but charming, intelligent, and with a courtesy towards older people you'd do well to emulate."

"How many letters did you give her to people in New York?" asked his daughter.

"Four or five—" He caught himself up. "What has that to do with it?" he demanded.

"Nothing," said Daphne, demurely, "nothing at all."

Daphne was his own child, he passionately loved her, but he wished she were ten years younger and that he could spank her. Lucy hadn't forced her way into his office, not at all. He'd met her in the street, said he'd heard she was going to New York and was there any way in which he could be of service?

This was routine. One of his self-imposed duties was helping all Highport young people, no matter where they went. So he'd made an appointment with her and she'd come in, looking cool in a thin summer frock and sat by the desk and they'd talked.

"I'm determined to make good, Mr. Davis," she had told him. "I must. My mother's sacrificed so much for me. I have no special talent, of course." Here she'd smiled.

"No illusions about stage or screen, radio or television . . . I sing and act, a little, I photograph well. But that's not enough. I wasn't cut out to be a nurse, I daresay I'm not patient enough. Anyway, I loathe illness. It just seemed to me that if I could begin as a secretary I could work up into some sort of an executive position."

"Of course you can, my dear," he'd answered sincerely. "I don't believe there's anything you can't do, no matter what you say. You're very modest, Lucy."

"On the contrary," she'd said, "I never sell myself short. But it's sensible to know your limitations."

After that he'd dictated, signed, and given her the letters, addressed to two bankers, a lawyer, and a department store head.

. . . . . .

Lucy arrived in New York, a city unknown to her, and went directly to a Business Girls' Club recommended to her by Mrs. Warren, the wife of Highport's leading lawyer, who had once come to New York from Ohio and lived at the Club.

"All gabble and women," she warned Lucy, "but you'll learn to take it in your stride. I'll write Miss Finch, who rups the place now—she was a resident there, at the time I was—and tell her about you, Lucy."

Everyone had been very kind. Miss Finch was also kind. She showed Lucy her room. She could have shared a larger room with a stranger for the money, but preferred to be alone. This room was a cubbyhole with a bed, a dresser, one chair, a small clothes closet, a window, three stories up over a dusty street, traffic-haunted.

The baths and showers were down the hall. The weekly rental included breakfast and dinner.

Lucy unpacked. Among other things she took from her suitcase—her trunk would follow—a folding picture frame, with her parents' photographs, and in a small gilt frame a snapshot of Tom Davis.

She looked at that for quite a while. She had not counted upon falling in love with Tom. When she discovered that she had, she had thought it through: it was not a catastrophe. She'd get over it; and so would he. A pang of anger and anxiety pierced her as she contemplated Tom's getting over it. But that, too, would pass.

I have to be Somebody, she reminded herself.

In Highport she was somebody, as Doctor and Mrs. Colsten's daughter, and a leader at school. In the year book she was accounted the prettiest and the most likely to succeed. Where? In Highport? . . . where she'd always be somebody, without the capital S?

What if she had, the other night, told Tom that she'd marry him?

He'd said: "I'll make you happy, Lucy, I swear it!"

She didn't doubt that. She had already experienced an unreasonable happiness when he was near her, when, as that last night, she had permitted him to take her in his arms and kiss her.

But happiness wasn't enough; not that kind of happiness . . . The edge would become blunt, they'd settle down, live comfortably forever after.

Some day Tom might be president of the small bank in the small town. They'd have a family. They'd be like a million other couples all over the country, if a little more secure and fortunate than some.

And she'd be somebody because she was Mrs. Tom Davis.

No.

When Lucy read magazines she turned first to the non-fiction, the success stories, preferably those about women who had clawed their way up the ladder, on their own . . . women with initiative, ambition, and drive; women like herself. She had known she was one of these since she was twelve.

She put the letters Mr. Davis had given her on the dresser. She would freshen up, go downstairs, write her covering letters at one of the desks, enclosing Mr. Davis', and then go out and mail them. She'd have lunch at the tea-room around the corner Miss Finch had suggested, and return to finish unpacking, to press her dresses in the ironing-room, and to start making herself known to the girls on her floor; something Miss Finch had also suggested. After that, dinner, and tomorrow would be another day. Meantime she would, as she had promised, telephone her mother.

Not long thereafter Lucy obtained a position in the great department store on Fifth Avenue, through its president. She became secretary to a minor executive. Her salary sufficed, her work was excellent and earned her, in six months, a raise and a promotion.

She said to the president, frankly: "You understand, Mr. Garth, I don't intend always to remain a secretary. I would like to learn as much about the business as possible. I want to go on in it."

"What further qualifications have you?" he asked, amused.

"I like people," Lucy said after a moment, "but I don't go overboard about them. I like the things this store sells; the luxury things. I like clothes, I think I understand them."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean, why some lines sell and some do not."

He said, "If I could believe that, I'd change chairs with you, Miss Colsten. Perhaps you have applied for the wrong position. Suppose you were to start in selling? There are steps up: assistant buyer, buyer, even, at the top, fashion coordinator. It's slow, but it can be done."

She said, earnestly, "I'm not interested. I wouldn't like personal selling, nor buying either. I'd like—once I have learned something about it—advertising. I have to start this way, Mr. Garth, because I can't afford to take the short cuts."

Speaking, later, to the minor executive to whom she had been assigned Mr. Garth said thoughtfully, "Keep your eye on her. I have a notion she has ability."

. . . . . .

During the first six months Lucy looked around and made plans. There was a nice girl in the advertising department, secretary to the man in charge. Lucy met her first when she went up to the office on an errand. They lunched together at the cafeteria. The girl's name was Janice. She was engaged to be married.

"Only we can't afford to, until Johnnie gets a raise," Janice told her.

"You'll go on working?" asked Lucy with the proper touch of compassion.

"Oh, sure, but not here. Johnnie expects to be transferred to the Chicago office."

Lucy and Janice became friends; they lunched together often, and Janice came to the Club.

"How can you stand all these women?" she inquired.

"I don't mind. Even if I could afford a place of my own, I wouldn't, for a while. This way, I can save," Lucy said.

She went to Janice's home, in Brooklyn, and met Johnnie, who worked in a wholesale mercantile company. She met their friends. And spent considerable time extracting from Janice all she knew of the advertising department.

"A headache if you ask me; a rat race; an ulcer breeder," said Janice. "Everyone's crazy but me!"

After six months Johnnie had his transfer, Janice resigned and Lucy took her place. Janice, of whom her nervous boss was fond, recommended her.

"She's awfully clever, Mr. Hunt," she said, "and such a nice girl."

He'd seen Lucy, of course. He said, "She's too good looking. I lose too many secretaries that way. Look at you, Janice!"

Janice blushed. She was mildly pretty; she couldn't compete with Lucy, and knew it, and didn't care. She had Johnnie.

She said, "She hasn't any boyfriends. Oh, there's one back home, she's spoken about him a couple of times. But as far as I know she doesn't go about with anyone here. Johnnie and I have taken her on double dates a lot. Some of the other girls have, too, at her Club, and from the store. But honestly she just doesn't seem interested."

Lucy moved to Janice's little office. She was not given to chattering, but to listening and asking intelligent questions. She was in fact the most intelligent secretary Hunt had ever had.

During the first summer, Lucy didn't go home, but her mother came to spend a brief vacation with her and was accommodated at the Club, in Lucy's room which was somewhat larger than the first one she'd rented. They had a very good time and Mrs. Colsten thought Lucy looked very well, if thinner.

Her clothes were new to her mother; she hadn't many, but those she had were very good. She explained it, saying, "I watch for sales, and, of course, get a discount."

"Have you fallen in love with New York?" Mrs. Colsten asked.

Lucy smiled. She said, "I like it, very much."

Her mother wasn't astonished, knowing Lucy. It would be the same in any city of her selection, North, South, East or West. She would like it and adapt herself, but would never fall furiously in love with it.

"Your letters didn't say much about the time Tom was here. I've seen him, of course. Was it fun?"

"Wonderful," said Lucy, "he gave me the best time."

It had been quite a weekend; dinner at good places, two plays and nightclubs afterwards. Tom had wanted to explore the city with her, evenings and Sunday . . . bus riding, walking, queer odd little places.

"Surely you know them all by now?" he'd said.

But she shook her head. "Very few; and I bus-ride all the time. Can't we do something different?" She looked at him, frankly, "If you can afford it," she added.

"I'll blow the works," he promised.

All the time he talked of marriage, and she had a struggle to push from her mind the vision of herself as a bride at his side.

Sunday night she went to the train with him. In the crowded station he took her hands, bent and kissed her. He said, "It's been very nearly perfect."

"I've loved it, Tom. I'm so grateful to you."

"Darling, change your mind, change your heart, come home with me."

She shook her golden head, smiling, "I am home, Tom," she said.

Going through the gates he turned to look back, towering tall, and her heart closed like a fist. She thought, I won't let him come again, I can't. I'll make any excuse.

. . . . . .

If Mr. Hunt did not fall in love with Lucy, his assistant did. His name was George Sims and he was a brilliant copywriter and a feverish, garrulous young man who sometimes over-drank and who was determined not to marry until he was forty. And when he did, to marry a girl about twenty-two, with a figure, a face, and no brains. He'd encountered brains behind faces often and they gave him competition.

Towards Lucy, his approach was candid.

"I warn you, I'm a mangy wolf. I am not to be trusted. I won't marry for another ten years, and a girl who'd interest me now — you for example — wouldn't in ten years' time even if I could keep her on the hook that long. Come out with me tonight. I'll feed you lavishly and then we'll watch TV," he added, with a sinister smile, "at my place."

"I'd love being fed lavishly," Lucy said, "and you don't look sinister, just a little silly. There's quite a good TV set at my club. In the public room. If you can't miss your pet programmes we'll go there."

"I withdraw my invitation. I'd forgotten I have an engagement."

Lucy went into her office. "Have fun," she said.

So he took her out to dinner Returning her to the Club in a taxi he kissed her. She accepted it as a casual, expected gesture.

"You are more kissed against than kissing," he remarked. "That was a dud."

Lucy adjusted her little hat. She said, "How Victorian you are, Mr. Sims . . . you still believe that payment has to be exacted for a comparatively simple meal."

Mr. Sims' secretary went on vacation, another married and left, and Lucy doubled for Mr. Hunt and his assistant. Some days later Mr. Sims arrived late with a bad hangover. Lucy greeted him and put some mail on the desk. He had worked there, late and alone, on the previous night and left a litter of papers behind him. She had stacked them neatly before he came in.

Now he sat down clasping his head.

"The old man's had me on the carpet this last week, he says I'm slipping," he said sadly. "It could be." He looked at the folder. "Tidied up, didn't you? Efficient little thing. Did you look at the stuff? If so, what's wrong with it?"

She said, "I read it. And it wouldn't sell me. I think the average woman is sick of being told everything from a gas range to a faille coat is amusing, or fabulous or exciting. She'd rather know what she's getting for her shrunken dollar in durability and value."

"Maybe you could write this copy," he said, nastily.

Her eyes shone. She answered, "I'd like to try . . ."

"Go ahead . . . If the Old Man storms in, I've gone to my psychiatrist."

Late that afternoon he gave the folder to his superior. Mr. Hunt looked at it. He said, "This is more like it . . ."

"Your secretary," said Sims grimly, "is mainly responsible. Oh, she has a lot to learn, I suppose, but she's a forthright girl. She says, as an average woman she knows the angles."

. . . . . .

Presently, Mr. Hunt had another secretary and Lucy wrote copy. Nothing was too difficult, nothing dismayed her. She wrote, and she re-wrote. She experienced failure and modest success. She kept on, with a single-minded dogged enthusiasm. She listened; and she asked questions.

Through George Sims she met other people in advertising, agency people, people from the advertising departments of other shops.

She went home to Daphne Davis' wedding to the Warrens' only son, because Tom urged her, and she wished to see her mother. It was a pretty wedding and Lucy in her plain, beautiful frock (The French shop, Sale of original models, copies, ready-to-wears) attracted almost as much attention as the bride. She was not of the wedding party and Tom was best man, but she went out with him the following evening.

It was autumn, she had been away for a year. They dined at the Club and saw the great maples outside the windows.

"Come home," he said, "Lucy, I love you so much."

Her treacherous heart turned over. She shook her head.

"But, why? I could swear that you love me . . ."

"Perhaps, but not enough . . ."

"There's someone else . . .?" He shrugged his shoulders. "Someone you don't perhaps love at all but who is—more eligible?"

"No one." Her mouth narrowed to a thin, red line, and her small jaw set firmly. "It's no use, Tom."

"I'll come to New York, I'll camp on your doorstep——"

"Then I won't go in or out." She picked up her coffee cup and drank, looking at him. "You'll get over this, Tom." She thought, and I shall, too, if it kills me.

By the end of her second year he had got over it. He married Daphne's friend, Aggie, a nice girl, no longer plump, and Lucy did not attend the wedding. On the evening of Tom's wedding day, she had dinner with George Sims.

"You're very quiet, Lucy. I can't even interest you in the White Sale."

"I was thinking."

"Of anyone I know?"

"No." She set down her glass. She was a moderate drinker. "Just a man I know. He was married today."

George raised his eyebrows. "Not Old Dog Tray?" he asked incredulously. "The hometown guy every girl falls back on?"

She nodded. Her face was still, but her grey eyes bleak as a winter sea.

"You were in love with him?" he asked, and felt an extraordinary emotion, part triumph, part jealousy.

"I suppose so."

"But not enough?"

"No."

"How do you feel now, exactly?" he inquired.

It took her a moment to answer. Then she said, "Free."

He asked, curiously, "Why did you turn him down . . . for I assume that you did turn him down?"

"It wasn't what I wanted."

"What do you want?" he demanded.

She smiled a little. "Your job," she said softly. "To begin with——"

George whistled. He said, "Well, thanks for the warning . . . But, Lucy, why?"

She looked at him. He might laugh at her, but he would not

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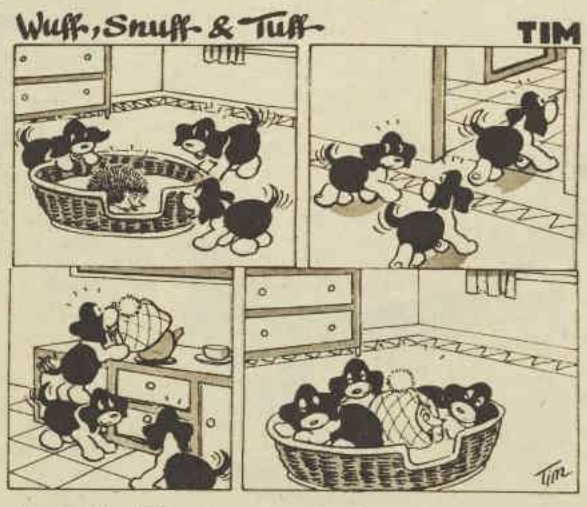
FOR THE CHILDREN



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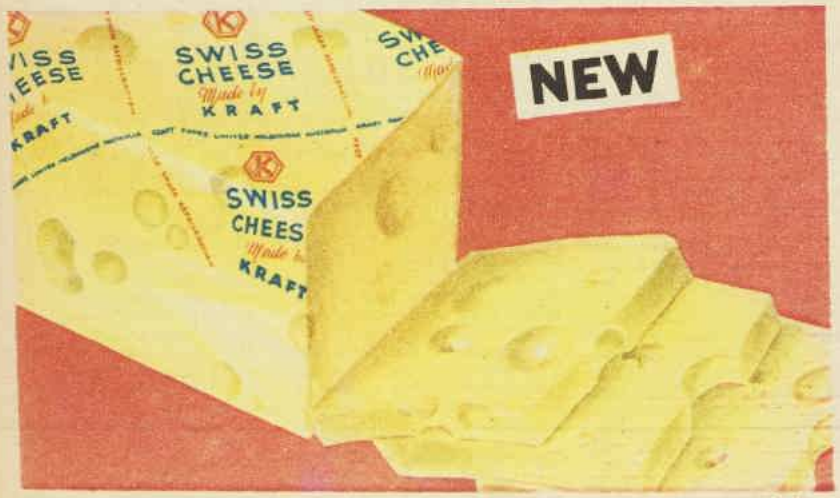
Now's the time to browse around the cheese display and refrigerated cabinets at your store. You'll find fine old-time cheeses with special eating delights . . . packaged cheeses for school and work lunches . . . cheeses for favourite cooked dishes and special occasions all made by Kraft.

Choose your favourites from this Kraft cheese tray — and make these two pages your guide to cheese flavours and varieties for all occasions.



Kraft Swiss Cheese: The best-known characteristics of Kraft Swiss are the "eyes" which develop naturally during maturing. Swiss cheese has a delicate, nut-like sweetish flavour. Slice it onto sandwiches or rye bread from a rindless chunk — enjoy it with drinks, on savoury biscuits. Swiss blends wonderfully with salads, too.

Coon Cheese: A fully matured cheese which your storekeeper cuts from rindless blocks. It is a fine old-time tasty cheese . . . slightly crumbly in texture and so satisfying. A delightful "after dinner" cheese — so tasty in sandwiches and on savoury biscuits. Great to nibble straight from the block, too.

CHEESE IS A WONDERFUL FOOD — AND

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Ounce for ounce no other basic food equals cheese for concentrated nourishment.

Cheeses made by Kraft are particularly valuable protein foods — and proteins are essential for sturdy growth in children and the replacement of body tissues and general strength in adults. Cheese gives you many other vital food elements, too — milk minerals, especially calcium and phosphates and Vitamins A, B_2 and D.

The chart on the right shows exactly what nourishment you get in cheese and how it compares with some other types of food you eat. It's convincing proof that cheese provides your family with real nutrition as well as eating enjoyment.

IMPORTANT NOTE: Your storekeeper may not have *all* these new cheeses made by Kraft right now — but he will have a selection of them to choose from. And every day increased supplies are becoming available.

WHY CHEESE IS A WONDERFUL FOOD

	Protein %	Calcium Milligrams per 100 grams	Vitamin A International Units per 100 grams
Cheese	23	720	780
Mashed Potatoes	1.5	12	Nil
Sirloin Beef	21	6	Nil
Bread	8	12	Nil

Compare! Cheese gives you more essential food values than potatoes, beef and bread — foods you eat daily. That's why cheese should be on every menu!

Monterey Cheese: Made for those who like a cheese with a mellow, well-balanced flavour, without too much bite. A favourite North American Cheese type, Monterey has a smooth texture and is popular for pre-dinner snacks and lunch sandwiches. Available from rindless 10-lb. blocks.

Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese: Creamy white, with a delicately fresh flavour, Philadelphia is made from whole milk with added cream. Try it on toast with sweet berry jams. Delicious spread on waffles, in salads and for making "philly" cakes, pies and cake frostings.

Kraft Bleu Cheese: A most distinctive type characterized by blue veins throughout the cheese — imparting to it a rich, piquant flavour. Bleu cheese is delicious with biscuits and salad "greens", on the buffet table and in salads and sandwiches.

Kraft Cheese Spreads: Bring variety into your sandwiches and savouries. Sweep on Kraft Spreads — Gorgonzola, Smokay, Danish Blue, Cheese Spread, Cream Cheese Spread and a non cheese variety — Sandwich Relish. All come in smart 5-oz. re-usable glasses.

Cheez Whiz: Different from any cheese food you've ever tasted — and you'll enjoy it in so many ways. Spread creamy-thick Kraft Cheez Whiz on biscuits, toast and rolls. Spoon onto hot vegetables. Heat Cheez Whiz for an elegant cheese sauce.

Cheese Portions: Perfect for lunch boxes — and always a hit at parties. Try giving portions in school lunches to the children who just won't take milk. Big variety — Cheddar, Velveeta, Old English, Cheese and Bacon, Gorgonzola, Caraway, Celery Cream and Gruyere.

Kraft Cheddar: Australia's most popular cheese for sandwiches, salads, grilling and cooked dishes. A favourite with the children and so good for them, too. Available in the blue 8-oz. packet, 1-oz. portions, the economical 2-lb. loaf, or sliced from the 5-lb. loaf.

Kraft Old English: Popular with those who like a packaged cheese with a stronger flavour. Made from fully matured cheese. Delightful for sandwiches, salads, cooked dishes, and grilled on toast. Choose the red 8-oz. packet and 1-oz. portions.

Kraft Velveeta: A mild-flavoured cheese food . . . made in a special way to retain the full nutriment value of milk. Velveeta spreads like butter, grills to perfection and melts into the smoothest sauce. Choose the yellow 8-oz. packet and 1-oz. portions.

KRAFT MAKES WONDERFUL CHEESES

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despise her. He would, she believed, understand. So she said, firmly: "I want to be somebody."

He didn't laugh. He nodded and asked, "With a great big capital S?"

"Yes."

"Now," he wondered aloud, "why, exactly?"

She said, after a moment, "I've never been, you know. Until I was twelve my father's mother was alive, and lived with us. She had a back like a steel rod, and a character to match. I was something of a show-off. She used to say, 'Aren't you somebody, today?' or, 'I suppose you think you're somebody.' Maybe that's when I got the idea that I could be, if I worked at it—let nothing stand in the way."

"By nothing, you mean Old Dog Tray?"

She did not answer; and after a while he said, "You frighten me, Lucy."

Leaving her at the Club, he asked, "How long will you stay at this girlish dump?"

"As long as it suits me . . ."

"Does the idea of living alone scare you? You can always set traps outside your door."

"I could take care of myself. But this way I save money."

He asked, lingering, "Still playing hard to get?"

"Not hard," she answered, smiling, "just—impossible."

He went away and thought with despair that he was really hooked this time . . . and to the last woman in the world, for him. You can't, it seemed, chart your course; there's always the submerged rock, or, he thought, further, the iceberg.

Continuing . . . .

Lucy cultivated the acquaintances to whom George had introduced her. She did not like many. Most of the women were attractive, knowledgeable, and hard. She made a mental note. However hard you were, at the core, never let it show on the surface. Sometimes she went with one or the other of these women to a very fashionable restaurant for lunch; after a time head-waiters knew her when she went alone. It cost money and was worth it.

She sat at a small side table and watched the women at the other tables: she looked at their clothes, their make-up, and hair styles — she listened to their light voices and their accents; she observed their manner, and manners if any, and their jewels. Some day she would be entrusted with French Shop copy . . .

By the time she was next in importance to George Sims and was writing that copy, appealing with a sort of quiet elegance to women who could still afford to wear a frock perhaps only three times, she moved from the Club to a small walk-up flat. It was not especially attractive, but she had privacy, her own bath, a kitchenette, and a good address.

"You could ask me up," George suggested, "and cook dinner for me with your own little hands."

"I could, but I won't," said Lucy.

Wayward Heart

from page 49

"You're afraid of yourself!"

"Very flattering to you," she said, "but how wrong can you get?"

"You've come quite a way," he reflected. "You're getting to be somebody in this business."

"Still without the capital S," she reminded him.

"That will follow. Would you like to be somebody else? For instance . . ." he cleared his throat, "Mrs. George Sims . . .? It's years ahead of my schedule, but ——"

They were alone in the office; they had been working together, the secretaries had gone home. Lucy rose and walked to the windows which overlooked the town. She stood there with her back to him. She heard him rise and cross over and she felt his urgent hand on her shoulder. He said, "Well, Lucy?"

She turned. "Thank you, George, but no."

"Why?"

"I'm not in love with you."

"Is that the only reason? I know it would be for most women, but I believe you have one which is more important to you," he said.

"It's not what I want."

"This is a big town, Lucy. An ocean of a town. The big ships leave a wide wake. Yet, only a ripple."

He put his arms about her and kissed her. He said, "You don't need anyone, of course, except as a ladder rung. Is it nothing to you to be needed? It's what most women want, I suppose."

She said, moving away, "I'm not most women."

. . . . . .

When George Sims accepted the offer which took him to San Francisco, Lucy became assistant to Mr. Hunt. They got along very well. He said, "You've also done the major part of Sims' work for some time, Miss Colsten. I wonder how he'll get along on the Coast?"

"Very well, I should think."

He looked at her sharply. He said, "If Sims had stayed with us he would have had my job, when I retire or a coronary catches up with me."

"Yes."

"Even though he was not wholly reliable," said her superior, "You, I believe, are."

So it was settled without further discussion . . . Some day Lucy would head the great store's advertising. She didn't have to stop there. There were other, higher, executive positions. She was quite aware that Mr. Garth had, as he himself put it, watched her work and progress with great interest. He told her so. He would go on watching.

. . . . . .

At the end of ten years in New York, Lucy Colsten was head of advertising; it wasn't coronary which had retired Mr. Hunt, but an automobile accident. Now she was established in a somewhat larger apartment with elevator service. She had a few women friends in the store and out, none very close, all agreeable; and a number of men found her enormously attractive. Some were married, some had been; and several desired to marry Miss Colsten.

All in all her life was pleasant and successful. She was well known in her particular circle and liked. Even the women admitted she was never feline.

She did not return to Highport on her holidays; instead, her mother came to her at Christmas and Easter and during the summer. Summers, they went to one or another of the resorts, seaside or mountain.

One year they flew to England and spent the time touring. Another they went on a South American cruise. Everywhere they went they had the best and considerable attention — the beautiful, successful Miss Colsten and her mother.

Last summer Miss Colsten was thirty-three, very young for so responsible a position. Her mother came to be with her and they drove to the Adirondacks in Lucy's car.

"Aren't you tired of it?" her mother asked her one night.

"Of what?"

"Everything. New York, for instance."

"I'll never be tired of it," she replied astonished. "After all, I'm just at the beginning."

"I suppose, Lucy, you have had opportunities to marry. Why don't you, before it's too late?"

"But it's not what I want, now," said Lucy mildly.

Her mother said, "But if you come to want it in ten years or fifteen?"

Lucy rose and sat down at the dressing-table. She said, "I have a good life, mother, and am answerable to none. I like my work. I do as I please. I save my money."

She did. She wasn't extravagant. During the holidays she spent money freely to make the time happy for her mother. She, for some years, also had sent her an allowance, increasing it as often as she could.

"Tom and Agatha are very happy," her mother said. "Yet, I don't believe he ever got over you, Lucy. He settled for second best. But she suits him. The children are healthy and sweet. They have a good life, too."

"Of course," said Lucy. She turned, smiling. "Don't be sentimental," she added. "He did get over me, which is as it should be."

"I think you were in love with him," her mother said, "however, against your will. Did you get over him?"

"Years ago," Lucy said cheerfully.

. . . . . .

That autumn she went home. Her mother had died in her sleep. It was Mrs. Davis who called Lucy. "Stay with us," she urged, "don't stay in the house alone."

Mr. Davis had seen to everything by the time Lucy got there. She would not, however, stay with her old friends. After the simple services she went back to the house, which she would sell. There were a few things she would ship to New York, she thought, wandering around rooms as empty and desolate as herself.

The Davis' came that evening and their son and his wife were with them. Lucy regarded Agatha in some astonishment. She would never be a pretty woman, and yet she was quite lovely. Tom had put on weight, which became him. He was, as she had always known him, considerate and quiet, but with his special twinkle.

On the afternoon of her departure she was leaving Mr. Warren's office when she met Agatha Davis. And Agatha said, "Let's have tea, Lucy . . . at the 'Sweet Shop.'"

They were across the street from the old place which was so much a part of Lucy's childhood and growing up. She hesitated and then said, "All right, Aggie . . ."

The owner, Mr. Sweet, was at the counter. He said, "Well, Lucy Colsten. Haven't seen you in years, till the service." He sighed. "This town will sure miss your mother," he told her, "seems like she was the heart and soul of it. Never too busy or tired to lend a hand." He shook his white head.

"When my wife was dying," he went on, "Mamie came every night for weeks and sat with her. Wasn't much she could do, except make her comfortable. But that way the girls got some sleep. We couldn't get a day nurse with all the flu around. So the girls took daytimes and Mamie nights. She was a wonderful woman," he said with respect. "She was somebody."

Lucy nodded. Her throat was tight.

After a while he wandered away and the little shop was almost empty. Agatha looked at Lucy with admiration. She said, "I don't suppose you'll be coming home again."

"I expect not, Aggie."

"Everyone's proud of you up here," said Agatha. "We brag about you a lot. One of the local girls who made good, like Mollie Evans in the movies and Kate Downes, who wrote that best-seller last year — honestly, Lucy, it shocked me, but Tom only laughed. He said not to judge Katy by it, she was just frustrated and took it out writing things down that, well, she hadn't experienced but wished she had. Then of course we brag about Daphne's Jim . . . he's young to be a judge . . . And do you remember Rita Lawson?"

"Rita? I knew a Thelma Dawson. Who's Rita?"

"I guess she was just a little thing when you went away. She's tweny now . . . she has the most wonderful voice. The Civic Club's interested in her; they pay for her training, sent her to New York. She's been on radio several times and just a little while ago got a part in a musical comedy . . . it hasn't opened yet . . . It's called 'Look for a Star' . . . quite a few people are going down for the opening. Tom was talking about it just the other day."

"If you come, you must have dinner with me," said Lucy.

"We'd just love to. Mother Davis will take the kids. I do wish you had time to see the house and the infants, Lucy." Her face was bright with love. Then she said, "You know, for a while I hated you."

Lucy made no pretence at astonishment. She said, "That was over long ago, Aggie."

"The third time I came to visit Daphne you were leaving Highport. We had to wait for Tom to say goodbye to you. I was crazy about him even then. He wouldn't look at me, of course. And for a long time after that all I heard about was you . . . I used to envy you terribly. You were starting a career, and you had Tom, too. Or could have . . ."

Lucy said gently, "That was boy-and-girl stuff, Aggie."

"Not to Tom. He told me, you see. Oh, a long time before he asked me to marry him. I don't think he was in love with me when we were married. During our engagement, well, I was in two minds. One was, I'd marry him and love him enough for both of us; and the other, I couldn't, and I shouldn't. But I did."

She leaned back smiling. She said softly and colored a little: "He's in love with me now, Lucy." Her eyes were clear and proud and unafraid.

"Why, of course," said Lucy a little wearily.

"You don't understand. I — well, I have no illusions about myself. I'm not especially pretty, although I'm better looking than I used to be . . . I even managed to get down to a size fourteen, from a twenty. I'm a fair housekeeper and as good a mother as I know how to be. I'm certainly not clever. But as far as Tom's concerned I'm a paragon. I hope he never finds out." Her eyes were mischievous now.

"I don't intend that he shall. You see, I suppose it's just because he knows I love him so much. It makes him feel important . . ."

"As if he were somebody," said Lucy, and Aggie looked at her not understanding.

"Well, of course he is," she said energetically. Then she laughed. "Oh, I see what you mean," she went on. "Somebody with a capital S . . ."

"That's it," said Lucy gravely. "Not just — anybody."

"But everyone," said Aggie, beckoning Mr. Sweet, saying as Lucy picked up her handbag, "no, this is my treat, Lucy — everyone is, to someone else, no matter who they are. Everyone who's lucky, that is."

That night Lucy lay awake in the sleeper compartment and remembered the upper berth in which she had travelled, going to New York. She listened to the train wheels. She tried to think of practical things. Mr. Warren would handle all the legal affairs. He was her mother's executor. He would keep in touch with her. She need not come back again, ever . . .

They were proud of her in Highport, and of all their boys and girls who had become successful elsewhere.

She switched on the lights and rose. She looked in the mirror, bracing herself against the motion of the train. She looked old tonight; it was natural; she was tired and emotionally worn out. The last tie had been cut.

She put her hands on both sides of her face and lifted the muscles. She thought, I'm beginning to look — hard.

After a while she went back to bed. The wheels revolved and spoke in a harsh, ascending rhythm.

Somebody, said the wheels, somebody, SOMEBODY . . .

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"I buy my Talcum Powder wisely! do you?

says DIANA ANDREWS, leading Australian Model.

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MITCHAM LAVENDER
TALCUM POWDER
A liberal dusting after your bath or shower makes the skin cool, dry and satin-smooth.
PREVENTS CHAFING
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POTTER & MOORE, LONDON & MELBOURNE

"When buying Talcum Powder I look for a talc that ensures day-long daintiness — a talc with a fresh, clean fragrance, and the new economy size gives more value for my money than ever before. That's why I choose

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the talc that contains ANOBIAL, a deodorant additive that ensures day-long daintiness."

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NEW LIFT FOR JADED NERVES!

Can you honestly say that you've never felt better? Have you the joy and vitality of life within you — or are you missing the precious boon of abundant health?

WINCARNIS is a staunch friend to the convalescent! Whether your trouble be physical weakness after illness or sheer nerves and overworry, WINCARNIS does wonders for you. Nothing else so quickly, so pleasantly helps you across the gap that separates "being ill" from "feeling well". You get restored energy and zest, and new strength from the very first glass. There is no secret about Wincarnis! This amazing energy builder and restorative, that puts new blood in your veins, is a wonderful tonic that has benefited thousands.

It is a delicious full bodied wine, with a measured dose of Glycerophosphates, fortified with vital beef and malt extracts. A stimulating, heartening tonic. A good drink and wonderfully good for you. Start taking Wincarnis right away—you will be delighted with your new found health and strength. Remember, WINCARNIS makes you fit and keeps you fit.

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Enjoy quick, lasting relief from pain and discomfort of Haemorrhoids (Piles). Trouble-causing locally distended veins quickly respond to treatment. ManZan promptly eases pain, soothes irritation and tones up swollen congested parts. Get ManZan now for lasting relief.

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With special nozzle applicator 4/- a tube at Chemists everywhere.

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CHOOSE "MISS LUX" 1956

and win a trip for two to FIJI!

The winners of the "Miss Lux" Contest will fly to Fiji by Pan American's luxury "President" service on the double-decked Super "Strato" Clipper. They'll spend two enchanting weeks in this tropical paradise, meeting the friendly Fijians, seeing the wonders of the islands.

WINNERS FLYING PAN AMERICAN FOR FORTNIGHT'S LUXURY HOLIDAY

Here's the most wonderful chance to win a trip for two to Fiji! It's so easy anyone can enter—all you have to do is to select the girl you think will be chosen by a panel of judges as "Miss Lux 1956", and say in not more than 15 additional words why you chose her.

Levers' Talent Scout has been all round Australia, looking for entrants for the "Miss Lux 1956" Quest, and the lovely girls shown here have been selected as the eight finalists. Soon the one chosen by the judges as "Miss Lux" will be flying to Hollywood where she'll meet some of the stars who, like herself, use Lux Toilet Soap. They know it's so mild, so gentle.

See if your choice agrees with the judges' — if it does, you may be the lucky person who, with a companion, is going to spend two glorious care-free weeks in Fiji! So send in your entry now!

CAROLE McMAUGH, N.S.W.

BERYS MARSHALL, QLD.

FLEUR WILLIAMS, W.A.

ELISABETH GEE, N.S.W.

BARBARA BEAUMONT, N.S.W.

BARBARA DORE, VIC.

JEANETTE DUNPHY, VIC.

ROSEMARY BUTLER, S.A.

RULES OF ENTRY

1 Contestants may send in as many entries as they wish (use entry form shown or copy the entry form on a sheet of plain paper) but each entry must be accompanied by a Lux Toilet Soap wrapper*.

2 The prize will be awarded to the entrant who chooses "Miss Lux 1956" correctly, and who, in the judges' opinions, writes the best fifteen words on the reason for their choice. Sincerity and aptness of thought will be taken into consideration in judging.

3 The decision of the judges is final and no correspondence will be entered into.

4 The winner will be announced on Australia's Amateur Hour on 15th November, 1956.

* Wrappers are not required from residents of any State where the enclosure of such wrappers would contravene the law of that State.

PURE WHITE LUX TOILET SOAP
USED BY 9 OUT OF EVERY 10 FILM STARS

"MISS LUX" CONTEST ENTRY FORM

This contest closes on 31st October, 1956, and entries must be post-marked not later than midnight on this date.

Complete the following sentence in not more than fifteen additional words.
I select as the winner of the "Miss Lux" Quest, from the photographs shown, Miss _____

because _____

_____

_____

Fill in your name and address below in block letters.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ STATE _____

POST ENTRIES TO "MISS LUX" CONTEST, SYDNEY.

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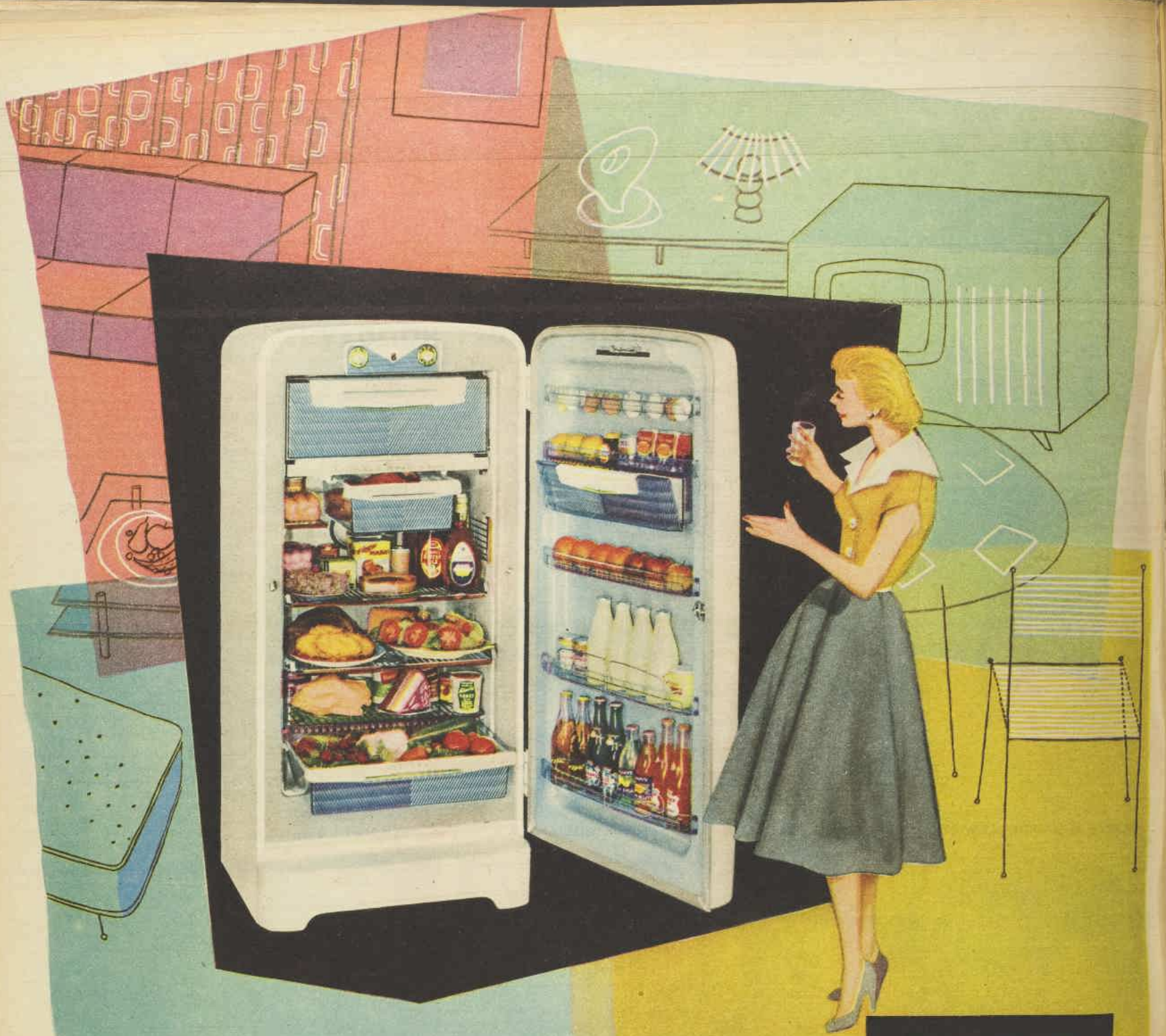

if you like your living modern . . .

you'll love CROSLEY with Color-Glo

The trend is to beauty with a purpose, that is why to-day's choice is CROSLEY. Never were there such fashion-right interior tonings—to thrill you every time you open the door. There's a colour combination to suit every taste, to complement every Kitchen setting. Appreciate, too, the generous storage space in the famous Shelvador . . . the convenience of carefree power-defrosting . . . the full-width freezer and full-width crisper . . . glide-out shelves for easy food selection.
See CROSLEY, the refrigerator that is "planned for modern living" and you will definitely . . .

SET YOUR ♥ ON A

CROSLEY *Shelvador*

A quality product of the James N. Kirby Organisation.

Only CROSLEY offers you the amazing WATER CHILLER, the exclusive feature that allows you to serve cool drinks without opening the door. The Water Chiller is an optional extra with *all* CROSLEY Shelvadors.

8 cu. ft. models from £158'10'- 10 cu. ft. models from £182'10'- —at CROSLEY Dealers throughout Australia.

Prices slightly higher in Country Areas, W.A. and Tas.

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HOW TO BEAT RHEUMATISM

If you suffer from rheumatism here is good advice. Immediately you get up in the morning, make your bed. If you don't, moisture begins to condense on the warm bedclothes which become damp and a damp bed is bad for you. Next, keep warm always. If you work hard, wear wool or flannel next to your skin to absorb perspiration and prevent chills.

No matter how hot conditions are, you can get chilled quickly when you stop work, especially in a wind. So pull on woollens or flannels while you are still warm.

To get warm quickly in bed, wear socks if necessary, lie on your back with legs straight, so that spine, lungs and heart get the quickest warmth. Rub and exercise painful muscles and joints. Don't let them grow stiff through too little movement. Take your daily dose of Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOIDS to give you your quota of "trace elements" and to liberate nascent oxygen to assist your kidneys to exercise their purifying effect.

Get MENTHOIDS from your chemist or store for 12/6 or 7/6 and get relief from rheumatism for only three pence a day. Save half-a-crown by buying the 12/6 ECONOMY SIZE flask of MENTHOIDS.

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

NEW FORMULA

Safe, sure, soothing for baby!

Baby troubled with teeth? then NEW-FORMULA Steedman's Powders will bring safe, sure, swift relief! Made to a revised prescription in line with modern medical trends, Steedman's Powders restore regularity to baby's system when upset, feverish or constipated.

New STEEDMANS POWDERS Available Everywhere

R197

FLATTERING Superfine SURGICAL NYLONS

Hide • Control Relieve VARICOSE VEINS

Scholl 2-WAY STRETCH NYLON SURGICAL HOSIERY

Superfine for YOU'D NEVER KNOW appearance

At last — a lightweight superfine Nylon stocking that provides 100% correct surgical tension, scientifically accurate support, greatest comfort and relief. Can't be detected under ordinary stockings. Moulds the leg to a lovelier line. Light, cool, feather-soft, ladder-proof, fits smoothly without a wrinkle. All fittings from Chemists, Surgical Suppliers, Stores, Scholl Depots.

Also Scholl 2-WAY STRETCH ELASTIC YARN SURGICAL HOSIERY

Continuing . . . .

The Third Angel

from page 9

said, "Would you like to go right down to the shore and look?"

"Yes, but I have a suggestion to make first," Mr. Moody said. "There used to be a restaurant down there on the beach. Built on piles? Over the water?"

"If you mean Julie Bierwirth's place, it's still there. Why?"

"Does he still make those great butterfly shrimp?"

"With fried eggplant, yes."

"Mrs. Moody would never forgive me if I came back from Swindon without having had some of those shrimp," Mr. Moody said. "Couldn't we stop there for some lunch, Mrs. Gendron, before we start looking at shore properties?"

"Of course," Margaret said. She had the sudden feeling that the whole morning had been camouflage, that Mr. Marcus Moody had intended from the moment he stepped off the train, indeed from the moment he had called her on the phone yesterday, to do no more than mark time until he thought the moment was ripe for suggesting lunch at Julie Bierwirth's. "It's almost one o'clock now," Margaret said. "And I'm quite hungry."

You had to be hungry to eat at Julie Bierwirth's. He served a surprisingly large amount of food for an even more surprisingly small sum of money, and unless the customer finished every drop set before him Julie's feelings were hurt. Julie was somewhere in his middle forties and why he chose to live in Swindon, and run a beach restaurant, was something of a puzzle.

"It's not exactly what you'd call the ideal habitat for him," Roger used to say. "And the way I understand it from Sal Crudini, he doesn't really have to work for a living."

The things people got to understand from Sal Crudini were usually accurate enough, so long as they dealt with money. Before long, Margaret learned from Sal's son Art, the paying teller at the bank, that a famous firm of San Francisco lawyers deposited a large cheque every three months to the credit of Julie Bierwirth's account in the Swindon Bank and Trust Company.

The story went that these cheques were the proceeds from a trust fund that had been set up for Julie by his mother, a member of one of San Francisco's oldest and wealthiest families, who had given birth to Julie out of wedlock and in secret as a result of a fiery love affair with a member of the Spanish royal family. The only substantiation for this romantic fable was Julie himself.

He didn't exactly go around telling people about it, but he kept a large picture of King Alfonso on the wall of his restaurant. When he had nothing to do, Julie would stand near the picture, which was hung at just the right height to bring Julie's flesh-and-blood profile parallel with that of His Painted Majesty. Seen thus, side by side, there was a distinct resemblance. Even Mr. Marcus Moody was struck by it.

"You know," he said in a low voice, "my wife says he's descended from the Spanish royal family, and I must say, if you look——" Mr. Moody nodded towards the picture on the wall and whispered, "Look!"

Margaret returned the nod. She had been looking ever since she and Mr. Moody had come in the door. It would have been difficult to do otherwise, since the restaurant was empty, except for the proprietor, and Julie was posed in the same direction as that of King Alfonso, pretending he had not heard the door open and shut.

"Hi, Julie," Margaret said. "Are we too late for lunch, or too early?"

Julie Bierwirth whipped around, giving a fairly good imitation of a man who has been startled, and then he smiled with pleased recognition.

"You are never too late, Mrs. Gendron," he said, "Nor can you ever be too early." He came forward, and took Margaret's hand, and bowed. "Where would you like to sit?"

"Anv place, Julie. I suppose the porch is too cold?"

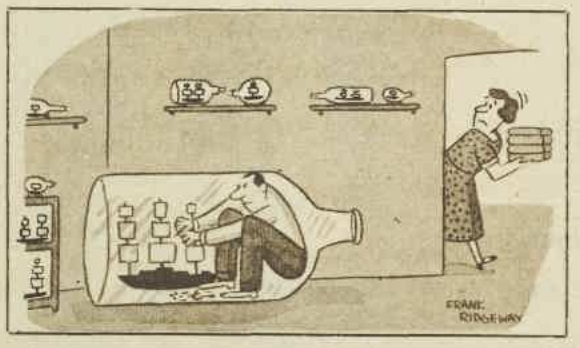
"Not necessarily, Mrs. Gendron. Why don't you two go out and take a look while I go in and speak to the chef, and if you feel you'd like to eat out there, why, we'll just set up a table for you."

The porch was the part of the restaurant that was built out on piles over the receding grade of the beach, and, at high tide, over the water. It had been one of Roger's favorite spots in Swindon.

"What are you thinking about?"

Margaret turned, startled. For a moment, standing at the rail and staring out across the Sound towards Long Island, she had forgotten all about Mr. Moody.

"Why," she said, and then, after a moment of hesitation,



"my husband. He used to like this place."

"Used to?"

"He was killed in the war," Margaret said shortly. "I think perhaps we'd better eat inside. It does seem a little chilly out here."

"Just a moment."

The sound of Mr. Moody's voice caused her to turn back. He was staring down the beach towards Kirkbean.

"I beg your pardon?" Margaret said.

Mr. Moody nodded towards the large stone house on the small island that was connected to the Swindon shore by a short causeway.

"That house," Mr. Moody said. "Whose is it?"

"Mrs. Headland's," Margaret said. "Her family has owned Kirkbean for a long, long time. She's a Cranmer, Mary Cranmer. Anyway, she was before she married Admiral Headland."

"Headland?" Mr. Moody said through a small, puzzled frown. "Don't I know that name?"

"If you've summered in Swindon, as you say, I should think you couldn't help but know it."

"Are you questioning my veracity?"

Staring at the fat man from New York who had just snapped at her, Margaret wondered what was the matter with Mr. Moody. He no longer looked sweet and kind and spongy. He looked angry, and, yes, Margaret guessed that was the word, brutal.

"Of course not," she said slowly. "It's just that Admiral Fulton Stephen Headland is a pretty famous man. That's what we like to think here in Swindon, anyway. He led the assault on Minitayo, you know. He——"

"Oh!"

It was the conventional syllable uttered by a man who is supplied with a simple fact he feels he should have known, but somehow, falling from Mr. Moody's lips, it did not sound conventional. It reminded Margaret of her sudden belief, when Mr. Moody had unexpectedly announced his interest in shore properties, that the three-hour tour of properties on the other side of the Post Road had been just so much camouflage.

"I see you do recognise the name, Mr. Moody."

"In a general sort of way, yes. I'm not much on admirals and military figures or anything like that. I'm just a New York lawyer looking for a place in the country. What did you call it? The house?"

"Kirkbean."

"Family name, I suppose? Headland's family?"

"Oh, no," Margaret said. "It's the name of the small town in Scotland where John Paul Jones was born." The look on Mr. Moody's face made her smile. He was trying so hard to appear interested. Then Margaret realised that he no longer looked brutal, and she wondered what had caused the change.

"The house, the whole island," she said, "I don't think it ever had a name all the time the Cranmers owned it. In the old maps and records down at the town hall, it's just identified as the Cranmer place. After Mary Cranmer married Admiral Headland, that was, oh, about thirty years ago, I guess, and of course he wasn't an admiral then, but anyway, some time after they were married, when the Cranmer men were all gone, I think, and he was the only man in the family, he named the place Kirkbean because John Paul Jones had always been the admiral's hero, even when he was a small boy."

"Is the house for sale?"

Margaret looked at Mr. Moody in astonishment. "What did you say?"

"The house," Mr. Moody said. "This Kirkbean. Is it for sale?"

Margaret felt as though she had been punched.

"I don't know," she said. "Why?"

"It looks like just about the size thing I had in mind," Mr. Moody said. "Get the dope on it for me will you?"

He had turned away, towards the door leading into the restaurant. Margaret caught his arm. She was finding it a little difficult to breathe.

"Look," she said. "Are you serious?"

Mr. Moody was smiling again.

"What makes you think I'm not?"

"Why, I don't know, but it's, well, it's . . ." Margaret, in her confusion, nodded down the beach towards the small island. "It's a pretty big house, and I gathered, from what you've been saying all morning, Mr. Moody, I gathered that there's only you and Mrs. Moody. Two people."

"Headland's dead, isn't he?" Mr. Moody said. "That mean's there are only two people living in the house now, doesn't it?"

Margaret wondered how he knew that.

"Yes, I suppose so," she said. "No, I mean of course, yes. There's just Mrs. Headland and her daughter. But—"

"But what?"

"A property like that, it's never been on the market, Mr. Moody. There's no way of knowing what Mrs. Headland would want for it."

"There's a way to find out," Mr. Moody said. "Ask."

"Or if she's even interested in selling."

"Mrs. Gendron, a good real estate broker ought to be able to arouse her interest."

Margaret's face grew hot. She was handling this very badly. There was no reason why, just because she was completelv flabbergasted, she had to let Mr. Moody know it.

"The price won't be small," she said in a voice that she hoped sounded more calm. "It may run to—"

"I don't expect it to be small," Mr. Moody said.

"Suppose the figure is outrageous?"

"What do you call outrageous?"

"I don't know, Mr. Moody, but suppose Mrs. Headland should ask a couple of hundred thousand dollars? Or a quarter of a million? Or—?"

"If I consider that an outrage, Mrs. Gendron, I'll let you know."

The door behind them opened.

"Shrimp ready in a minute," Julie Bierwirth said. "Before you start eating, wouldn't you care for a bit of something liquid to take the autumn chill out of one's bones?"

"Not me, thanks," Mr. Moody said. "I never touch it. In fact," he said with sudden decision, and he thrust his wrist up into the air for a clear glance at his watch. "I think I'm going to have to skip the shrimp, too." He turned to Margaret. "There's a one-nineteen back to New York, isn't there?"

"Why, yes, I think so," she said awkwardly. "But aren't we going to—?"

"Afraid I can't," Mr. Moody said through his relentless smile. "One thing to take a few hours off to look for a house, but you try explaining to Digby, Tuttle, and Yavner about waiting around for butterfly shrimp on an ordinary working Thursday." Mr. Moody shook his head. "No, I'm sorry, Mrs. Gendron," he said, and he took her arm firmly. "You just drop me at the station in time to catch that one-nineteen back to New York, will you?"

"Oh, now, but wait!" Julie Bierwirth called petulantly. "What about those butterfly shrimp I've got on the fire?"

"Here," Mr. Moody said as the door opened. "Feed them to these two hungry youngsters."

Margaret, staring at the open door, thought she was going to be sick. Facing her on the threshold were Susan and Ben Inch. They looked startled. Before anybody could speak, Mr. Moody had hauled Margaret through the door.

"Let's get going," he said. "I don't want to miss that train."

He didn't, but it was close. Margaret ran with him from the car door to the moving train steps. She walked along on the platform while he got a firm grip on the guard rail and then turned to look down on her.

"Now, don't forget what I told you," Mr. Marcus Moody said. "I want all the dope on that Headland house, and if Mrs. Headland has any hesitations about selling, I want you to convince her. That clear?"

"Yes," Margaret said. "Very."

"Anything else you want to know, any questions come up, you just call me collect in New York. Any time. I'm serious

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[ADVERTISEMENT]

A BEAUTY HINT

By MARGARET MERRIL

Your skin, like delicate plants that thrive in cold countries, is not really fitted for the drier, hotter climate of Australia, but a little daily trick can give you a complexion like the women of the colder regions, without wrinkle worries and with a healthy pink clarity.

All you do is bathe your face in ice water twice a day for one minute at a time, in the morning and again at night when you have removed your make-up. This is a simple but wondrous skin tonic. Keep a special bottle in the fridge for your cold complexion water and bathe on with a face-cloth.

An important thing to remember is to protect your skin from the climate between whiles so that the good of the ice tonic is not undone.

After each ice tonic bath anoint your skin with a tissue protector. If you can get OIL OF ULAN this is best. It is the nearest substance to skin tissue itself. It does not interfere with make-up and keeps the complexion young. The only trouble is the expense and difficulty in obtaining supplies, but perhaps you could persuade your chemist to secure a small supply for you.

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NIGHT SCENT. These perennial wallflowers (Cheiranthus allioni) give off a stronger scent at night than during the day. The flowers are orange-brown on opening, but later turn purple to violet

Night fragrance

Warm summer nights will soon be here, when people can sit outdoors on the patio or in the garden, so gardeners now should consider growing the shrubs and other plants that are sweetly scented after sundown.

MANY varieties of plants are more highly scented at night than in the day. They are well worth growing because they will add greatly to the enjoyment to be obtained from the garden.

One of these plants is Cestrum nocturnum, which, as its name denotes, flowers at night. It fills the air with a strong but pleasant perfume that lasts until the sun rises, when the tiny, greenish-white blooms in clusters quickly close.

Many years ago most gardens grew nicotiana (flowering tobacco plant), a tall, sticky, creamy-colored flower that filled the air with scent all night. But the plant was found to be host to a disease that also affected commercial tobacco in this country.

Now this variety is banned, but the seed of the common commercial tobacco plant can be obtained. This has a purplish flower which gives off a delightful perfume at night.

The strongly perfumed magnolia fuscata, or port-wine magnolia, is a shrub with a small, rather insignificant flower. They make up for lack of size by their splendid night perfume.

Native daphne (pittosporum undulatum) has one of the finest night perfumes. This rather small tree, which rarely grows more than 20ft. high, may spread 30 or more feet across when mature. The flowers are small, cream, and borne in clusters, and in spring they scent the air with the finest perfume imaginable all night.

The snow-white, immaculate philadelphus, which is often wrongly called syringa (the botanical name for lilac), is another that often scents the air more during the night than in the day. The finest of this family is probably P. virginal, which bears large, semi-double blooms of the utmost fragrance.

Night-scented stocks, sold under the name of mathiola, and the dwarf Virginian stocks are both noted for their clover-like night perfume.

Neither is good for cutting, the blooms being mostly small and single, but they can hold their own against the tall, columnar Nice and Brompton stocks when perfume is required.

They can be sown now in massed beds under your bedroom window, through which the perfume will later be wafted at night. Neither species will stand transplanting. Sow the seed where the plants are to remain.

GARDENING

Sweet Williams, Sweet Wivelfields, and many others of the dianthus clan, most carnations, all of the pinks, especially Mrs. Sinkins (double and pure white), all give a delighftul scent after the sun goes down. They can be planted now.

Night-scented shrubs worth a trial include azara, buddleias, choisya, calycanthus, chimonanthus fragrans, daphnes, genista fragrans, Spanish broom, hamamelis mollis, osmanthus, skimmia, japonica fragrans, and most lilacs.

Other flowers with a night perfume are heliotropium (cherry pie), sweet peas, lupins, mignonette, and everlasting sweet peas (lathyrus), but the strength of their perfume depends greatly on weather and climate.

Biennials and perennials that produce good fragrance both night and day include lily - of - the-valley, evening primroses, peonies, phlox, primulas, verbena, and violets.

Bulbs famed for night fragrance include paper-white narcissi, most hyacinths, liliums of many kinds, and muscari. The liliums, auratum, regale, sulphureum, speciosum rubrum, November lily, and many others give off their best scent at night, and may often be detected by it although growing some distance away.

Many old-fashioned roses give off a strong perfume at night. Some of the best of these are Betty Uprichard, Daily Mail Scented, Etoile de Hollande, General McArthur, George Dickson, Gloire de Dijon, Lady Hillingdon, La France, Mrs. Dunlop Best, Mrs. Foley Hobbs, Ophelia, Red Letter Day, Rose Arvensis, Rosa Canina, Rosa Moschata, Shot Silk, and Rayon d'Or.

Climbers such as jasmine, rhynchospermum jasminoides, hoya, honeysuckle, wistaria, many of the clematis, and gelsemium have especially lovely fragrance. These can all be planted now.

Many of the scented-foliage shrubs and plants, too, give off night perfume. These include the lemon-scented gum (eucalyptus citriodora), rosemary, lavenders of many kinds, and nearly all the herbs.

Of the herbs, basil, angelica, balm, camomile, many of the mints, rue, tansy, and especially the thymes scent the air for yards around during the evening.

Wallflowers are very generous with their evening scent, and the lovely purplish perennial type, known as Cheiranthus allioni, pictured above, is easily the best for cool districts and well-protected coastal gardens.

Dittany, or dictamnus fraxinella, as it is often called, is difficult to find today, but it gives off a strong, aromatic perfume after hot days. This long-lived perennial does not like interference, but will live for half a century or more in one place if left alone and the ground is not cultivated too close to the surface roots.

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YOU REALLY MUST HAVE ONE IN YOUR KITCHEN

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Continuing . . . .

The Third Angel

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about this Headland house. That clear?"

"Yes," Margaret said. "Very."

She knew it didn't sound right, but she couldn't think of anything else to say. Her mind was shuttling between the delicious agony of computing her commission on a sale the size of which she could not even begin to guess, and the remembered horror of seeing Susan and Ben Inch standing in Julie Bierwirth's doorway. Susan's arm had been in Ben's.

"Okay, then," Mr. Moody called as the train moved him away more rapidly. "I'll be waiting to hear from you, Mrs. Gendron." He pointed across her head. "That man seems to want you."

Margaret stopped trying to keep pace with the moving train. She turned. Earl Cullinan was leaning out of the door of the station office, beckoning to her with a short, nervous gesture.

"Annie Vroom called me a little while ago," he said. "Told me she thought you'd probably be showing up around the station in time to put someone on the one-nineteen to New York, and——"

"She did?" Margaret said, and then regretted the astonishment in her voice.

"Yeah, she did, and she wanted me to give you a message about lunch," Earl Cullinan said. "She'll be at the Cherry Stone at one-thirty, Annie said, and she wants you to meet her there. She said to tell you it's important."

. . . . . .

Susan was aware of Julie Bierwirth, hovering somewhere behind the table, undoubtedly straining to hear what they were talking about, but Susan didn't care. She knew she should be getting back to the Tots Emporium, because she'd been gone more than an hour already and the one thing about which Bella Oldhill could get really nasty was tardiness, but Susan didn't care about that, either. In fact, Susan didn't care about anything. She never did when she was with Ben.

All she wanted to do was sit there, in a sort of glowing lump, and soak up the wonderful feeling of peace, the freedom from panic, the sense of rest and relaxation that were part of being near him. That's all Susan wanted. As long as she had that, everything else would take care of itself. Somehow.

Even Ben himself. And what she was going to do about him.

Susan smiled.

"How much will you bet?"

"The last one of these."

Ben speared the lone butterfly shrimp from the serving-platter in the middle of the table and held it up. Susan suppressed a shudder. It looked like the pig they had dissected in Miss Imbrie's advanced biology class during their last year in Swindon High.

She wished Ben wouldn't do things like that at a restaurant table. It made her feel ashamed of him. It made her feel contemptuous of him. And she couldn't afford to feel ashamed of Ben or feel contempt for him. She needed him too much.

"No point in my betting, because I'd want to lose," Susan said. "I'm so full, one more of those things, and I'd come out at the seams."

Ben dropped the shrimp back on to the serving-platter, fork and all. The sudden clatter was shocking in the silent, almost empty room. Susan sat up straight. She felt, all at once, a little frightened.

"Ben," she said. "Ben, what's the matter?"

Before she could reply, Julie Bierwirth's head appeared over Ben's shoulder.

"Oh, dear!" he chirped. "Did something——?"

"You!" Ben said in disgust. His arm came up in a slow but powerful backward thrust that swept the fussy little man away from the table. "Go on back to posing against that picture of the King of Spain and leave us alone."

"Don't you talk to me like that, Benjamin Inch! Or I will——"

Ben twisted in his chair.

"Aah, shut up!"

Julie did. With the promptness and finality of the completely intimidated. Ben turned back and then he saw the look on Susan's face, and he leaned forward across the serving-platter, resting the weight of his torso on his elbows. "What's the matter, baby?"

"That's just what I asked you," Susan said. "Before you started on Julie."

His eyes narrowed. Her heart skipped a beat. She shouldn't do this. She mustn't allow even the faintest hint of criticism to enter her voice. He must never know how she despised him. If he knew he might go away. And if he went away, what would she do?"

"You weren't listening to me," he said.

"What were you saying?"

"We're in trouble, baby," Ben Inch said. "That's what I was saying."

"Trouble?" Susan said. She thought of her mornings, the nameless terror with which she had been waking up for months, and she thought of how she felt now, and all at once she wanted to laugh. Trouble. Ben didn't know what the word meant. So she did laugh.

"Why?" she said. "Because you left your crew and came down in the truck to pick me up for lunch? Suppose Bella does get peeved because I'm out so long? Who cares? Suppose your uncle does find out you took a couple of hours off? Who cares?"

"Your old lady."

The laughter fled from Susan's face. She could feel it going.

"Mother?"

"Unless it was Gypsy Rose Lee just walked out of that door behind you a little while ago with that fat guy in the derby, yeah, your mother."

Ben poked the last fried shrimp on the platter with his forefinger. Susan's stomach turned slightly. Mother was right. He was a—what was the word she'd used?—a lout. He was—Susan closed her eyes and shook her head. She couldn't afford to think about his manners, or the way he talked, or the things he did. They didn't matter. All that mattered was what, with his presence, by his mere existence, he could do for her.

"These things were ordered up for your old lady and that guy she was with," Ben said. "They were about to have themselves a lunch. They see you and me come in, they turn around without even saying hello to her own daughter, they turn around, the both of them, and they scram. You want to ask me again who cares?"

"I don't know what you're driving at."

"No?" Ben said. He hunched himself a little closer across the table. "The last six or eight weeks, since I met you that Saturday in Bella Oldhill's when I come in to break the twenty, we been seeing a lot of each other. Two, three times a week. Maybe more."

"Perhaps it's too much," Susan said coldly, feeling the despair rising suddenly in her heart, like the mercury in a thermometer that has been thrust into hot water. "Perhaps you'd rather——"

"When I think it's too much and when I'd rather," Ben said dryly, "I'll let you know. Right now, the only thing I'd rather, I want you to listen. This is a small town. Anything happens at one end in the morning, everybody knows about it over the other end by lunchtime. Anybody in this town doesn't know about you and me must have been some place else the last couple months, but nobody's yet said anything about it to us."

"You're wrong."

"Huh?"

"My mother said a good deal," Susan said. "This morning. In the car. On the way to work."

"What she say?"

"Do I have to tell you?"

THEY looked at each other for a long moment. She held her breath. She was trapped, and glad of it, but she hated him for the power he had over her and he must not see the hatred.

"No, I guess not," he said finally. "Just tell me what you said to her."

"I told her to mind her own business."

"She won't."

Susan could feel her own eyes narrowing.

"What can she do?"

"Only one thing that matters."

"What's that?"

"Separate us."

It was as though the thermometer had been plunged back into the cooling liquid of normalcy. The despair in her heart began to drop. Susan laughed. Not very hard. Without much joy. But it was still laughter. The tone of his voice had told her: he was trapped just as surely as she was.

"I'd like to see her try it," Susan said.

"I wouldn't," Ben said. "I don't think you know much about your own mother."

"You know more?"

"Nothing special," Ben said. "Nothing I can put my finger on. It's just a feeling I have. From what I've seen."

"What have you seen?"

"The look in her eyes a little while ago when she saw us come in here." Ben Inch shook his head. "That's a tough dame you got for a mother, baby," he said. "Only one other person in the world I ever saw with a look like that around the eye and that's my Uncle Cecil. I got me a hunch your old lady and my Uncle Cecil they got a lot in common."

"And what they've got in common," Susan said, "it's got you scared?"

Ben's face went white. His eyes blinked twice, very slowly. He thrust his weight up from the table, even more slowly.

"Scared?" he said. "Of what?"

That I might leave you, Susan wanted to say. Just as I'm scared that you might leave me. Maybe even more scared, she thought with sudden triumph. But she didn't say it. She would save the knowledge. As a sort of anchor to windward. For some time when she might have to use it for protection.

"Of my mother?" she said instead. "Of your uncle? Of what they might be able to do to us?"

"I never used the word scared," Ben Inch said. "All I said. I said up to now nobody's bothered to do anything about us. They been letting it ride. Probably figuring it'll ride itself out."

The despair in her heart, lurking like a treacherous animal waiting its chance to attack, took a sharp leap upward. Then she remembered her anchor to windward. She still needed him. But she no longer had to suffer from the despairing fear that he might leave her. He was trapped, too.

"You think this thing will ride itself out?"

Ben Inch shook his head.

"Never," he said. "Not for me."

The despair oozed away, leaving behind a small, delicious bruise.

"Not for me," Susan said.

She could afford to be generous. To tell the lie he wanted to hear. She was not alone in her bondage.

"Maybe they're beginning to see that," Ben said. "Maybe that's the meaning of the look I saw in your mother's eye. That the time has come for them to stop hoping it'll ride itself out and do something about it."

He paused, and he reached over the serving-platter, and he rubbed his fist slowly across the back of Susan's outstretched hand until the knuckles began to burn. She wanted to laugh. "What a joke! He was caught worse than she was!"

"We'd better get our overshoes out of the closet," Ben Inch said quietly. "There's trouble coming up, baby."

. . . . . .

There were three kinds of public eating-places in the Swindon area. The names of the most expensive all ended with the word "Inn."

The least expensive eating-places were the hot-dog waggons, the bars with grills that actually grilled, and the soda fountain in Tierney's Drug Store.

In between these two extremes there was a whole group of medium-priced restaurants, about which it was difficult to generalise because the reasons why a man or woman went to them were always specific but were rarely ever the same.

Margaret's last visit to the Cherry Stone, for example, had represented a painful compromise. In late summer, when the long uneasiness about her relationship with Susan had suddenly assumed the proportions of a major worry, Margaret had decided that a family party might help. It hadn't.

Not only because Margaret had been unable to afford the Ridgefield Inn, and so she had taken Susan and David to dinner at the Cherry Stone, but mainly because May Cullinan had waited on their table and Susan, in an obvious effort to annoy her mother, had insisted on carrying on all through the meal a chatty, friendly animated conversation with May about their last day together in Swindon High.

Since even David knew that May had not been allowed to graduate, it had been necessary several times to shut him up in the middle of a long, high-pitched question about the reason why May had not received her diploma.

The evening that had been designed to cement the family's friable relationship in an atmosphere of warmth and goodwill had ended as a nightmare from which Margaret had never quite recovered.

Even now, as she pulled the car into the parking place at the north side of the restaurant, she could feel a twinge of the shock that had been part of that first realisation that Susan hated her enough to humiliate her in public.

Margaret wished that Annie Vroom had chosen some other restaurant for this luncheon meeting. No. That wasn't quite

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Adam and Eve

● Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

EXCITEDLY I broke the news to a friend that I had just won £5 in a lottery, and said, "If it had been five shillings more!"

"Why five shillings?" she wanted to know.

I explained that I had seen a chair for five guineas and would like to buy it. "But I expect I'll strain a point and get it."

"Well, my dear," she exclaimed, "why ever did you spend the five shillings on the ticket? You'd have had it just right."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. Badkin, Mt. Direction, East Tamar, Tas.

JUST LIKE A MAN

MY husband had been away from home for the first time since our marriage on a fortnight's business trip.

I spent the last two days of his absence poring over my recipe books for an extra-special menu for his welcome-home dinner. No meal was more carefully planned or prepared.

At its conclusion my husband was aware by the presence of the best cloth, crockery, cutlery, candle-light, and four courses that some comment was due. Leaning back in his chair, he said:

"It's good to be back to home cooking after all those fancy hotel meals!"

£2/2/- awarded to "Chef," Penshurst, N.S.W.

Send your entries to "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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true. It wasn't the whole truth, anyway. Walking across the parking lot to the side door, Margaret knew that what she really wished was that she were doing well enough to be able to afford to turn down Annie's invitation.

For that's what it was: an invitation. It had to be, even though the message Earl Cullinan had given her at the station had not covered the subject of who was going to pay the bill.

The Cherry Stone was definitely not cheap. Clam chowder alone, as Margaret recalled, had cost fifty-five cents, and the lowest priced a la carte dish had been broiled halibut at a dollar sixty-five. That had been in the summer.

Annie Vroom, who might be a trifle loud and crude, was neither stupid nor malicious. She would never have asked Margaret to join her for a Yankee shout lunch at those prices. The fact that she had chosen the Cherry Stone, therefore, automatically converted the message Annie had left with Earl Cullinan into an invitation. Just as automatically it converted the merely puzzling question of what Annie Vroom wanted to see her about into the uneasy suspicion that what Annie Vroom wanted to see Margaret Gendron about was probably worth a good deal more to the hostess than to her guest.

"Over here, Margaret my girl!"

Turning towards Annie's shouted greeting, Margaret saw that "over here" was a maple rowboat in the far corner of a room that might have been designed as the set for a comic-opera version of Dante's "Inferno."

In the old days, which to Margaret meant the year she and Roger had moved to Swindon, the Cherry Stone had been an old Colonial farmhouse that had been converted into a sea-food restaurant with the help of several tons of steamed clams, lobsters, and Grand Rapids furniture. After the 1946 fire, in which almost all the house except the kitchen had been destroyed, the property had been acquired by Ezio Crudini, perhaps the most interesting representative of that large and talented family.

Ezio had rebuilt the place in the form of a ship, and the booths in the main dining-room were shaped like rowboats. Annie Vroom, seated amidships in her maple vessel, seemed in imminent danger of capsizing.

"Hi," Margaret said. "Am I late?"

"No," Annie said. "Just got here myself. If you can do it without rocking the boat, sit down. What a way to furnish a restaurant." Annie swept her shoulder purse, looseleaf notebook, box of face tissues, and gloves under the gunwale, moved a foot or so aft, and patted the cleared space. "Put it there," she said. "For ballast."

Pleased with her own joke, Annie released a bellow of laughter, and polished off the last of a double martini in a single gulp, olive and all.

"Thanks," Margaret said, sitting down. "Earl said you wanted to see me about something important."

"That's right," Annie said, and she began to hammer the maple deck with the bottom of her glass. There were more genteel ways to attract the attention of a waiter. Few, however, were more effective.

Margaret turned and smiled at the waitress in sailor pants and a middy blouse who had appeared off the port bow. "Hello, May."

"Hello, Mrs. Gendron," May Callinan said with a short nod, and then, in a cool voice, "What are you banging for, Miss Vroom?"

"Rum, me hearty!" Annie roared. "Except that I mean another one of these." She thrust the martini glass at May Cullinan and said, "How about you, Margaret my girl?"

"Thanks, no. Not in the middle of the day."

"We left the middle behind an hour and a half ago. It's one-thirty, Margaret my girl. May, bring us two of these."

"Okay, Miss Vroom."

She turned and walked away, moving across the empty room towards the bar with a sort of hesitant strut, as though she wanted to show these two women that she didn't give a hoot what they thought of her and yet, at the same time, she was haunted by the uneasy thought that perhaps, for some reason not quite clear to her, she did care.

Margaret dragged her glance from May Cullinan's retreating figure.

"Why did you lie to me this morning in the bank?" Annie said, "giving me that banana oil about you got a date with Howard Aronson?"

"Because you're so nosy," Margaret said. "I don't see any reason why I shouldn't be able to go down to the train to meet someone without having to report to you first."

May Cullinan appeared off the starboard bow and set down two martinis.

"Would you like to order now?"

"I don't know," Annie said. "You?"

"Yes, I would," Margaret said. "I'm hungry, and I've got to meet David at school in——" she glanced at her watch, "well, at three o'clock."

"You still running that pickup and delivery service?" Annie said. "Can't he walk home from school?"

"He's not going home," Margaret said. "He's going up to Matlock Hill with Chuck Steer to do something about the Pioneering merit badge."

"Isn't he an Eagle yet?"

"No, but he's getting close, and if I hurt his chances by not delivering him at the Steer house after school, Denham Pusey will never speak to me again."

"Would you like to order now, please?"

"Uh, yes," Margaret said, taking the menu May held out. "Thanks." A quick glance revealed the fact that prices had indeed gone up. Broiled halibut now cost a dollar eighty-five. But it was still the lowest-priced entree on the menu, so Margaret said, "Broiled halibut, please."

Annie Vroom looked up from her own menu.

"You really want that?"

"Yes," Margaret said. "Why?"

"It sounds so dull."

"I happen to like broiled halibut."

"You must," Annie said, and she shook her head to indicate her despair for some members of the human species. "Me, May, I'll have a lobster. How about something first, Margaret?"

"No, thanks, nothing."

"Go on, have some clams or something. You're my guest, you know."

Well, that settled that.

"Thanks, Annie, but I still don't want anything to start. Just the broiled halibut."

"Me, May, the clam chowder and some cherry stones first. Okay?"

"Yes, ma'am."

May finished writing it down, took back the menus, and went away. Annie picked up her glass, touched it to the rim of Margaret's glass, and disposed of half her martini. Margaret took a more leisurely sip.

"Susan," Annie said without warning. "How does she like it working for Bella?"

"Very much," Margaret said carefully.

"You kidding?"

"Why should I kid about a thing like that?"

"Because that place, Margaret, is no place for a girl like Susan. And also," Annie Vroom added, "In case you don't know it, everybody in town is talking about her and Ben Inch, and if nobody else is willing to open their faces and tell you about it, well, Annie Vroom doesn't mind opening her face. You'd better do something about that, Margaret my girl."

"What would you do with her?"

"I'd send her to college," Annie said, "where she belongs."

Annie finished her drink and set the glass down with a thump that rocked the boat. Before Margaret could say a word, she went on, "Margaret my girl, what were you doing meeting Marcus Moody this morning?"

"You know him?"

As soon as the words were uttered Margaret regretted them. She could hear the astonishment in her own voice clanging through the empty restaurant like an echo.

"Not personally, but Eric does," Annie said. "No, wait. Eric doesn't know him personally, either. But he knows about him and what he looks like."

"Oh," Margaret said. "I see." What she saw was Eric Household climbing down that morning from the 9.42 behind Marcus Moody and following the New York lawyer up the platform towards her. "What was Eric doing on the nine forty-two from New York this morning?" Margaret said.

May Cullinan kicked her way through the swinging door from the kitchen and started tacking across the room with a large aluminium tray.

"Let's stick to Mr. Marcus Moody," Annie said. "He's the reason I'm buying you that halibut. About Eric, he was on the nine forty-two this morning because he spent the night in New York. Some convention thing. Bed-spring manufacturers. He just happened to be on the train is all I mean, and the minute he saw Marcus Moody getting off at Swindon, right away Eric recognised him and started to wonder, and when he told me who it was you picked up and drove away with, I got to wondering, too. I want to know what Moody was doing here in Swindon this morning."

"Why should I tell you?"

"Because you know, whatever it is, I can help."

The incontrovertible truth of the simple statement drove the anger from Margaret's mind as abruptly as the thump with which May Cullinan set down the tray on the deck of the adjacent rowboat.

"Sorry," May said. "Guess I didn't have such a good grip on that." She giggled uncertainly. It suddenly occurred to Margaret that the thin-lipped, tight-faced girl was afraid of them. "The clams for you, Miss Vroom?"

Annie nodded. May set down the clams. She went back to the tray for the halibut and set the plate in front of Margaret. The thin girl stood there for a moment, twisting a napkin in both hands, surveying the deck of the maple rowboat. She was obviously checking to see that she had not forgotten anything that properly belonged on the table, but the intensity of her expression seemed to convert the twisting movements of her hands into a gesture of supplication.

Then she turned, picked up the tray, and went back into the kitchen.

"What's she scared about?" Margaret said.

"You and your look of overpowering respectability," Annie said. "Are you going to tell me about Marcus Moody or aren't you?"

Margaret hesitated. Why had she come here? Why had she accepted Annie's invitation?

"Just for a plate of halibut, no," Margaret said finally. She knew why she had come and she resented the knowledge: she was a little scared of Mr. Marcus Moody. "But I'm willing to swap."

Annie waved her fork in a gesture of acceptance and plunged it into a clam.

"Okay with me, Margaret my girl."

"I'll tell you what Mr. Moody was doing here in Swindon this morning if you tell me who he is."

The clam stopped in mid-air. Annie Vroom's large face seemed to expand as her eyes spread wide.

"Margaret, are you kidding?"

"I promised to swap, didn't I?"

"No, I mean about who Moody is. You really don't know?"

"Not what you and Eric seem to know."

"I thought everybody knew

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Continuing . . . . The Third Angel

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that'" Annie pulled the clam from the fork with her large, powerful, snow-white teeth and chewed vigorously for a moment. "Marcus Moody is the legal brains, the business manager, the sort of all-round-behind-the-scenes-Man - Friday for Patterson Osler."

Margaret stopped peeling away with her fork the crusty rim of paprika-spattered skin from her slab of halibut.

"The columnist?" she said. Annie Vroom, engaged with another clam, nodded. Margaret said, "The one who writes that column on politics and stuff in all the papers all over the country?"

"And the world," Annie Vroom said. "Eric says Osler is now the widest syndicated columnist in the world."

"But I thought he lived in New York?" Margaret said. "And had a big ranch or something out in California?"

Annie stopped chewing her clam. Her eyes, always bright and shrewd, were suddenly delighted as well.

"You mean Moody was out here trying to buy a place for Patterson Osler?"

"I didn't say that," Margaret said. "I just asked if it wasn't true that Patterson Osler owned —"

"Of course it's true," Annie Vroom said impatiently. "He's also got a camp up in the Adirondacks and a beautiful home down in Greenwich. Eric has seen it. So the fact that he sends Marcus Moody out here to Swindon to buy more property is interesting, and that's what I want to get to the bottom of."

"Mr. Moody didn't say he was buying anything for Patterson Osler. All he said —"

"Yes?"

Margaret hesitated again. All at once the things Mr. Moody had said did not make much sense. From the very beginning Margaret had suspected that Mr. Moody was up to something. She still did not know what his game was, but Margaret could now see one thing quite clearly: the way Mr. Moody had chosen to play it was not very flattering to her.

Right from the start, when he had picked up the phone yesterday to make his surprising phone call from New York, Kirkbean had been Mr. Moody's objective. Margaret was certain of that. It had been important to him, however, not to say so at the time. And then when he had finally met Margaret this morning on the Swindon station platform Mr. Moody had apparently decided it was still important to him not to admit at once that Kirkbean was his objective.

Why? Because of what Annie Vroom had called Margaret's look of overpowering respectability?. Or because Mr. Moody, a man of large affairs and undoubtedly shrewd judgments, had decided at a glance that Margaret was enough of a fool to be fooled by his transparent attempts at camouflage?

"Yes?" Annie Vroom said again. "What did Mr. Marcus Moody say?"

Margaret looked at the huge woman who had given her a job when things had seemed desperate in 1945, had taught her most of what Margaret still knew about the business in which she had earned a living for the Gendron family since 1945, and about whom Margaret had never been able to straighten out her feelings. Things were still desperate. More desperate, as a matter of fact, than ever. But suddenly Margaret knew all there was to know about her feelings for Annie Vroom: she was jealous of the younger woman!

Her jealousy was not based on the fact that Annie was more successful. Or the fact that Annie was afraid of nobody. Or even the fact that Annie was younger. No. Margaret Gendron was jealous of Annie Vroom because Annie was smarter.

"Remember what I said about a swap," Margaret said.

If Annie Vroom was smarter, then Margaret's own first step towards wisdom would be to get Annie Vroom on her side.

"It still applies," Annie said. "Good," Margaret said. "I'll tell you what Marcus Moody said to me if you tell me why you want to know."

"Fair enough," Annie said. "This Patterson Osler, from everything I hear, is a curious guy. Aside from being rich and powerful, I mean. Nobody ever knows what he's up to until what he's been up to hits like dynamite in his column all over the country.

"Whatever Osler is up to now is obviously going to hit Swindon or his man Moody wouldn't be coming out here on early morning trains. Even more obviously, it's got something to do with real estate or Moody wouldn't be coming to see you. The rest you can figure out for yourself: anything that's big enough to interest Patterson Osler, any thing that affects Swindon, and anything that involves real estate is something Annie Vroom wants to be cut in on."

"Why should I cut you in?"

"Because half of something is better than all of nothing," Annie said. "You let me handle this thing with you and we'll both make ourselves a coal scuttle full of dough. You try to handle this by yourself, Margaret my girl, and you'll make yourself, in round figures, exactly zero.

"You're a nice person, Margaret my girl," Annie said, "and maybe you're even a good enough real estate broker, but when it comes to big stuff you haven't got the nerve."

"You have, of course."

"Precisely," Annie Vroom said. "I know pretty much all the properties that change hands in this town and who collects the commissions for changing them, and I haven't noticed that many of those commissions have been coming your way lately. Maybe you've got yourself an oil well in the backyard up there on Linscott Lane, but if so, you're not peddling much of the stuff to paying customers, because this morning when I ran into you at the bank I couldn't help noticing that the balance in your cheque book was only eighty-six dollars and thirty-eight cents. This is not what is called a princely sum, Margaret my girl."

Annie Vroom's voice dropped.

"It certainly isn't large enough to pay the college tuition that will get Susan away from certain influences in this town, if you know what I mean, Margaret my girl, and I think you do." Annie's teeth closed around a clam. "This deal is too big for you," she said. "Without me you'll muff it," Annie Vroom said. "Get wise, cut me in, and watch us grow rich."

The temptation to say yes, to accept at once, was almost overpowering. Almost, but not quite. Margaret sensed that this was a major decision. And she made no major decision without consulting her husband, Roger.

"I'll tell you what," she said. "I've got to get over to the school now to pick up David, so I'd rather not decide hastily." Margaret folded the small spinnaker that Ezio Crudini called a napkin and she clambered out of the maple rowboat. "Let me think it over until tomorrow," Margaret said. "I'll let you know in the morning."

The football squad was out on the field at the north side of the school when Margaret turned the car up the horseshoe driveway. She saw David and Chuck Steer waiting on the front steps of the main building. They were holding several tall wooden poles as well as their school books and they were alternately watching for Margaret and stealing glances at the football squad. Following their glances, Margaret could see Mr. DeCourcey.

Mr. DeCourcey, who coached baseball and basketball as well as football, was considered by the Swindon Board of Education to be the biggest bargain in high school principals in the entire State of Connecticut.

He was highly regarded and extremely popular. In fact, with the exception of May Cullinan and her father, Earl, Margaret could think of only one person in Swindon who would not hurry across the street to exchange a cheery word with the handsome educator. That person was Margaret herself.

She had nothing against Mr. DeCourcey. She was merely afraid of him: Armand DeCourcey, then a captain in the Marine Corps, was one of the few men who had hit the beach at Minitayo in the first assault wave and had come home alive.

"Don't worry, he'll never shoot that blonde who leaves her dressing-room blinds up."

Home had been Chicago until 1946, when Mr. DeCourcey had taken the job as principal of Swindon High. The mere sight of him was enough to make Margaret's knees begin to buckle. She always wanted to turn and run. She was scared that, if she ever stood face to face with Mr. DeCourcey, she would begin asking questions about Roger.

There was very little likelihood that Mr. DeCourcey could have answered these questions, because there was very little likelihood that Captain DeCourcey had known Margaret's husband. Roger had gone to his death wearing the modest stripes of a T/4.

Nevertheless, as long as the likelihood did exist, no matter how small, it was still large enough to make Margaret live in terror of its shadow. She wanted no details about the manner of Roger's dying. She wanted to remember only the way he had lived.

"I couldn't chat with a dead man," she said aloud. "Even if I knew from a reliable eye-witness like Mr. DeCourcey, let's say, that you'd died a hero."

As the car drew her closer to David and Chuck Steer on the front steps of the school, Margaret hit the horn button lightly to ease their obvious impatience, but she continued talking to Roger as though he were alive.

"But I can chat with you, the way I'm doing now, any time I choose, and I'd rather be able to do that than have a bunch of medals in a drawer, or even a statue down on the Common, to remind me constantly that I was talking to myself."

Pulling the car up in front of her son and his friend, Margaret Gendron said quietly to the man who lay buried in a mixture of coral and sand half a world away, "I want you to think over this whole Patterson Osler and Marcus Moody thing very carefully, Roger. From every angle, I mean, including Annie Vroom's as well as mine, because it's got me worried, Roger, and tonight, when I get to bed, I'm going to want to talk to you about it. I want to get your advice on what you think I should do, Roger, because I promised Annie I'd give her my answer in the morning, so give this the full treatment, please."

The car stopped. David clawed at the handle of the front door and was halfway through a sentence of complaint before he had the door open.

"—waiting since three o'clock when you know darn well, Ma, cripes. I told you Chuck and I—"

"It is now exactly seven minutes after three, David, and it certainly takes you a couple of minutes to get dressed and come down from your classroom, which means you've been waiting four or five minutes at most, so kindly stop moaning and get in. Hello, Chuck. Want to sit up front or would you men rather get in the back?"

"Hi, Mrs. Gendron. Personally, I think we'd be better off in the back."

"All right," Margaret said. "If Chuck is going to get into the back, David, I guess you'd better, too."

"Aah, cripes, Ma, I—"

"All the time you spend arguing will come off the time you'll have to spend at Chuck's house, so suit yourself."

"This stuff will interfere with your mother's driving," Chuck Steer said firmly. "Come on into the back and stop wasting time."

"This stuff" was the tall wooden poles. Since David had become a Scout, Margaret had learned not to ask too many questions about the things he brought home, picked up, sent away for, or just carried around. Watching him and Chuck manoeuvre these long poles into the back of the car, however, Margaret noticed that they were more than simple poles. They were beautifully waxed and polished. Near the ends there seemed to be small copper medallions sunk into the wood. Swinging the car down the driveway to the Post Road, Margaret thought it safe to risk a question.

"Those poles," she said. "What are they?"

"They're not poles," David said. "They're staves."

"Those staves, Mrs. Gendron, are mementoes of the Third World Boy Scout Jamboree," Chuck Steer said. "Held at Birkenhead, England, in 1929."

"Really?" Margaret said. She would have defied Oscar Wilde to think of a more interesting retort. "Where did you get them?"

"From Miss Headland," Chuck said. "Miss Kate Headland."

Astonished, Margaret looked up into the mirror over the windshield. David was shaking his head.

"We didn't," he said. "Mr. Pusey did."

"How did he get them?"

"He—" David stopped, scowled, and looked at Chuck. "How did he?"

"These staves were given to Miss Kate Headland's father in 1929," Chuck said. "That's Admiral Headland, as you know, Mrs. Gendron." Margaret nodded, and Chuck continued in his slow, precise, methodical voice. "He was not an admiral then, of course, but he was in the U.S. Naval Attache's office in England and he played a part in the Jamboree, and these staves were given to him as mementoes of the occasion," Chuck said. "He sent them back to Kirkbean, which is the name of the Headland house down on that island off the Shore Road, as you know, Mrs. Gendron."

"Yes, I do," Margaret said. "But how did these staves get to you and David?"

"They been lying around the house with a lot of other junk," David said. "And Mr. Pusey heard about them, so he asked Miss Kate Headland if she could spare them for the troop."

"Because they're just the right size and weight for anybody building, without the use of nails, spikes, or wire, a bridge or derrick," Chuck recited, "capable of supporting two hundred pounds in weight, as we must do, David and I, to complete the requirements for the Pioneering merit badge."

"Miss Kate Headland said she certainly could spare them," David said. "And this morning she brought them over to the school and Mr. Pusey said we could take them up to Chuck's house to build our bridge."

"Oh," Margaret said.

"What did you say?" David said.

"Nothing," Margaret said.

But it wasn't nothing. It was very odd. Even on an ordinary day it would have been a little strange. Today, coming on top of Mr. Marcus Moody's visit, it was even a trifle disturbing. At the moment in the morning when Joe Crudini had stopped traffic on High Street to allow Kate Headland's station waggon to cut through, and Margaret had in an unconscious mutter called her a bitch, the daughter of the dead admiral had actually been on her way to Swindon High School with these staves for Chuck Steer and David. Any way you looked at it this was not the act of a bitch. A coincidence? Yes. A puzzler? Maybe.

"I wonder how Mr. Pusey knew those staves were lying around the Headland house," asked Margaret.

"He delivers stuff down there lots of times," David said. "Medicines and things, and he says it's kind of like a museum, all kinds of stuff lying around, and he saw these staves."

"Speaking of medicines," Margaret said, "I've been meaning to ask, Chuck, how is the chicken-pox up at your house?"

"Denise is scabbing nicely," the boy said. "But Corinne is still in the blistery state, and Clementina says she is fit to be tied."

Margaret didn't doubt it. Selwyn Hite Steer's second wife had been fit to be tied for a long time, but nobody had got around to doing it, and Margaret doubted that, if somebody did, it would improve Clementina's disposition. Margaret had never met Steer's first wife, whom he had divorced during the war, before he came to settle in Swindon, but since the union had produced a boy as pleasant, well-mannered, and sensible as Chuck, Margaret was inclined to think rather highly of his mother. It was difficult to know what to think about his stepmother.

The fact that Clementina was French and that Selwyn Hite Steer had met her while covering the Battle of the Bulge was widely considered in Swindon to explain a lot. Margaret was willing to concede that it did, but even these two somewhat unrelated facts did not explain why a visit to the Steer house, however brief, should fill her with the very special apprehensions Margaret had always identified with a visit to the dentist.

"Well, you give Clementina my love," Margaret said, shifting into second for the climb up Matlock Hill. "Tell her she has my sympathy, which won't do much for the twins' chicken-pox, but I don't recall that there's anything can be done about chicken-pox, anyway."

"But I thought you were going to stay until David and I finished building our bridge?" said Chuck.

"No, I'm afraid I can't," Margaret said. "I'll just have to drop David and run."

"Well, cripes, Ma, how am I going to get home for dinner?"

"Chuck's father will drop you," Margaret said. "Mr. Steer has to drive down to the Swindon Food Centre at five or a little later, he told me, and he said he'd take you along and drop you off at home."

"Well, cripes, Ma, that means—"

"It means let's have no more arguments," Margaret said patiently. "It was all arranged on the phone yesterday by me and Mr. Steer, and there isn't anything you can do to change it, so stop worrying about it and save all your energy for building your bridge."

She stopped the car in front of the Steer house. Checking swiftly, Margaret saw that the little red English sports car was in the garage alongside the big saloon. This meant that Selwyn and Clementina were both at home, which meant in turn that, if Margaret knew what was good for her, she would get out of here fast. She swung the car around in front of the garage and backed up hastily so that she was heading downhill again, all set for a swift getaway.

"Okay, men," she said. "Grab your equipment and scram. I've got to get going."

"Yes, ma'am," Chuck said. "Thanks for the lift, Mrs. Gendron."

"Sharles, ees thot you?"

Margaret's heart sank. Chuck had been christened Charles Augustus, because he had been born at a time when his father was writing a three-part article on Lindbergh, but these names were used only by his teachers and his stepmother.

"Yeah, it's me, Clementina," Chuck called. "Me and David."

"David, will you shake a leg and get out!" Margaret hissed. "I've got to—"

"Aah, cripes, Ma, I'm doing the best I can."

It was not good enough.

"Moggrit!"

Resignedly, Margaret turned back to the house. At the top of the steps, in the open doorway, stood Selwyn's wife.

She was wearing her green velvet wrapper, smoking a cigarette, and holding in her arms one of the four-year-old

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twins. She managed to look, as always, like a character out of a Toulouse-Lautrec poster who had decided to add a few gaudy finishing touches to her own portrait.

"Hello, Clementina. Which one is that?"

"Denise." She held up the child as though the little girl were a bucket she was emptying across a window-sill.

Watching David and Chuck out of the corner of her eye, Margaret saw that the boys had cleared the car door with their staves. "Well," she said as she reached across and pulled the door shut. "I guess I'll be on my way."

"Come opp a minute, Moggrit."

It was Clementina's regular opening gambit. The minute seldom proved shorter than an hour, and the hour was seldom filled with anything but Clementina's complaints about the hardness of her lot, the softness of her husband, the length of her patience, and the shortness of her life expectancy.

"I'm sorry, Clementina, but I can't," Margaret called. "I've got to get along."

She almost did, too. Unfortunately, just as she got the car rolling, the air was smashed by a hoarse, hopeless scream that would have done justice to Annie Vroom in a violent rage. Margaret's foot faltered. The car stalled.

"Oh, heavens!" Clementina cried. "Moggrit, help!"

Margaret got out of the car and ran up the steps. Clementina thrust the spotted Denise at her.

"What is it?" Margaret said as she shook the child. "Who ——?"

But Clementina had whirled around and was rushing away into the house.

"It's just Corinne, Mrs. Gendron." Margaret turned. Chuck Steer had stopped at the foot of the stone steps. "She always screams like that when she's sick," the boy said calmly. "It doesn't mean a thing." He shifted the polished staves into a more comfortable position on his shoulder.

He nodded and followed David around the corner of the studio wing. Margaret looked down at the child in her arms. Denise regarded her with suspicion.

Margaret stepped into the studio and set Denise on the hassock her father had brought from Corsica the year he had done his piece on legends about Napoleon. The little girl started to wail. "Stop that," Margaret said, but without much conviction. Denise must have sensed her indecision, because the intensity of the wail increased at once. "All right, all right, all right," Margaret said, snatching the child from the hassock. The wail stopped immediately. "There!" Margaret said. "That's better."

But it wasn't. She felt awkward and uncomfortable. Not only because it had been so many years since her own children had been small enough for her to hold them in her arms that she could not quite remember how to do it properly. The main reason was that Margaret always felt awkward and uncomfortable in the Steer studio wing. She suspected that Selwyn Hite Steer did, too.

A month after it had been completed, Selwyn had gone back to working on the card table in the room over the garage. Margaret didn't blame him. The large studio room was an almost malicious reflection of Selwyn Hite Steer's personality. She didn't know how a genius went about his work, but Margaret rather imagined that it was difficult to get much of it done while staring into a mocking mirror.

Steer was a nervous, worried, indecisive man whose success as a free-lance journalist was due entirely to his capacity for believing, during the days or weeks involved in the composition of each article, that he had found at last the solution to his troubled existence.

With the completion of each article, the convictions vanished.

What had not vanished were the materials that Selwyn Hite Steer accumulated during the formation of each conviction. These had been ranged around the studio as decorations by Clementina.

As a result, no matter where he turned, Selwyn Hite Steer could always find himself facing some tangible, and usually expensive, evidence of a past failure: the several thousand dollars' worth of unread books on Napoleon he had bought after he went to Corsica; the cameras he had bought in a fit of hysterical acquisition during the writing of his piece on Alfred Stieglitz; the aeroplane models in which he had invested heavily during the composition of the article on Lindbergh.

"The French are a funny race," Roger used to say vaguely, and Margaret guessed, as she looked around the room in which Selwyn Hite Steer found it impossible to work, that they sure were. "Or maybe little Clementina is just a funny representative of same," Margaret muttered as she looked around for a place on which to set the temporarily quiet Denise.

"Down," Denise said. "Put me down."

Putting the child down, Margaret noticed a copy of Selwyn's article on Krakatau. This reminded her of Clark Tegher, who had been worried that morning about the degree of heat Selwyn Hite Steer had stated in his article the volcano had developed just before it erupted. Margaret glanced at her watch. It was not quite three-thirty. If Clark had really been putting his back into it, he should be almost finished with the upstairs woodwork. A reminder wouldn't hurt.

Margaret crossed to the inlaid taboret Selwyn Hite Steer had brought back from North Africa the year he went over to do his piece on the Casbah and came home determined to embrace the Mohammedan faith. He had lost his interest in Mohammed to an article on the growth of ping-pong as a Hungarian national game. A copy of the Koran still rested on the taboret, at Clementina's insistence, but now a telephone rested on the Koran.

Margaret picked it up and dialled her home. Clark answered at once. This could mean that he was on his knees near the phone, scrubbing a baseboard, or on his spine in the chair beside the phone, reading the paper.

"Hello, Clark. This is——"

"I know who it is," Clark said. "Listen, Mrs. Gendron, your brother's been trying to reach you on the phone."

"My brother?"

"That's what I said. You got one named Arthur? Arthur Carver?"

"Yes, of course, but——"

"That's what he said, and he said also that he expects to see you tomorrow night. He'll be driving down, he thinks, along about——"

"Down? You mean up, don't you, Clark?"

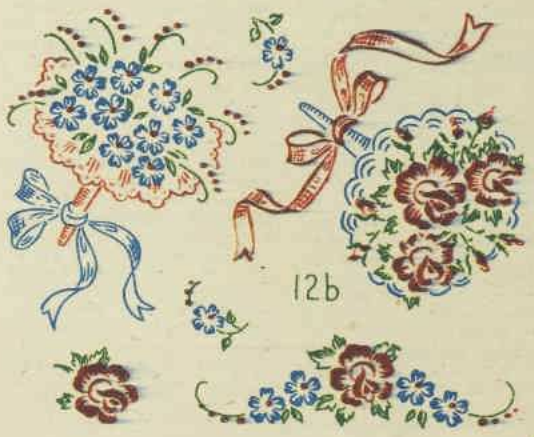
"He said down."

"Well, it doesn't matter. It's

To page 63

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Iron-on transfer



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just that my brother is in Washington and——"

"No, he ain't, Mrs. Gendron. He was calling from Wellfleet."

"Wellfleet. But that's up on the Cape!"

"I reckon that's why he said he'd be driving down."

"What on earth is Arthur doing up on the Cape at this time of year?"

"Well, now, Mrs. Gendron, when he comes to dinner tomorrow night you just ask him that."

"Oh," Margaret said. "Dinner."

"Well, he didn't exactly say dinner, but he said he'd be arriving about sevenish."

"Any other messages?"

"Annie Vroom called."

"What did Miss Vroom want?"

"She said if you reach your decision any earlier than tomorrow morning and you want to talk to her, just give her a ring, because she'll be home all night."

"All right, thanks, Clark. Anything else?"

"Not on the phone. You gonna be back in time to put me on that five o'clock bus?"

"Of course I will, and I've been to the bank and got your cash, so stop worrying."

"You stop worrying, too, Mrs. Gendron. I'll have all those baseboards finished today."

"Why, Clark, that's wonderful!"

"What's wonderful?"

Turning as she put down the phone, Margaret saw Selwyn Hite Steer in the doorway. He was a short, fat man with a gleaming pink scalp, who suffered from the fairly common delusion that it is possible to disregard the basic structure laid down by nature and get to look like an English duke merely by buying the clothes advertised in glossy magazines.

"Clark Tegher," Margaret said. "He's actually going to earn his twelve bucks today. How are you, Selwyn?"

"Terrible," he said, and he looked it. "That's the life to lead, believe me."

"What life?"

"Clark Tegher's."

"Cut it out, Selwyn."

"I'm serious," said Selwyn Hite Steer, and he was. "Clark doesn't have to worry about getting ideas or pleasing editors or making things up out of his head or anything."

Margaret started edging towards the door.

"Well, I just ran up to deliver the boys," she said. "Clementina had to run off to do something for Corinne, so she asked me to hold Denise for a minute, but now that you're here, Selwyn——"

With a skill so effortless and cunning that it was completely concealed beneath his lumpish, ambling, apparently planless stagger he managed to cut her off from the door.

"You mind doing me a favor?" Selwyn Hite Steer said abjectly, holding out the sheets of copy paper as though he were begging alms. "You mind just taking a glance at this stuff?"

Margaret took the sheets of copy paper. The typing was triple-spaced, with wide margins, and there were scrawled corrections in pencil on almost every line. It was a Steer first draft. Margaret had seen many of them. Under almost identical circumstances. They all looked alike. With a scowl that was intended to convey absorbed interest, she read:

IF YOU HAVE A THOUGHT, AND YOU WANT A PENNY FOR IT, DON'T GO TO UNCLE SAM — HE CAN'T AFFORD THE COPPER!

How the Traditional Market for Penny Candy Has Innocently Depleted the U.S. Government's Reserves of a Vital Metal.

By Selwyn Hite Steer

Continuing . . .

The Third Angel

from page 62

"The boy was young, terribly young, just a kid, really, with the look in his eyes that boys have had there since the beginning of time. The boy had a penny clutched in his hot little fist, and he was staring into the candy store showcase, his nose pressed to the glass, his heart in his eyes, his mind seething with the greatest question in a boy's world: "Which Would It Be?" The gum-drops which went for a cent a strip? The jelly-beans, of which he could have a whole cup?

"It was a momentous question indeed. More momentous than that boy with the shining eyes knew. He was unaware that, behind the locked doors of a secret room in the Pentagon in Washington, he was the subject of discussion among a group of worried men who guide the destinies of America's defence effort.

"Little did that boy know how troubled these men were by his passion for penny candy. For that boy with the shining eyes had depleted, unconsciously, of course, but still depleted, the copper reserves of the greatest nation in the world: the United States of America."

Margaret looked up. Selwyn Hite Steer was watching her with a look in his eyes that she had seen before only in the eyes of a cow waiting to be milked. With a nervous tug he loosened the yellow silk hunting-stock at his throat. He wet his lips with his tongue.

"Margaret," he said. "What do you think?"

Margaret drew a deep breath.

"Why, Selwyn," she said, "I think it's as good as anything you've ever done."

"Margaret, are you kidding?"

She knew what to say. She had been here before. Margaret said it firmly.

"If I am, if that isn't the absolute truth, then may I drop dead right here, this instant, in my tracks."

"I don't know," Steer said wretchedly. "To you, it's great. To me, it doesn't sing."

"I wasn't aware that editors expected your pieces to do that."

Selwyn Hite Steer looked as though, while he had been bending graciously over her hand to kiss it at a public function, Margaret had walloped him with her furled umbrella.

"A man who takes pride in his work doesn't do it to satisfy editors," he said coldly. "A man does it to satisfy himself."

Be charitable, Margaret thought. Play the game or you'll be here until Christmas.

"If you've been satisfied with any of your pieces that I've read in the past few years, Selwyn, I see no reason why you shouldn't be satisfied with that."

He looked at her suspiciously.

"You can't find anything wrong?"

Play the game, Margaret warned herself.

"Well, now let me think," she said, and she did. "There's this one thing, Selwyn," she said finally. "I don't think you can get six gum-drops for a penny. Or a whole cup of jelly-beans. Not any more, Selwyn. Not the way prices have been skyrocketing."

"See?" he said savagely. "All my life, all I've wanted, all I've prayed for is only one thing: an article I could do in my own backyard, a piece I could write without having to go off some place to do research. When they asked me to do this one," Steer snarled, and he crushed the sheets of copy paper into a ball, "I thought it had finally happened. Why not? Why shouldn't I think so? After all, what kind of research does a man have to do on penny candy? All he's got to do is remember how it was when he was a kid."

Steer sneered at his own work, glaring contemptuously at the wad of copy paper in his shaking hands.

"That's all he has to do," he rasped, and he added bitterly, "That's all he has to do to get it good and mucked up!"

The rage, the self-mockery, the bitterness fell away abruptly. Selwyn Hite Steer shrugged, and he sighed wearily, and he started to straighten the crumpled sheets of copy paper.

"Oh, well, I guess I better stop in at Tierney's when I take your David home and find out what gum-drops and jelly-beans are going for these days."

"Care to dance a return match?"

"Well, don't be discouraged," Margaret said, moving towards the door. "I'm sure you'll get an assignment some day that you'll be able to do right here in your own backyard."

"No," Steer said sadly. "Never again. Lightning doesn't strike twice."

"What do you mean?"

"Well," Steer said, "I was thinking of the piece I did on Kirkbean."

Margaret stopped moving towards the door.

"Kirkbean?"

"You know," Steer said. "The Headland place down there off Shore Road."

"I know the place, yes," Margaret said. "But I didn't know you'd ever done a piece on it."

Selwyn Hite Steer looked annoyed.

"Margaret, I thought everybody knew that piece," he said. "During the war it was. For 'House and Garden.' They called up right after Headland got promoted to full admiral and said how about doing a piece on his home, what the joint looks like and so on. Want to see it?" he said.

"Yes," Margaret said.

Steer spread a bound volume on the inlaid taboret, thumbed the pages for a while, and finally stopped.

"Here."

Margaret took the volume. It was open at a double-page-spread of photographs separated by a narrow column of type. Some of the photographs she recognised at once. They showed Swindon's High Street, Shore Road as it looked from a boat on the Sound, and an aerial view of Kirkbean, including the causeway and the sweep of pebbly beach as far north as Julie Bierwirth's restaurant. The bulk of the pictures were strange, however. To Margaret, at any rate. They were interiors. Her eye jumped swiftly from caption to caption and then paused:

"The entrance hall of Kirkbean is a striking chamber: part library, part museum, part living-room, part way-station in a household that evokes in the mind of the observer—even at first glance—the oddly mixed and contradictory impression of staggering complexity, hopeless confusion, and orderly discipline."

Margaret looked up at Selwyn Hite Steer. She was aware of a funny little feeling of excitement. It was as though she were staring at a stranger. Steer seemed to sense what was going through her mind. A small flush of pleasure crept across his fat, leaden face.

"Here's a good one," he said. "I asked the photographer to shoot head on, straight towards the fireplace, because I wanted to describe it from that angle. Here."

Following his pudgy finger, Margaret read the description:

"The fireplace is huge. The small grate, containing a handful of glowing coals, seems lost in its vastness. The wall to the left of the fireplace is lined, from floor to ceiling, with bookshelves and curio cabinets made of heavy, dark, stained oak. The shelves are crammed with old books in dark bindings; with collections of mounted birds; china; snuff boxes, humidors; and ship models; with displays of breast pins, medallions, and chronometers; with objects made of brass and gleaming wood that even a landlubber knows at once are nautical in nature. Admiral Headland is a great collector."

Margaret looked up again.

"Gosh, Selwyn," she said. "I never knew all this. I mean I never thought it was anything but just a great big barn of a stone house that nobody wanted to——"

Steer nodded eagerly.

"That's what I thought, too. Until I got inside. Here, look at this. It's the staircase. Here, read."

Margaret read:

"Facing the front door, at the far side of the room, a beautiful oak staircase rises in a graceful sweep to the upper floors. The archway sheltered by the bend of the staircase leads to the formal drawing-room, Admiral Headland's study, and his gun-room."

Margaret tried to keep her mind on the pages of the bound magazine. She couldn't. Her mind kept leaping back to Mr. Marcus Moody. Once again she could hear him saying, as the New York lawyer pointed across the railing of Julie Bierwirth's porch, "That house? What is it?" All at once, it occurred to Margaret Gendron that she didn't really know."

"This thing," Selwyn Hite Steer said. "It's John Paul Jones."

He was pointing to a close shot of a painting on the oak panelling under the bend of the stairway.

"This portrait shows John Paul Jones in the uniform he wore at the ceremonies in which the King of France invested him with knighthood in the Order of Merit. Kirkbean is named after the small Scottish town in which John Paul Jones was born."

Margaret made an attempt to turn the page.

"Selwyn, there's something I want to ask you."

"In a minute," Steer said, thrusting the page back. "First I want you to read this one."

He was pointing to the caption under a wide-angle shot that had been taken from what Margaret figured was probably the south wall. The picture included almost the entire room, and it conveyed clearly the feeling the photographer must have been trying to capture: a feeling of exciting complexity.

Margaret read:

"Perhaps because this is a room that eludes identification in a single word, but is a place that takes its identity from the multiple functions it so obviously serves—and perhaps because the decorations are of no particular period, but reflect the styles and interests of several periods and what appear to be a number of extremely contradictory people—perhaps for these reasons the entrance hall of Admiral Fulton Stephen Headland's home mirrors no single facet of an individual's, or even of a family's, character. The room does more than hold the eye. It captures the imagination. It trips the mental trigger of conjecture. The room has distinction."

So have you, Margaret thought as she lifted her glance from the printed words to the man who had written them. For the first time since she had known him, Margaret thought that Selwyn Hite Steer was something more than a silly man who wrote silly pieces that his silly wife derided. Margaret wondered what had caused the change.

"You know," she said, "I never knew we had a place like that in this town."

She had almost said: I never knew you could write anything like that.

"Neither did I," Selwyn Hite Steer said, and Margaret had the curious feeling that he was replying to her unspoken statement. "Until I got inside." He shook his head and sighed. "You ought to see it. It—it—it——" He couldn't seem to get the sentence started. "What was it you wanted to ask me, Margaret?"

"Kirkbean," she said. "Why would anybody want to buy a place like that?"

Steer looked at her in amazement. "You mean somebody actually wants to buy Kirkbean?"

"Yes."

"Who, for heaven's sake?"

"I'm afraid I'm not at liberty to say, Selwyn. Not yet, anyway."

"Well, I'm at liberty to say that you and your client are wasting your time."

"How come?"

"Admiral Headland's widow."

"What about her?"

"She'll never sell."

"How do you know?"

Selwyn Hite Steer opened his mouth, then closed it. His silly face did not look silly as he stroked his gleaming scalp and stared thoughtfully at the wall of books about Napoleon that he had never read.

"I don't," he said, finally. "I don't know at all."

"But you sounded as though you did," Margaret said. "When you said she wouldn't sell, you sounded positive." Margaret hesitated. "As though you knew something."

Selwyn Hite Steer shook his head slowly.

"I don't know anything," he said. "But I feel something."

"What?"

"I can't quite explain. You'll feel it, too, I think, if you meet her. You'll just know it in your bones, Margaret. Mrs. Headland will never sell that place."

To be continued

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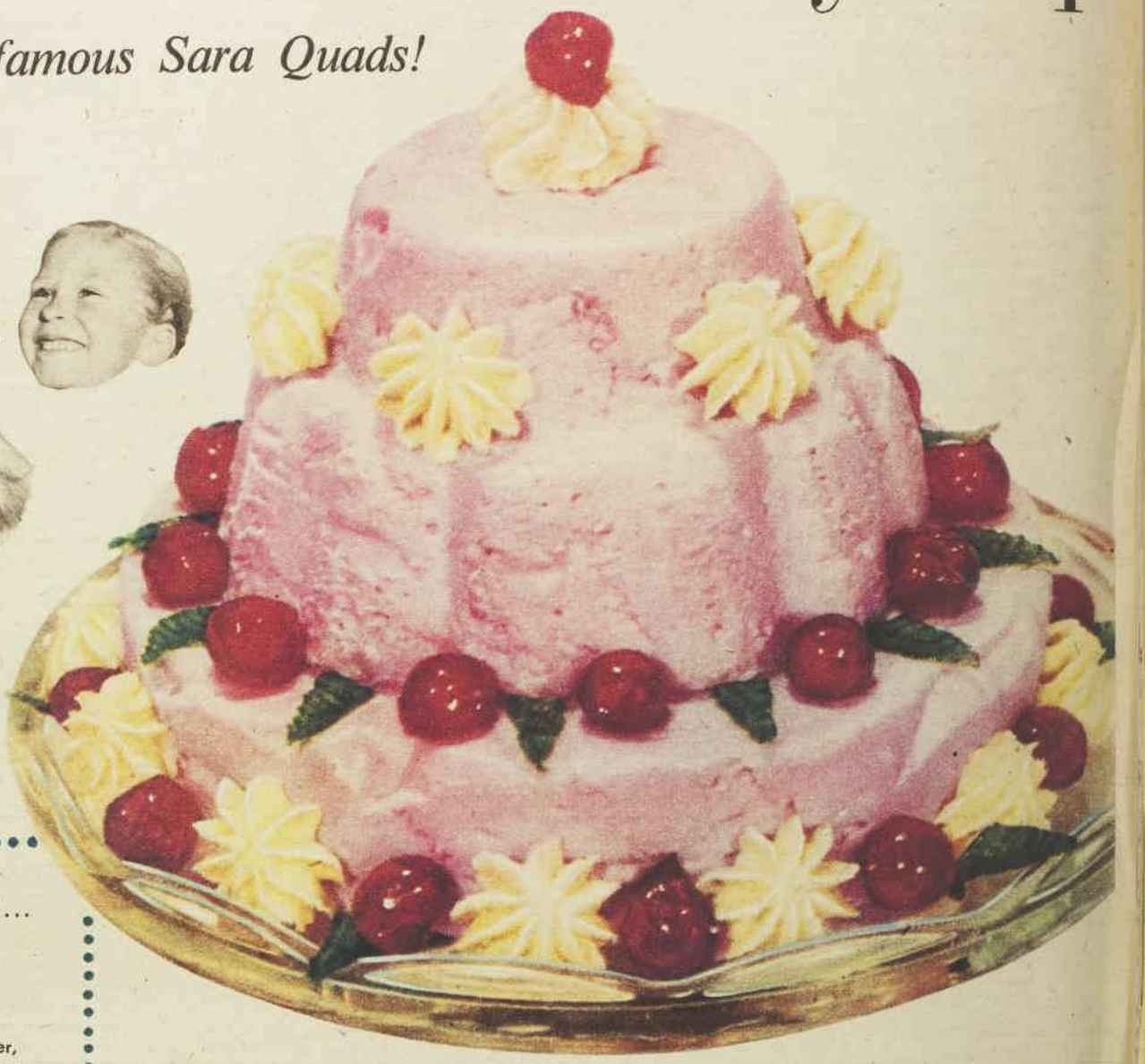

RECIPE

All you need for this generous family dessert is . . .

1 packet jelly crystals or tablet (any flavour you like)
1 cup boiling water.
1 cup icy-cold *Carnation Milk*.

Dissolve jelly crystals in the boiling water, allow to cool until thick and syrupy. Whip chilled Carnation Milk until thick, and then blend in jelly mixture. Allow to set.

Serve with whipped Carnation or Carnation straight from the can.

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Puffs—Plain and Fancy

TINY TUNA PUFFS on the snack-tray above are filled with a delicious seafood salad. In the centre is salmon mayonnaise piped on celery sticks, and green and ripe olives.

By LEILA C. HOWARD, Our Food and Cookery Expert

• Puffs are perfect for parties and "occasions." Easy to make, they are glamorous as desserts, main dishes, or appetisers.

FROM the one foundation mixture of choux pastry it is possible to make a variety of sweet and savory puffs.

Fillings—both sweet and savory—are best added as near to serving time as possible, to preserve the crispness of the casing.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

CHOUX PASTRY

Half pint water, ¼ cup butter, 1 cup flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 3 large eggs.

Place water and butter in a saucepan and when boiling drop in the sifted flour and salt. Beat continuously over low heat until the mixture leaves the sides of the saucepan and forms a ball around the spoon. Remove from heat and allow to cool. Add eggs one at a time, beating until smooth after each addition. Vigorous mixing at this stage means larger, lighter puffs. Drop a spoonful at a time on to greased oven-trays and bake in a hot oven 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate and continue cooking a further 20 to 30 minutes, depending on size of puffs. Place puffs on a cake-cooler and when cold split in halves and remove any moist mixture from the centre with a teaspoon. Fill and top as desired. Store unfilled in an airtight tin if not using immediately. These puffs may be placed in a moderate oven for 10 minutes to crisp if necessary.

CREAM PUFF DESSERT

One quantity choux pastry, chocolate icing, French cream filling, ¼ cup chopped walnuts.

Spoon choux pastry mixture a dessertspoonful at a time on to greased oven-trays about 2in. apart and bake as directed. Fill the split puffs when quite cold with French cream filling, ice with chocolate icing, and sprinkle with chopped walnuts.

CHOCOLATE ICING

Two ounces grated chocolate, 1oz. butter, 1 to 2 tablespoons water, 8oz. icing sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Place chocolate and butter to melt over low heat or over boiling water. Sift icing sugar into basin, add 1 tablespoon water with chocolate and butter, and mix, adding extra water if necessary to make a thick smooth mixture. Place basin over low heat for 1 minute, or until slightly thinner and glossy. Add vanilla. Use immediately, reheating slightly if mixture thickens.

INDIVIDUAL large puffs make an ideal summer plate when served with cold, fresh, or cooked salad vegetables.

TINY TUNA PUFFS

One quantity choux pastry, ½ pint thick white sauce, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 4oz. tin tuna, ½ cup diced green pepper, cayenne pepper and salt.

Place choux pastry mixture a teaspoonful at a time on to greased oven-tray, placed 2in. apart, and bake as directed above. Mix flaked, drained tuna with white sauce, green pepper, and lemon juice, and season to taste with salt and cayenne pepper. Spoon into split puff-cases, and serve with salad garnishes.

CHICKEN PUFFS A LA KING

Make large individual puffs by spooning about 1½ tablespoonfuls of the choux pastry mixture on to greased oven-trays. Allow the second cooking time to increase to 40 minutes to thoroughly dry out the puffs. When cold, split, and fill with the chicken mixture, and serve as a luncheon dish with salad vegetables.

Chicken Mixture: Two cups diced cooked chicken, 1 tablespoon butter, 3 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 cups milk, 1 tablespoon diced red pepper, 2 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons sherry, pinch cayenne pepper.

Melt butter, and add flour, then cook for 2 to 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, and continue stirring over low heat until boiling.

CREAM PUFF DESSERT has French cream filling with chocolate icing and nuts. Chocolate (centre) is for extra sweetness.

Continued overleaf

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PRIZE RECIPES

A delightful chocolate confection, ideal for passing around with after-dinner coffee, wins this week's prize of £5. It is made of orange rind, cut into thin strips, candied, and then coated with chocolate.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 are awarded to recipes for an unusnal apple and date chutney and a savory dish—sausage whirls with creamed onions.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

CHOCOLATE-COATED ORANGE CHIPS

Six large oranges, sugar, water, ½lb. dark chocolate or chocolate pieces, 2oz. solid-type white shortening.

Peel six large oranges by cutting the skin into 6 or 8 sections, carefully removing one at a time. Remove white pith, cut each section lengthwise into strips ¼in. to 3-16in. wide. Soak overnight in brine (4 teaspoons salt to 1 pint water). Rinse in cold water, drain thoroughly. Cover with fresh cold water, simmer until barely tender, changing water 2 or 3 times. Drain.

Prepare sufficient syrup barely to cover peel, allowing 2 cups sugar to 1 cup water. When syrup boils, add peel and cook gently until peel is clear and transparent. Drain from syrup, roll in sugar, spread on waxed paper until dry and crisp.

Break chopped chocolate into pieces, place in top half of double boiler with shortening. Place over boiling water until melted and mixed. Drop in the candied orange strips, a large spoonful at a time, lift out with a fork, hold to drain for a few seconds, toss on to waxed paper to set and dry. Serve as a confection.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. W. Kapelle, 10 Ross St., Thebarton, S.A.

SAUSAGE WHIRLS WITH CREAMED ONIONS

One pound sausage meat, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon shortening, ½ cup milk, 4 boiled onions, 1½ cups white sauce.

Combine sausage meat and parsley. Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening; mix to a soft dough with milk. Roll out to an oblong shape on a lightly floured board, spread with meat mixture. Roll up as for Swiss roll, cut into 1in. slices. Place on greased oven-tray, bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Cut onions into quarters, add to sauce, serve piping hot with freshly made sausage whirls.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss F. McDonald, 1 Milton St., Granville, N.S.W.

SWEET CHUTNEY

One and a half pounds apples, ½lb. onions, ½lb. dates (stoned and chopped), 2 cups vinegar, 1oz. ground ginger, pinch cayenne pepper, a few cloves, 4oz. sugar, ½ teaspoon salt.

Peel, core, and chop the apples and finely chop onions. Place all ingredients except the sugar in an enamel-lined saucepan and simmer until tender. Add sugar and continue cooking until thick. Allow to cool, pour into clean, heated jars. Seal.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss D. Rose, Box 56, P.O., Gayndah, Qld.

PUFFS

(from previous page)

Add salt, diced red pepper, egg-yolks, sherry, and cayenne. Cook a further 10 minutes over low heat, add chicken, and allow to cool.

FRENCH CREAM FILLING

Two-thirds cup sugar, 1-3rd cup sifted flour, pinch salt, 2 cups scalded milk, 2 egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Place flour, sugar, and salt in upper half of double boiler and gradually add the milk, stirring continuously. Cook over boiling water 15 minutes, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Beat egg-yolks lightly, add a little of the hot milk mixture, and slowly stir into balance of mixture in saucepan to make a thick custard. Cook 3 minutes more, stirring well. Remove from heat, cool slightly, and add vanilla.

ABOVE: Strawberry shortcake filled and topped with fresh strawberries and served with whipped cream or ice-cream is always popular.

FAMILY DISH

Topside or round steak spiced with vegetables, plum jam, and burgundy makes this week's family dish. It costs about 5/- and serves 4.

BEEF SUPREME

THE plum jam gives a new and unusual flavor to the dish.

One pound topside or round steak, 1 onion, 2 or 3 tablespoons flour, salt and pepper to taste, 1 pint stock or water, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, squeeze lemon juice, 1 large carrot, 1 parsnip, 1 stick celery, 1 tablespoon plum jam, 1 tablespoon burgundy, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Trim steak, removing excess fat, cut into 1½in. squares. Coat with flour and brown evenly in hot fat. Remove, add chopped onion to pan, brown lightly. Add balance of flour, stir until smooth; add salt, pepper, and stock or water, stir until boiling. Add tomato sauce, lemon juice, plum jam, and burgundy. Prepare vegetables, cut into large dice; add to gravy with steak cubes. Transfer to ovenware dish. Cover and cook in moderate oven 1½ hours. Sprinkle with parsley, serve piping hot.

WHEN YOU PACK A PICNIC BASKET

Shallow double-crust pies, pastry turnovers, or small tartlets with firm fillings are all good for a picnic because they carry well.

HERE are new ideas for fillings to try at your next picnic party:

- Bacon and eggs, either scrambled egg or whole eggs, broken into the pastry-case on top of the bacon before the top covering is put on.
- Cooked veal, ham, and hard-boiled egg, moistened with mayonnaise and seasoned with thyme, lemon juice, and grated lemon rind.
- Savory cheese custard flavored with chopped sauteed bacon; add a few sauteed mushrooms for a special treat.
- Coarsely chopped cooked onion—lots of it—added to cheese sauce. Be sure the sauce is thick.

Slave to the kitchen? Or household executive?

AUSTRALIAN HOUSEWIVES FIND EXCITING WAY TO BETTER LIVING

By Dorothy Summers, Home Economist, Home Freezing Authority.

Almost every day, in the course of my work as a lecturer and demonstrator, I meet Australian housewives who are now enjoying home freezing. Without exception, they all tell me that home freezing has improved their way of living more dramatically than anything they have ever known.

They think, and I agree, that home freezing is far more than another convenience. Home freezing is a way of living that changes the whole complexion of the housewife's daily work. In a way, it's like owning your own food store . . . with food on hand, cooked or uncooked, whenever you want it.

There's a whole world of benefits in freezer-living! You can eat better food — tastier and more nutritious dishes. You can save an amazing amount of time and trouble—give yourself hours extra every week for your own interests and leisure. And—here's an important point—you can reduce your food costs so much that the money you save helps to pay for the home freezer itself.

Yes, freezer-living is modern living. It gives every woman the chance to lead an easier life. That, anyway, is the opinion of enthusiastic owners. I've met and talked with these thoughtful Australian housewives, and their views are worth listening to.

* * *

Mother of four.

This lady occasionally goes a whole week without cooking. How does she give herself such a wonderful holiday and still serve the family a hot, delicious meal every night? Well, once a month she spends a day cooking so that they can bank in the freezer about five main dishes in double quantity. A typical range of dishes consists of a Beef Steak Pie, Veal Casserole, Chicken Curry, Beef Strogonoff and Sole Mournay. Desserts, stewed fruits, pastries such as apple pie, she also prepares on her "cooking day" and banks in her freezer. The result is that whenever she feels like a holiday from cooking, she takes it. If, one night, she decides on Chicken Casserole as the main course, she merely removes the dish from the freezer some time during the day—lets it thaw out by itself—pops it into a dish at dinnertime, heats and serves. And so her week passes—a wonderful week that has given her time for leisure and relaxation. Here's one woman who is an executive, rather than a slave to her kitchen.

* * *

Another housewife finds that freezer economy is an important factor.

There are hundreds of true experiences which illustrate the money-saving advantages of a home freezer. One that comes to mind was told to me by a Sydney woman who purchases her vegetables in quantity, direct from the city market. Compare these prices with what you would be paying today at the local shopping centre. Last January she bought 48 lbs. of tomatoes at 2d. a lb. Stewed and frozen, her tomato puree will be put to a dozen uses right throughout the year. Peas—costing in the vicinity of 3/- a lb. in Winter—she bought in quantity, during the season last December, at 4d. a lb. At the beginning of last month, she was able to buy a quarter of beef marked up as a "special". Before storing it in her Kelvinator Home Freezer, she had her local butcher separate it into cuts. She estimates that she will reduce her weekly meat bill from £3 to £1 a week. Altogether—with a carefully planned economy—her home freezer will pay for itself—her savings in actual cash covering the weekly payments.

* * *

Excellent in the country.

What could be better than to step into the garden for the freshest, choicest vegetables . . . and be able to bank them in your home freezer for use right throughout the year? As you can imagine, dozens of Kelvinator owners make the most of their home freezer this way. It points out, yet again, that apart from the general benefits that home freezing brings, there are many, many advantages that relate to each owner's specific need. The mother with schoolchildren — her favourite home freezer benefit is the immediate availability of pre-made sandwiches. The busy housewife who entertains a lot — she prepares snacks and dinners in advance. The "working wife" — she arrives home together with her husband, but there's no waiting for dinner "at eight" for them: they sit down to a pre-cooked meal in a matter of minutes. I could tell you of hundreds of similar examples, of Australian housewives who make no bones about it, they now live better, easier and more economically.

If you're interested in this new way of living, let me tell you how home freezing can help you. Just write to me—Dorothy Summers, Kelvinator Australia Limited, G.P.O. Box 1347, Adelaide, South Australia, and I will send you my booklet which gives you complete information on Home Freezing.

Kelvinator Chest-type Home Freezer (above) holds 210 lbs. of food. Capacity, 6 cubic feet. Features: special section for fast freezing . . . two large storage baskets for easy storing and food removal . . . five-sided refrigeration for effective and dependable freezing. £185.

Kelvinator Upright Home Freezer (also available), holds up to 312 lbs. of frozen food—capacity, 10 cubic feet—yet takes up same space as average-size refrigerator. Features three fully refrigerated storage shelves—all food is within 6½" of a freezing surface . . . large storage basket.

All models have mighty "Polarsphere" Sealed Unit and are backed by Kelvinator's 5-year Protection Plan. Lowest deposits—easiest terms.

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(easy to eat)

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GO EXPLORING in the wonderland of fruity flavours and colourful desserts you can "set" to please lively spring appetites. Make heavenly tasting, good-for-you dishes for the whole family at sensible prices.

It's so easy to be clever with ready-prepared jellies. And it's such fun, too!

TRY THIS RECIPE

"JELLY SURPRISE"

Table jelly of any flavour prepared as directed. Few tablespoons of a filling mixture (fruit, cake, chopped nuts, sultanas, chocolate, etc., etc.).

Set the jelly in a mould or bowl, chill. Take a tablespoon, dip in hot water, scoop out the set jelly from the centre into a basin. Fill the hollow with the filling mixture. Melt the jelly in the basin by standing it over hot water; cool it, pour over the ingredients and the jelly itself. Chill again. Unmould.

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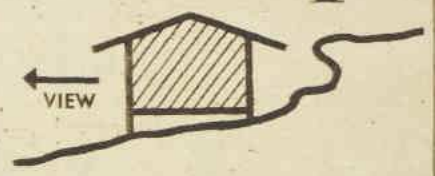
Home on a slope

By Sydney architect W. J. McMurray.

● A home site belonging to Mr. D. A. Hacon, of Naremburn, N.S.W., presents a building problem because it is on a block of land that slopes very steeply, and has only a narrow strip of land suitable for a single-story house.



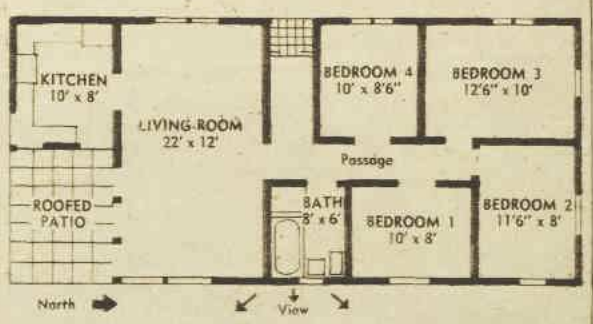
ABOVE: Section through house shows the single-story building suggested by Mr. Hacon for his steeply sloping site.

THE site falls away to the east from the road, and there is a 6ft. rock ledge above the narrow strip on which the house is to be built. This is shown in the sketch at right above which Mr. Hacon has submitted.

Mr. Hacon's other sketch at right shows the plan of the single-story house. This is very good and economical, but a single-story house on the site can never make the best of the view and the aspect.

This home plan would be improved by reversing it completely, so that the roofed patio faces due north. This would allow the living-room to be opened up to the north-east and would provide protection from south-westerly winds.

The main disadvantages seem to be that bedrooms 3 and 4 take little advantage of the view to the east, and the approach would be concealed by the 6ft. rock ledge that would be close to the front of the house.



SKETCH PLAN suggested by Mr. Hacon is attractive, but does not make full use of the view. Also the approach from the road is hidden by an awkward 6ft.-high rock ledge. The plan suggested below overcomes the problems.

I have made an alternative suggestion (illustrated in the sketches below) to overcome these problems. I believe the steeply sloping site could be better used by building the house on two levels—the bedrooms on the lower level and the living-rooms on the higher level above the rock ledge.

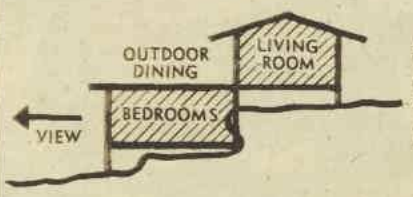
Patio on roof

BY providing a flat roof over the bedroom section, an enormous outdoor living area, having both an easterly aspect and a view, is created.

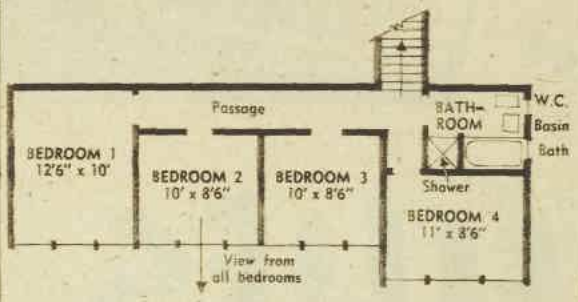
All the bedrooms on the lower level would take advantage of view and easterly aspect. A tool store, laundry, and service porch to the south of the main house make a screen for the drying yard and group these offices most conveniently.

This alternative plan is approximately the same floor area as the single-story plan, and would be only slightly more expensive because of the additional stair and the flat roof to the bedrooms.

This flat roof must be well constructed for use as an outdoor living area.

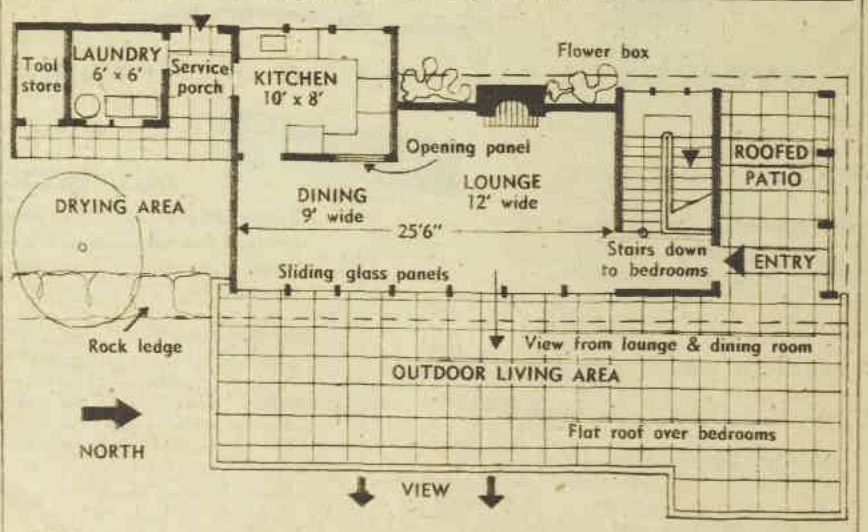


LEFT: Section of alternative plan shows better use of view and overcomes difficult land formation.



ABOVE: Alternative plan suggested by the architect allows for bedrooms of approximately the same size as in the original plan, but arranged to give each room a good view.

Mr. W. J. McMurray will answer readers' queries of general interest from his mail.



UPPER AREA, built on top of the rock ledge, becomes the living area and allows far more space than the original plan. Note that the flat bedroom roof provides an outdoor terrace. The utility areas and drying yard are neatly hidden from view.

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Fashion PATTERNS

● *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.*

F4310.—Pretty summer three-piece consisting of sunfrock, matching pants, and bonnet. Sizes: Lengths 18, 19, 20, and 23in. for 2, 3, 4, and 5 to 6 years. Requires: Frock 1¾ yards 36in. material; pants ⅝ to ¾ yard 36in. material; bonnet 1 yard 36in. material. Price 3/3.

F4311. — Sleeveless one-piece dress and contrasting bolero jacket. Sizes: Lengths 20, 23, 28, and 34in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires: Dress 1¾ to 2¼ yards 36in. material and 2¼ yards bias binding; bolero ⅜ to 1 yard 36in. material. Price 3/3.

F4312.—Smartly tailored one-piece dress. Sizes: Lengths 20, 23, 28, and 34in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2 to 2⅞ yards 36in. material and ¼ yard 36in. contrast. Price 3/3.

F4313.—Pretty party dress with a sashed waistline. Sizes: Lengths 20, 23, 28, and 34in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1 2-3 to 2¾ yards 36in. material, ¼ yard 36in. contrast, and 3 yards ½in. lace edging. Price 3/3.

F4314. — Two-piece sleeping pyjamas. Sizes: Lengths 25, 29, and 31in. for 1, 2, and 3 years. Requires 1⅞ to 1¾ yards 36in. material. Price 3/3.

F4309.—Small boy's tailored trousers and blazer jacket. Sizes: Lengths 18, 19, 20, and 23in. for 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years. Requires: Trousers, ⅝ to ¾yd. 54in. material; jacket, ⅝ to ¾yd. 54in. material. Price 3/3.

F4315.—Lace-trimmed shortie pyjamas. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2⅜ to 2¾yds. 36in. material and 5½yds. ½in. lace edging. Price 3/3.

F4316.—Lace-trimmed petticoat slip and matching panties. Sizes: Lengths 18, 20, 23, and 27in. for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1½ to 1¾yds. 36in. material, ⅜yd. 36in. lace, 4½yds. ½in. lace edging, 1¼yds. beading, and 1¼yds. ¼in. satin ribbon. Price 3/3.

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F4308.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make infant's nightgown and matinee jacket. Size, infants. Requires: Nightgown, 1¼yds. 36in. material and 1⅞yds. ½in. lace edging; matinee jacket, ⅜yd. 36in. material and 2yds. ½in. lace edging. Price 2/6.

● ***Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks after date of publication.***

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 333.—SWIMSUIT AND MATCHING SUNHAT

Beach suit and matching sunhat are obtainable cut out ready to make. The material and color choice includes cotton headcloth in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. The trim is check cotton in contrasting colors to outfit.

Sizes 2 years 16/9, 3 years 17/6, 4 years 18/3, 5 years 21/6, 6 years 23/9. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 334.—SUPPER CLOTH

The supper cloth is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a leaf-and-flower motif. The material is cream and white Irish linen.

Sizes 36in. by 36in. 18/9, postage and registration 1/6 extra; 45in. by 45in. 31/6, postage and registration 2/- extra; 54in. by 54in. 45/9, postage and registration 2/6 extra.

No. 335.—TABLE CENTRE

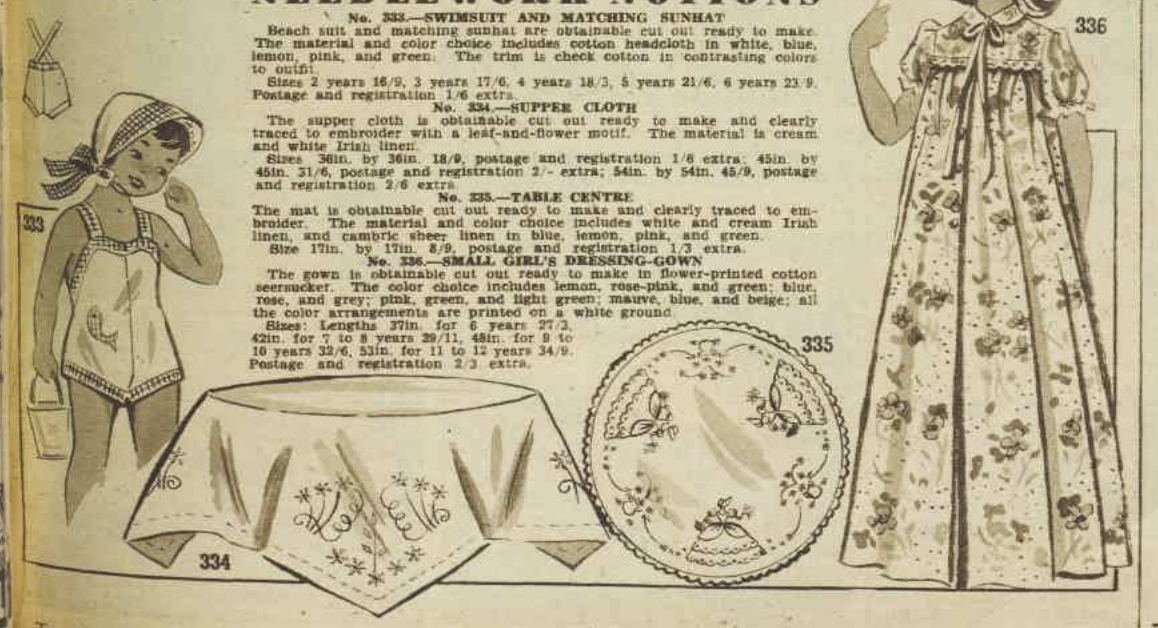
The mat is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen, and cambric sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green.

Size 17in. by 17in. 8/9, postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 336.—SMALL GIRL'S DRESSING-GOWN

The gown is obtainable cut out ready to make in flower-printed cotton seersucker. The color choice includes lemon, rose-pink, and green; blue, rose, and grey; pink, green, and light green; mauve, blue, and beige; all the color arrangements are printed on a white ground.

Sizes: Lengths 37in. for 6 years 27/2, 42in. for 7 to 8 years 29/11, 48in. for 9 to 10 years 32/6, 53in. for 11 to 12 years 34/9. Postage and registration 2/3 extra.



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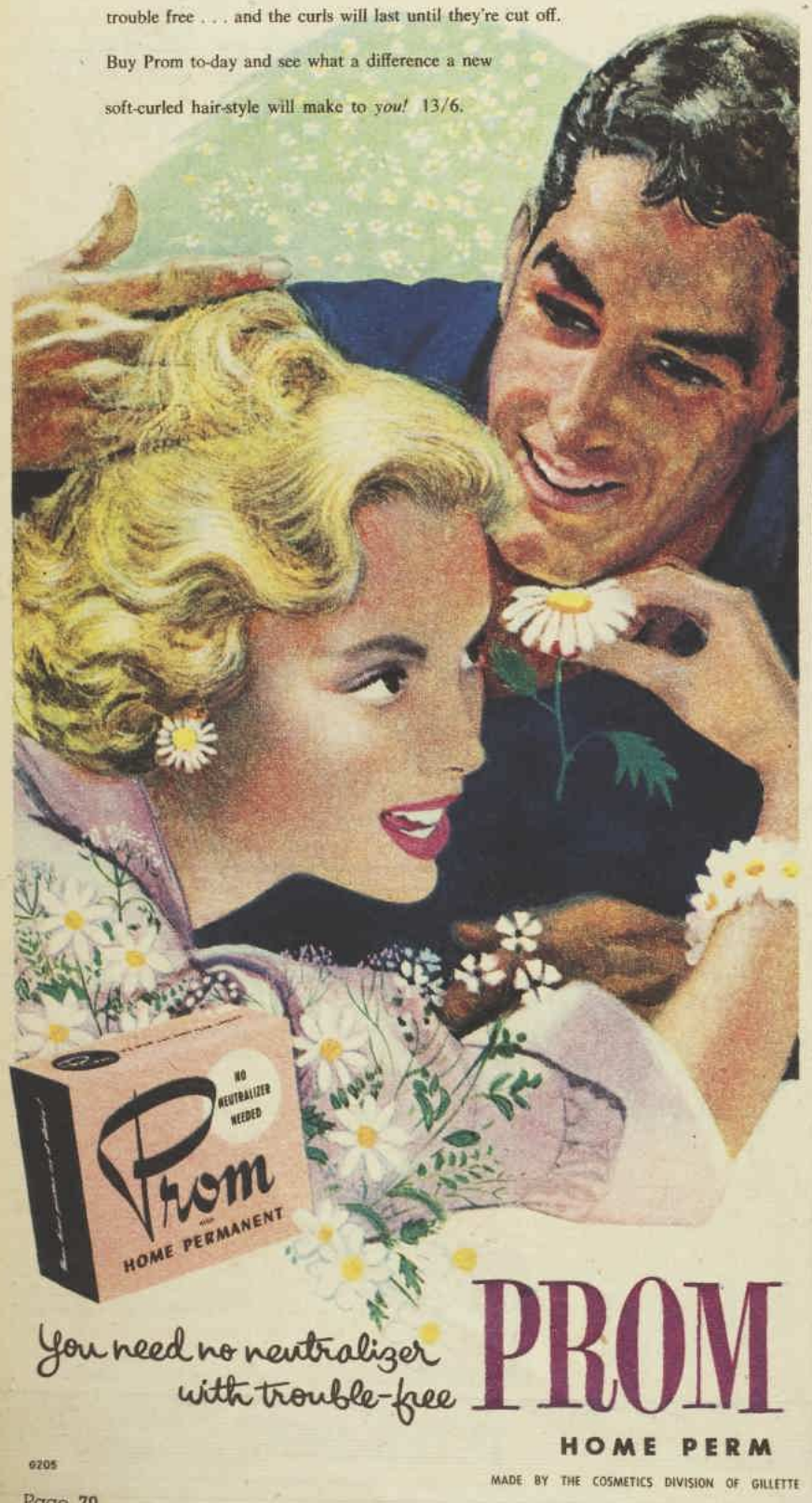
Buy Prom to-day and see what a difference a new soft-curled hair-style will make to *you!* 13/6.



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LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and Sir Harry, is 400 fathoms below the surface of the sea in a specially built seamobile. Above, on the yacht Ocean Wind,

PRINCESS NARDA: Listens on the telephone. Mandrake sees strange lights ahead of them, and suddenly the seamobile starts falling — the cable is broken. Then they see a man's face looking at them through the window. NOW READ ON:

TWO MEN--RIDING ON SEALS--RACE BY!
--FOLLOWED BY OTHERS, PULLING A LARGE NET-
MEN--RIDING SEALS!
THEY'RE PUTTING THE NET AROUND US! I'LL DROP THE BALLAST --SO WE CAN GET UP--
NO--SIR HARRY --WAIT! LET'S SEE WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!
TOO LATE NOW--THEY'VE GOT US!
GOOD! HOW CAN MEN LIVE AT THIS DEPTH? WHAT A CHANCE TO FIND OUT WHO--AND WHAT THEY ARE!
"GOOD"--HE SAYS!
THE SEAMOBILE IS NETTED UNDERWATER BY STRANGE MEN RIDING SEALS! THEYRE PULLED DOWN--DOWN--DOWN!
WHERE THEY TAKE US?
MANDRAKE, IS THIS REALLY--HAPPENING? IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE!
LOOK--THOSE LIGHTS DOWN THERE--
WE'RE GETTING CLOSER NOW--THE LIGHTS ARE BRIGHTER--LOOK!
SO FAR UNDERWATER--!
FLOATING IN OCEAN DEPTHS, --FAR BENEATH THE SURFACE --A VAST CITY!
THEY'RE TAKING US INTO THE CITY --INTO SOME KIND OF AIR LOCK!
WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?
WHAT CAN WE DO? WAIT AND SEE!
TO BE CONTINUED

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AND GET YOUR FEET OFF THE FLOOR. DON'T YOU KNOW HOT AIR RISES? I THINK YOU'D BETTER GO HOME...
I'LL GO WITH YOU AND FIX YOU UP...

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Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 39/9, 36 and 38in. bust 41/6. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.

"GAYLE." — Chic sheath-dress and matching jacket made in a non-iron disciplined flower-printed cotton. The color choice includes pastel green, aqua, and lemon; pale pink, lemon, and green; pale blue, rose, and white; rose-pink, green, and white.

Ready to Wear: Dress, sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust £3/19/9. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Dress sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust 54/6. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

Ready to Wear: Jacket, sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust £2/18/6. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Jacket, sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust 30/9. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

● *Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 69. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication.*

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Does every move you make cause agonising backache? Do legs throb even after a short walk? Then lose no time in trying Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Lazy kidneys can cause leg-pains, aching joints, disturbed nights, rheumatic pain, headaches, etc., because they are neglecting their essential job of cleansing and purifying the blood. Doan's is a famous stimulant-diuretic, promoting healthy kidney action, which has brought relief to sufferers all over the world. No need to put up with discomfort—get Doan's today!

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